THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An t Weekly Magazine
Fo 728 by Benj. Franklin

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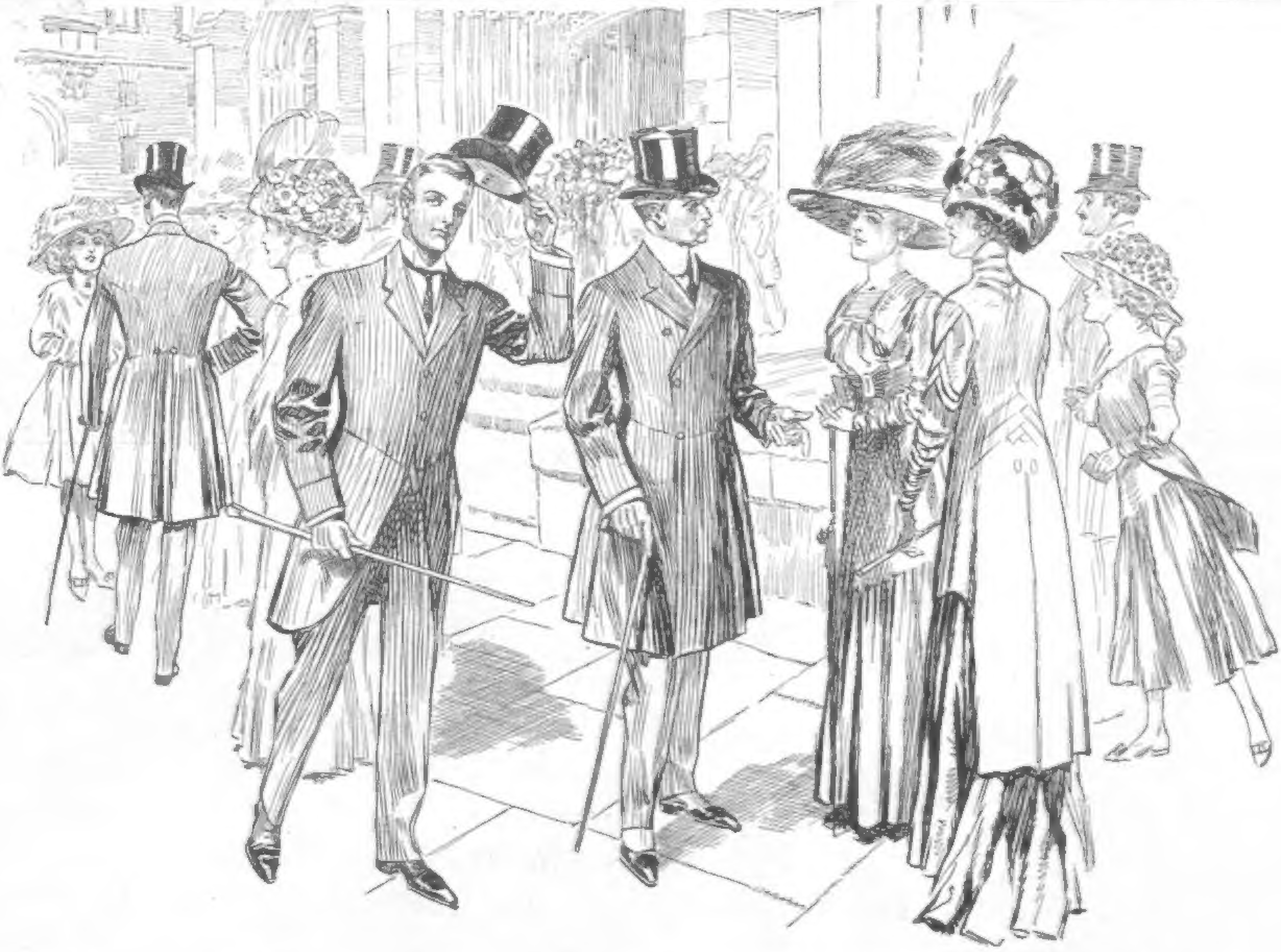
Easter

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly



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MADE IN NEW YORK
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Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

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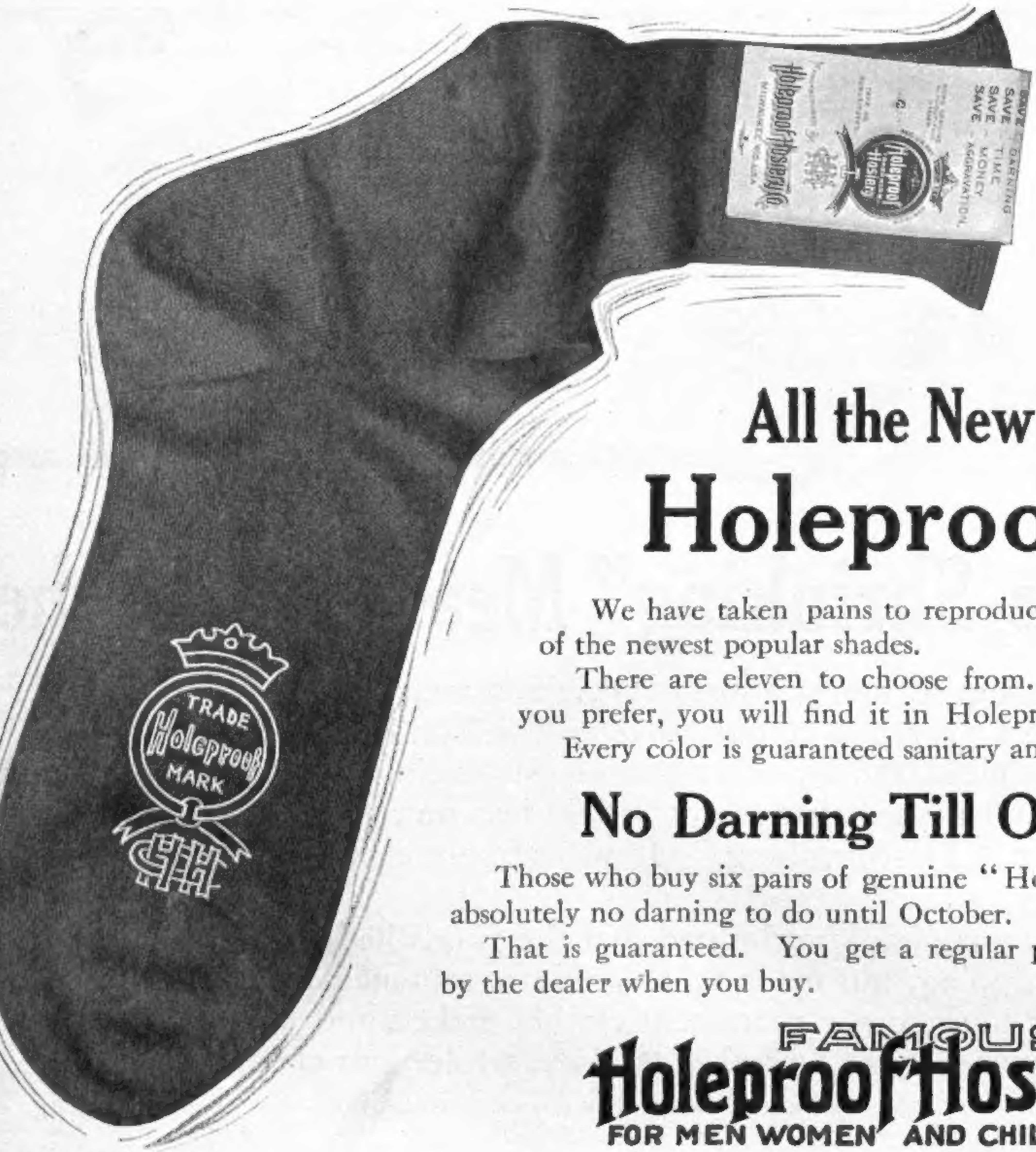
(25)

CHAS. KAUFMAN & BROS., Chicago



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We have taken pains to reproduce in Holeproof Hose all of the newest popular shades.

There are eleven to choose from. No matter what color you prefer, you will find it in Holeproof Hose.

Every color is guaranteed sanitary and fast.

No Darning Till October

Those who buy six pairs of genuine "Holeproof" now will have absolutely no darning to do until October.

That is guaranteed. You get a regular printed guarantee, signed by the dealer when you buy.

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Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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The hose fit like silk gloves.

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Six pairs of Holeproof Lustre Hose in a box **—guaranteed six months—** Price $3.00.

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Write for free book "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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If the hose have something else printed on them they are not the original guaranteed hose — not **genuine Holeproof Hose** with 32 years of experience knit into every inch of them.

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The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealer's name on request or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. (43)

Are Your Hose Insured?

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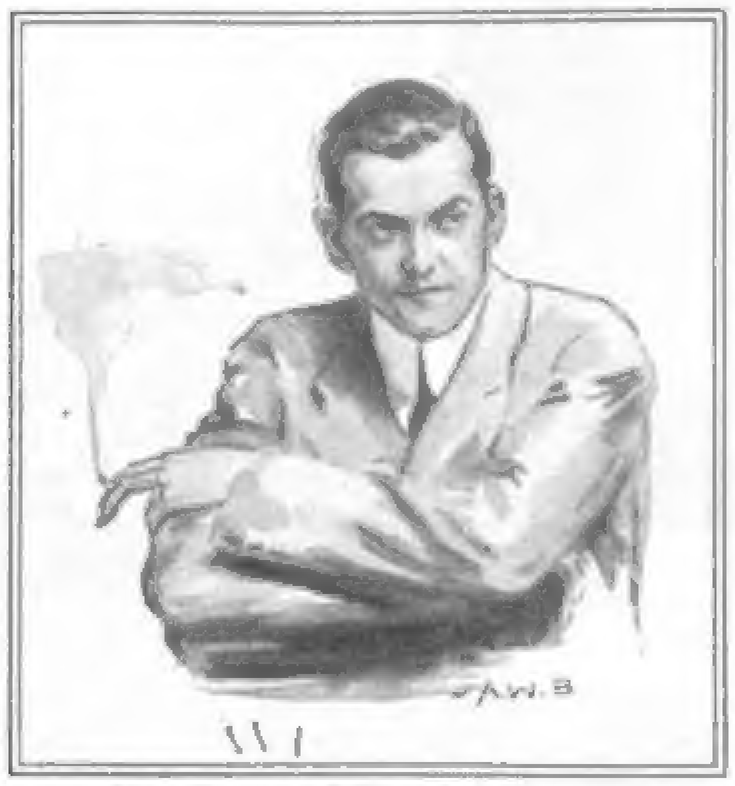


Sam Turner, of Turner & Turner

SAM TURNER

A Business Man's Love Story

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE youngish-looking man who so vigorously swung off the train at Restview wore a pair of intensely dark-blue eyes, which immediately photographed everything within his range of vision, green country, shaded farmhouses, encircling wooded hills and all, weighed it, and sorted it, and filed it away for future reference; and his clothes clung upon him with almost that enviable fit found only in advertisements. Immediately he threw his luggage into the tonneau of the dingy automobile drawn up at the side of the lonely platform, and promptly climbed in after it. Spurred into purely mechanical action by this silent decisiveness, the driver, a born grump, as promptly and as silently started his machine.

The crisp and perfect start, however, was given a check by a peremptory voice from the platform.

"Hey, you!" rasped the voice. "Come back here!"

As there were positively no other "Hey you's" in the landscape, the driver and the alert young man each acknowledged to the name, and turned to see an elderly gentleman, with a most aggressive beard, gesticulating to them with much vigor and earnestness. Standing by him was a slender sort of girl in a green outfit, with very large brown eyes and a smile of amusement that was just a shade mischievous. The driver turned upon his passenger a long and solemn accusation.

"Hollis Creek Inn?" he asked sternly.

"Meadow Brook," returned the passenger, not at all abashed, and he smiled with all the cheeriness imaginable.

"Oh," said the driver; and there was a world of disapprobation in his tone, as well as a subtle intonation of contempt. "You are not Mr. Stevens, of Boston."

"No," confessed the passenger; "Mr. Turner, of New York. I judge that to be Mr. Stevens on the platform"; and he grinned.

The driver, still declining to see any humor whatsoever in the situation, sourly ran back to the platform. Jumping from his seat he opened the door of the tonneau, and waited with entirely artificial deference for Mr. Turner, of New York, to alight. Mr. Turner, however, did nothing of the sort. He merely stood up in the tonneau and bowed gravely.

"I seem to be a usurper," he said softly to Mr. Stevens, of Boston. "I was expected at Meadow Brook and they were to send a conveyance for me. As this was the only conveyance in sight I naturally supposed it to be mine. I very much regret having discommoded you."

He was looking straight at Mr. Stevens, of Boston, as he spoke, but, nevertheless, he was perfectly aware of the presence of the girl; also of her eyes and of her smile of amusement with its trace of mischievousness. Becoming conscious of her he cast her deliberately out of his mind and concentrated upon Mr. Stevens. The two men gazed quite steadily at each other, not to the point of impertinence at all, but rather absorbedly. Really it was only for a fleeting moment, but in that moment they had penetrated the husk each of the other, had cleaved straight down to the soul, had estimated and judged, forever and ever, after the ways of men.

"I passed your carryall auto on the road. It was broken down. It'll be here in about half an hour, I suppose," insisted the driver, opening the door of the tonneau still wider, and waving to the descending pathway.

Both Mr. Stevens, of Boston, and Mr. Turner, of New York, were very glad of this interruption, for it gave the older gentleman an object upon which to vent his annoyance.

"Is Meadow Brook on the way to Hollis Creek?" he demanded, in a tone full of reproof for the driver's presumption.

The driver reluctantly admitted that it was.

"I couldn't think of leaving you in this dismal spot to wait for a dubious carryall," offered Mr. Stevens, but with quite frigid politeness. "You are quite welcome to ride with us, if you will."

"Thank you," said Mr. Turner, now climbing out of the machine with alacrity and making way for the others. "I had intended," he laughed, as he took his place beside the driver, "to secure just such an invitation, by hook or by crook."

For this assurance he received a glance from the big eyes; not at all a flirtatious glance, but one of amusement, with a trace of mischief. The remark, however, had well-nigh stopped all conversation on the part of Mr. Stevens, who suddenly remembered that he had a daughter to protect, and must discourage forwardness. His musings along these lines were interrupted by an enthusiastic outburst from Mr. Turner.

"By George!" exclaimed the latter gentleman. "What a fine clump of walnut trees; an even half-dozen of them, and every solitary one of them would trim sixteen inches."

"Yes," agreed the older man, with keenly awakened interest, "they are fine specimens. They would scale six hundred feet apiece, if they'd scale an inch."

"You're in the lumber business, I take it," guessed the young man immediately, already reaching for his cardcase. "My name is Turner, known a little better as Sam Turner, of Turner & Turner."

"Sam Turner," repeated the older man thoughtfully. "The name seems distinctly familiar to me, but I do not seem, either, to remember any such firm in the trade."

"Oh, we're not in the lumber trade," replied Mr. Turner. "Not at all. We're in most anything that offers a profit. We—that is, my kid brother and myself—have engineered a deal or two in lumber lands, however. It was only last month that I turned a good trade on a tract of the finest trees in Wisconsin."

"Oh!" exclaimed the older gentleman explosively; "so you're the Turner who sold us that tract. Now I know you. I'm Stevens, of the Maine and Wisconsin Lumber Company."

Mr. Stevens had now reached for his own cardcase. Gravely the two gentlemen exchanged cards, which, with barely more than a glance, they poked in the other flaps of their cases; then they took a new and more interested inspection of each other. Both were now entirely oblivious to the girl, who, however, was by no means oblivious to them. She found them, in this new meeting, a most interesting study.

"You gouged us on that land, young man," resumed Mr. Stevens, with a wry little smile.

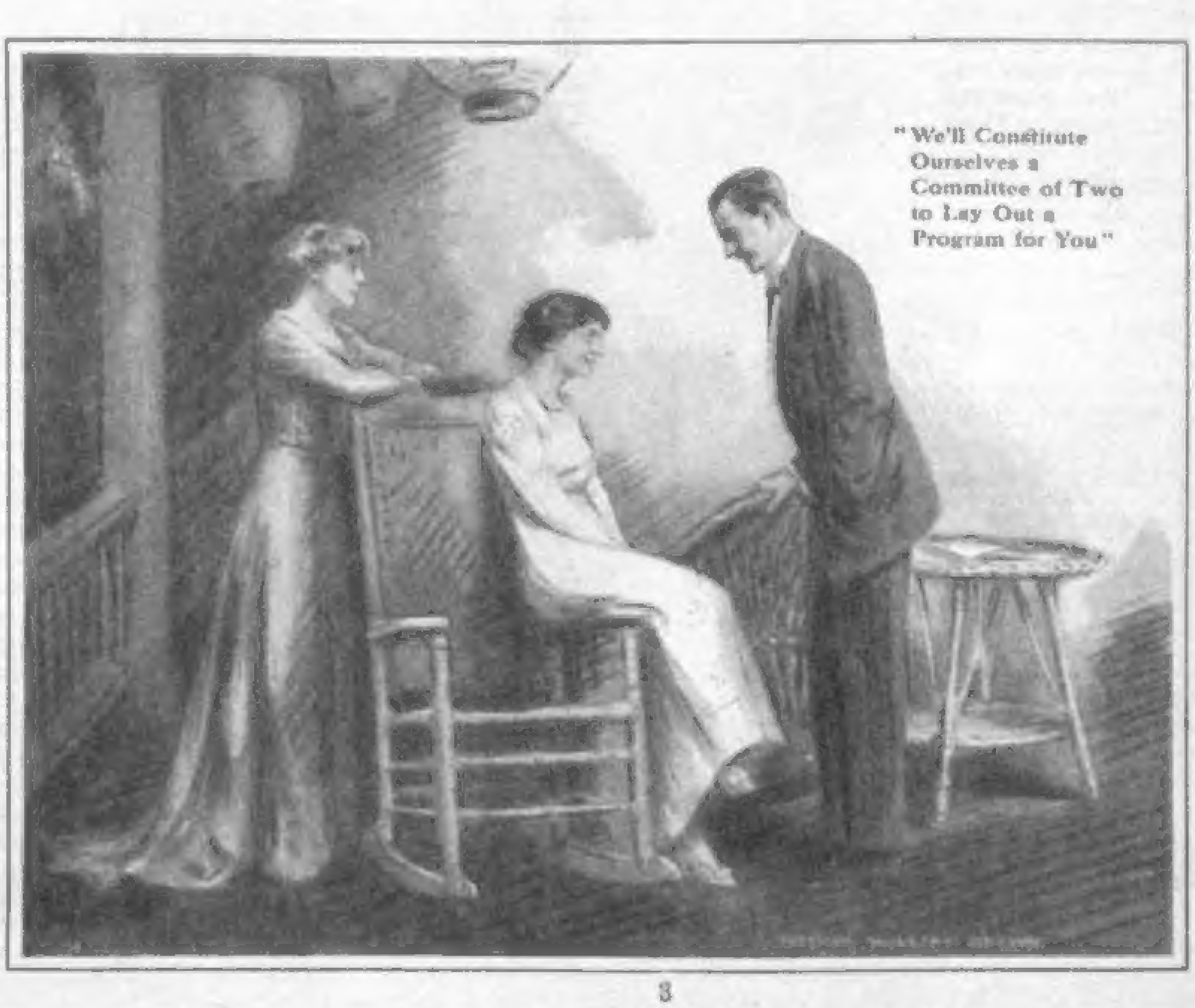
"Worth every cent you paid us for it, wasn't it?" demanded the other.

"Ye-e-s; but if you hadn't stepped into the deal at the last minute we could have secured it for five or six thousand dollars less money."

"You used to go after these things yourself," explained Mr. Turner, with an easy laugh. "Now you send out people empowered only to look and not to purchase."

"But what I don't yet understand," protested Mr. Stevens, "is how you came to be in the deal at all. When we sent out our man to look at the trees they belonged to a chap in Detroit. When we came to buy them they belonged to you."

"Certainly," boasted the younger man. "I was up that way on other business when I heard about your man looking over this valuable acreage; so I just slipped down to Detroit and hunted up the owner and bought it. Then I sold it to you. That's all."



"We'll Constitute Ourselves a Committee of Two to Lay Out a Program for You"

He smiled frankly and cheerfully upon Mr. Stevens, and the frown of discomfiture that had slightly clouded the latter gentleman's brow faded away under the guilelessness of it all; so much so that he thought to introduce his daughter.

Miss Josephine having been brought into the conversation, Mr. Turner, for the first time, bent his gaze fully upon her, giving her the same swift scrutiny and appraisement that he had the father. He was evidently highly satisfied with what he saw, for he kept looking at it as much as he dared. He became aware, after a moment or so, that Mr. Stevens was saying something to him. He never did get all of it, but he got this much:

" . . . so you'd be rather a good man to watch, wherever you go. What are you after now?"

"Rest," declared Mr. Turner, with vigorous emphasis. "I've worked like a nailer ever since I turned out of high school. I had to make the living for the family, and I sent my kid brother through college. He's just been out a year, and it's a wonder the way he takes hold. But do you know that in all those times since I left high school I never took a lay-off until just this minute? It feels glorious already. It's fine to look around this good stretch of green country, and breathe this fresh air and look at those hills over yonder, and to realize that I don't have to think of business for two solid weeks. Hello! There's another clump of walnut trees. It's a pity they're scattered so that it isn't worth while to buy them up."

The girl laughed, a little silvery laugh that made any memory of grand opera seem harsh and jangling. Both of them turned to her in surprise. Neither of them could see any cause for mirth in all the fields or sky.

"I beg your pardon for being so silly," she said; "but I just thought of something funny."

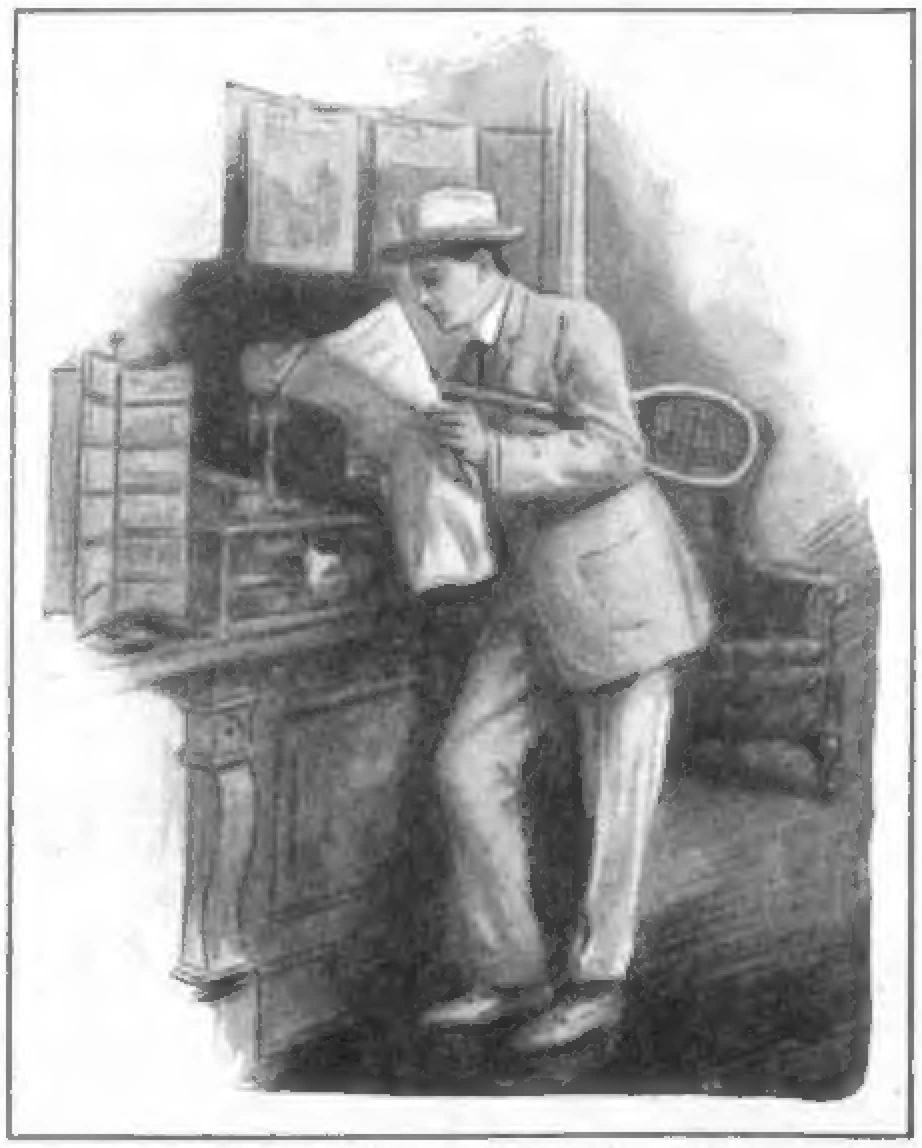
"Tell it to us," urged Mr. Turner. "We like to laugh, too."

But she shook her head, and in some way he acquired an impression that she was amused at him. His brows gathered a trifle. If the young lady intended to make fun of him he would take her down a peg or two. He would find her point of susceptibility to ridicule, and hammer upon it until she cried enough. That was his way to make men respectful, and it ought to work with women.

When they let him out at Meadow Brook, Mr. Stevens was kind enough to ask him to drop over to Hollis Creek. Mr. Turner, with impulsive alacrity, promised that he would.

II

AT MEADOW BROOK Sam Turner found W. W. Westlake, of the Westlake Electric Company, a big, placid man with a mild, gray eye and an appearance of well-fed and kindly laziness; a man, also, who had the record of having ruthlessly smashed more business competitors than any two other pirates in his line. Westlake was glad to see young Turner, also glad to introduce him to his daughter, a girl of twenty-two, working might and main to reduce a threatened inheritance of *embonpoint*. Mr. Turner was charmed to meet Miss Westlake, and even more pleased to meet young Princeman, a paper manufacturer, variously quoted at from one to two million. A girl of Miss Westlake's own age, equally charming, but thin, edged near, and Miss Westlake took the opportunity of introducing Miss Hastings to Mr. Turner. He chatted with the two girls quite agreeably for a little time, while Mr. Westlake and Mr. Princeman talked of other matters, unnoticed by the trio of young people until Princeman mentioned wood pulp. Mr. Turner wheeled immediately to the two men.

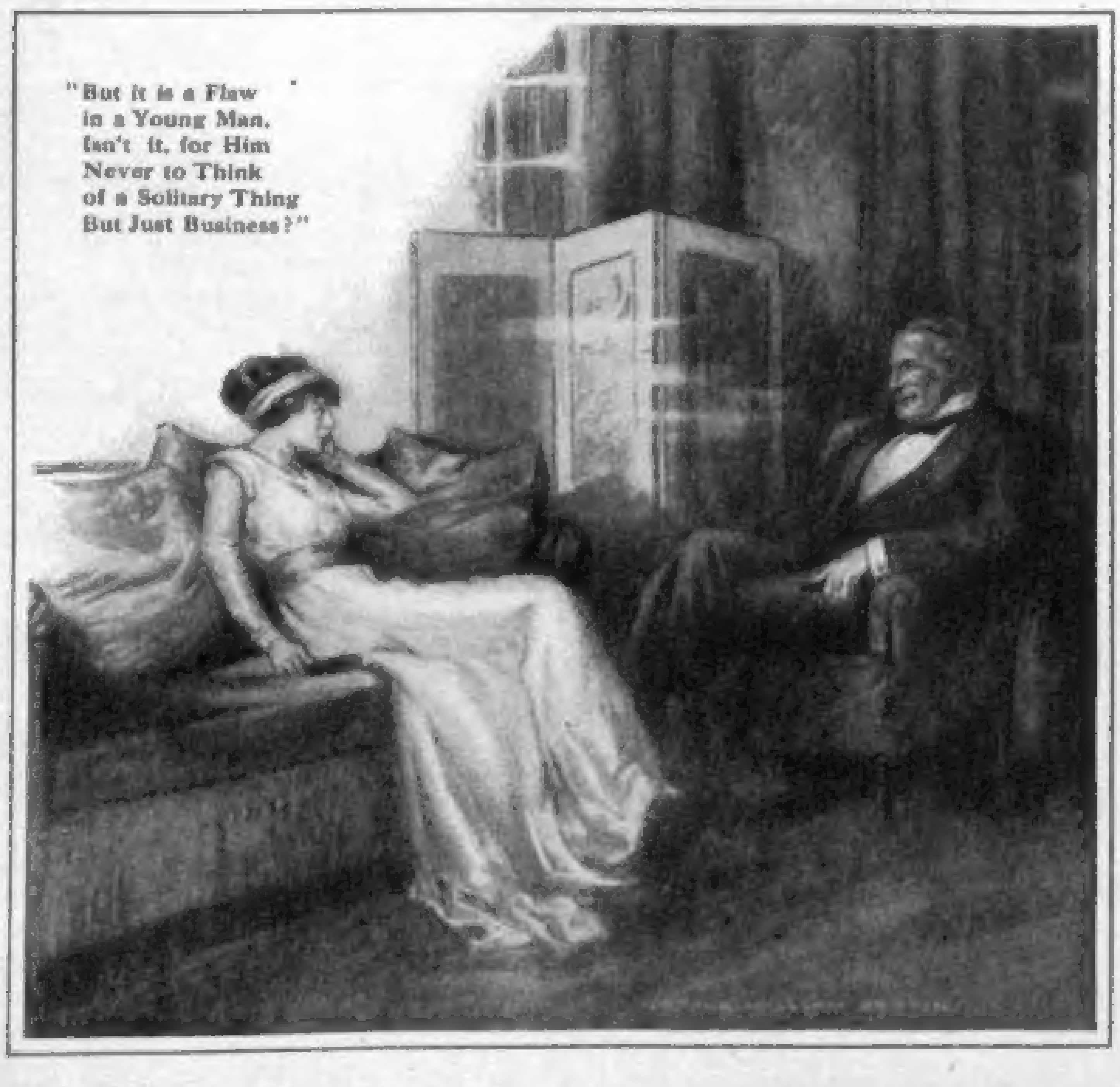


Walnut Had Made a Sharp Advance of Ten Dollars a Thousand Feet

"Wood pulp!" he exclaimed. "My kid brother and myself are working on a scheme which, if we are on the right track, ought to work a revolution in the paper business. I cannot give you the exact details of it now, because we're waiting for letters patent on it, but the fundamental point is this: that the wood-pulp manufacturers, within a few years, will have to grow their raw material, since wood is becoming so scarce and so high priced. Well, there is any quantity of swamp land available and we have experimented like mad with reeds and rushes. We've found one particular variety that grows very rapidly, has a strong, woody fiber and makes the finest pulp in the world. I turned the kid loose with the company's bank-roll this spring, and he secured options on two thousand acres of swamp land, near to transportation and particularly adapted to this culture, and dirt cheap because it is useless for any other purpose. As soon as the patents are granted on our process we're going to organize a million-dollar stock company to take up more land and handle the business."

"Come over here and sit down," invited Princeman, somewhat more than courteously. "Wait a minute until I send for McComas. Here, boy; hunt Mr. McComas and ask him to come out on the porch."

The new guest was already reaching for pencil and paper as they gathered their chairs together. The two girls had already wandered away. Half-way across the lawn they looked back sadly. That handsome young Mr. Turner, his back toward them, was bent closely over formulated but thrilling facts, while three other heads, one gray and one black and one auburn, were bent interestedly over the back of the envelope upon which he was figuring.



"But it is a Flaw in a Young Man, Isn't it, for Him Never to Think of a Solitary Thing But Just Business?"

III

MR. TURNER liked Meadow Brook very much. Of course, this wasn't a fashionable place, being supported entirely by men who made their own money; but there was Princeman, for instance, a fine chap and very keen; one of precisely the kind of energy which Turner liked to see. McComas, too, with his deep-red hair and his frank smile, with all the white teeth behind it, was a corking good fellow, and alive. McComas was in the furniture line, cheap stuff that was shipped in solid trains of carload lots from a factory which covered acres. He had borne these very men in mind for some time, and here they were right in his way! The other men he noticed about the place seemed to be of about the same stamp. He had never been anywhere that the men averaged so well.

He thought these things over, looking out across the valley, as he was dressing for dinner. After dinner Miss Westlake and Miss Hastings waylaid him upon the porch.

"I suppose, of course, you are going to take part in the bowling tournament tonight," suggested Miss Westlake, with the engaging directness allowable to family friendship.

"I suppose so, although I didn't know there was one. Where is it to be?"

"Oh, just down the other side of the brook, beyond the croquet grounds. We have a tournament every week, and a prize cup for the best score in the season. It's fun. Do you bowl?"

"Not very much," Mr. Turner confessed; "but if you'll just keep me posted on all these various forms of recreation you may count upon my taking a prominent share in them."

"All right," agreed Miss Hastings very vivaciously, taking the conversation away from Miss Westlake. "We'll constitute ourselves a committee of two to lay out a program for you."

"Fine," he responded, casting upon fragile Miss Hastings a smile so pleasant that it made her instantly determine to find out something about his family and commercial standing. "What time do we start upon our mad bowling career?"

"Oh, they'll be drifting over in about half an hour," Miss Westlake told him, with a speculative sidelong glance at her dearest girl friend. A slight young man of the white-trousered faction, as distinguished from the dinner-coat crowd, passed them just then.

"Oh, Billy," called Miss Westlake, and introduced the slight young man, who proved to be her brother, to Mr. Turner, at the same time wreathing her arm about the waist of her dearest friend. "Come on, Vivian; let's go get our wraps"; and the girls, leaving Billy and Mr. Turner together, scurried away.

The two young men looked at each other dubiously, though each had an earnest desire to please. They groped for human understanding, and, suddenly, that clammy, discouraged feeling spread its muffling wall between them. Billy was the first to recover in part.

"Charming weather, isn't it?" he observed, smiling.

Mr. Turner opined that it was, the while delving into Mr. Westlake's mental workshop and finding it completely devoid of tools, lumber or patterns.

"The girls are just going to take me over to bowl," Mr. Turner ventured desperately, after a while. "Do you bowl very much?"

"Oh, I usually fill in," stated Mr. Westlake; "but, really, I'm a very poor hand at it. I seem to be a poor hand at most everything"; and he laughed with engaging candor, as if, somehow, this were creditable.

The conversation thereupon lagged for a moment, while Mr. Turner blankly asked himself: "What in thunder does a man talk about when he has nothing to say?" Presently he solved it.

"It must be beautiful out here in the autumn," he observed.

"Yes, it is, indeed," returned Mr. Westlake with alacrity. "The leaves turn all sorts of colors."

Once more conversation lagged, while Billy feebly wondered how any person could possibly be so dull as this chap. Both felt the weight of the ages lifted from them when McComas stepped up.

"You'll excuse Mr. Turner a moment, won't you, Billy?" begged McComas pleasantly. "I want to introduce him to a couple of friends of mine."

Billy Westlake bowed his forgiveness of Mr. McComas with fully as much relief as Sam Turner felt. Over in the same corner of the porch where he had sat in the afternoon with McComas and Princeman and the older Westlake Sam found awaiting them Mr. Cuthbert, of the American Papier-Mâché Company, an almost viciously ugly man with a twisted nose and a crooked mouth, who controlled practically all the worth-while papier-mâché business of the United States, and Mr. Blackrock, an elderly man with a young toupée and particularly gaunt cheekbones, who was a corporation lawyer of considerable note. Both gentlemen greeted Mr. Turner as one toward whom they were already highly predisposed, and Mr. Princeman and Mr. Westlake also shook hands most cordially, as if Sam had been gone for a day or two. Mr. McComas placed a chair for him.

"We just happened to mention your marsh-pulp idea, and Mr. Cuthbert and Mr. Blackrock were at once very highly interested," observed McComas, as they sat down. "Mr. Blackrock suggests that he doesn't see why you need wait for the issuance of the letters patent to form the preliminary steps in your company."

"Why, no, Mr. Turner," said Mr. Blackrock suavely and smoothly, "it is not a company, anyhow, as I take it, that will depend so much upon letters patent as upon extensive exploitation."

"Yes, that's true enough," agreed Sam with a smile. "The letters patent, however, should give my kid brother and myself, without much capital, controlling interest in the stock."

Upon this frank, but natural, statement the others laughed quite pleasantly.

"You are right enough about that," agreed Mr. Westlake, folding his fat hands across his equator and leaning back in his chair with a placidity that seemed far removed from any thought of gain. "How did you propose to organize your company?"

"Well," said Sam, crossing one leg comfortably over the other, "I expect to issue half a million participating preferred stock, at five per cent, and half a million common, one share of common as bonus with each two shares of preferred; the voting power, of course, vested in the common."

A silence followed that, and then Mr. Cuthbert, with a diagonal yawing of his mouth which seemed to give his words a special dryness, observed:

"And I presume you intend to take up the balance of the common stock."

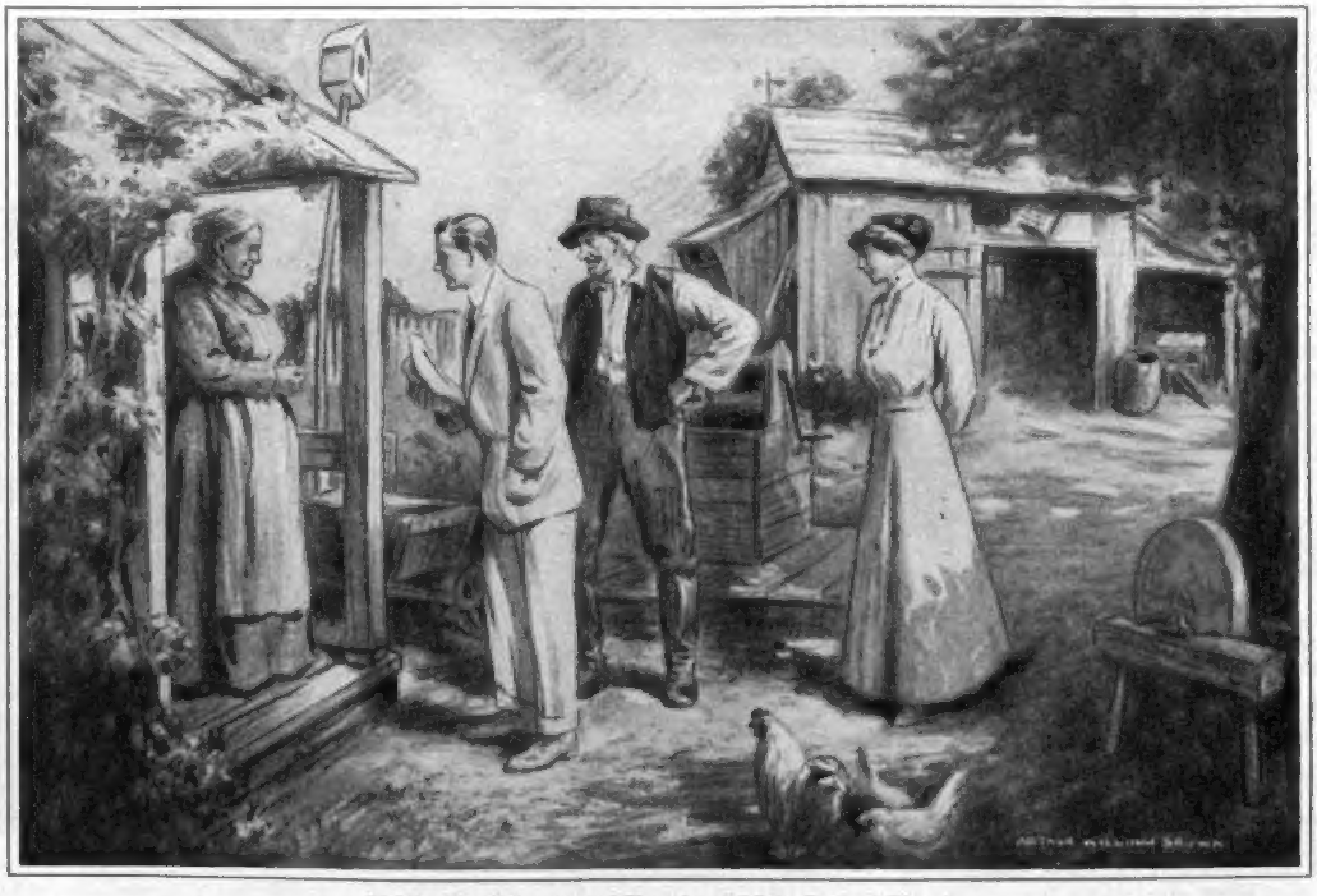
"Just about," returned Mr. Turner cheerfully, addressing Cuthbert directly. The papier-mâché king was another man whom he had inscribed, some time since, upon his mental list. "My kid brother and myself will take two hundred and fifty thousand of the common stock for our patents, and our services as promoters and organizers, and will purchase enough of the preferred to give us voting power; say five thousand dollars' worth."

Mr. Cuthbert shook his head.

"Very stringent terms," he observed. "I doubt if you will interest your capital on that basis."

"All right," said Sam, clasping his knee in his hands and rocking gently. "If we can't organize on that basis we won't organize at all. We're in no hurry. My kid brother's handling it just now, anyhow. I'm on a vacation. In the mean time let me show you some figures."

Five minutes later Billy Westlake and his sister and Miss Hastings drew up to the edge of the group. Young Westlake stood, diffidently, for two or three minutes beside Mr. Turner's chair, and then Mr. Westlake put his hand upon that summer idler's shoulder.



"I Like Him," Announced Hepseba. "I Like Both of Them"

"Oh! good-evening, Mr.—Mr.—Mr. ——" Sam stammered, while he tried to find the name.

"Westlake," interposed Billy's father; and then, a trifle impatiently: "What do you want, Billy?"

"Mr. Turner was going with us to the bowling shed, Dad."

"That's so," admitted Mr. Turner, glancing over to the porch rail where the girls stood expectantly in their fluffy white dresses, and nodding pleasantly at them, but not yet arising. He was in the midst of an important statement.

"Just you run on with the girls, Billy," ordered Mr. Westlake. "Mr. Turner will be over in a few minutes."

The others of the circle bent their eyes gravely upon Billy as he turned away, and waited for Mr. Turner.

At a quarter past ten, as Sam Turner and Princeman walked slowly along the porch to turn into the parlors for a few minutes of music, of which Sam was very fond, a crowd of young people came trooping up the steps. Among them were Billy Westlake and his sister, another young gentleman and Miss Hastings.

"By George, that bowling tournament!" exclaimed Mr. Turner. "I forgot all about it."

He was about to make his apologies, but Miss Westlake and Miss Hastings passed right on with stern set countenances and their heads in air. Apparently they did not see Mr. Turner at all. He gazed after them in consternation; suddenly there popped into his mind the vision of a slender girl in green, with mischievous brown eyes—and he felt strangely comforted. Before retiring he wired his brother to send some samples of the marsh pulp and the paper made from it.

IV

MORNING at Meadow Brook was even more delightful than the evening. The time Mr. Turner had chosen for his outing was early September, and already there was a crispness in the air which was quite invigorating. Clad in flannels and with a brand-new tennis racket under his arm, he went into the reading-room immediately after breakfast, bought a paper of the night before and glanced hastily over the news of the day, paying more particular attention to the market page. Prices of things had a peculiar fascination for him. He noticed that cereals had gone down, that there was another flurry in copper stock, and that hardwood had gone up, and ranging down the list his eye caught a quotation for walnut. It had made a sharp advance of ten dollars a thousand feet.

Out of the window, as he looked up, he saw Miss Westlake and Miss Hastings crossing the lawn, and he suddenly realized that he was here to wear himself out with rest, so he hurried in the direction the girls had taken; but when Sam arrived at the tennis court he found a set already in progress. Both Miss Westlake and Miss Hastings barely nodded at Mr. Turner, and went right on displaying grace and dexterity to a quite unusual degree. Decidedly, Mr. Turner was being cut, and he wondered why. Presently he strode down to the road and looked up over the hill in the direction he knew Hollis Creek Inn to be. He was still pondering the probable distance, when Mr. Westlake and Billy and young Princeman came up the brook path.

"Just the chap I wanted to see, Sam," said Mr. Westlake heartily. "I'm trying to get up a pin-hook fishing contest for three-inch sunfish."

"Good idea," returned Sam, laughing. "Count me in."

"It's the governor's own idea, too," said Billy, with vast enthusiasm. "Bully sport, it ought to be. Only trouble is Princeman has some mysterious errand or other, and can't join us."

"No; the fact is, the Stevenses were due at Hollis Creek yesterday," confessed Mr. Princeman, in cold return to the prying Billy; "and I think I'll stroll over and see if they've arrived."

Sam Turner surveyed Princeman with a new interest. Danger lurked in Princeman's black eyes, fascination lurked in his black hair, attractiveness was in every line of his athletic figure. It was upon the tip of Sam Turner's tongue to say that he would join Princeman in his walk, but he repressed that instinct immediately.

"Quite a long ways by the road, isn't it?" he questioned.

"Yes," admitted Princeman unsuspectingly; "it winds a good bit; but there is a path across the hills which is not only shorter but far more pleasant."

Sam turned to Mr. Westlake.

"It would be a shame not to let Princeman in on that pin-hook match," he suggested. "Why not put it off until tomorrow morning? I have an idea that I can beat Princeman at the game."

There was more or less of sudden challenge in his tone, and Princeman, keen as Sam himself, took it in that way.

"Fine!" he invited. "Any time you want to enter a contest with me you just mention it."

"I'll let you know in some way or other, even if I don't make any direct announcement," laughed Sam, and Princeman walked away with Mr. Westlake, very much to Billy's consternation. He was alone with this dull Turner person once more. What should they talk about? Sam solved that problem for him at once. "What's the swiftest conveyance these people keep?" he asked young Westlake briskly.

"Oh, you can get most anything you like," said Billy; "saddle horses and carriages of all sorts; and last year they put in a couple of automobiles, though scarcely any one uses them." There was a certain amount of careless contempt in Billy's tone as he mentioned the hired autos. Evidently they were not considered to be as good form as other modes of conveyance.

"Where's the garage?" asked Sam.

"Right around the back of the house. Just follow that road."

"Thanks," said the other crisply. "I'll see you this evening," and he stalked away, leaving Billy gasping for breath at the suddenness of Sam. After all, though, he was glad to be rid of Mr. Turner. He knew the Stevenses, himself, and it had slowly dawned upon him that by having his own horse saddled he could beat Princeman over there.

It took Sam just about one minute to negotiate for an automobile—a neat little affair, shiny and new—and before they were halfway to Hollis Creek his innate democracy, which was not so much democracy, after all, as an everlasting curiosity about everything on earth, led him into an intimate conversation with the driver, an alert young man of the near-by clay.

"Not very good soil in this neighborhood," Sam observed. "I notice there is a heavy outcropping of stone. What are the principal crops?"

"Summer resorters," replied the driver soberly.

"And all these farmhouses call themselves summer resorts?" inquired Sam.

"No, only those that have running water. The others just keep boarders."

"I see," said Sam, laughing.

A moment later they passed over a beautifully-clear stream that ran down a narrow valley between two high hills, swept under a rickety wooden culvert, and raced on across a marshy meadow, sparkling invitingly here and there in the sunlight.

"Here's running water without a summer resort," observed the passenger, still smiling.

"It's too much shut in," replied the chauffeur, as one who had voiced a final and insurmountable objection. All the summer resorts in this neighborhood were of one pattern, and no one would so much as dream of varying from the first successful model.

Sam scarcely heard. He was looking back toward the trough of those two picturesquely-wooded hills, and for the rest of the drive he asked but few questions.

V

AT HOLLIS CREEK, where he found a much more imposing hotel than the one at Meadow Brook, Sam discovered Miss Stevens, clad in simple white from canvas shoes to knotted cravat, in a summer-house on the lawn, chatting gayly with a young man who was almost fat. Sam had seen other girls since he had entered the grounds, but he could not make out their features; this one he had recognized from afar, and as they approached the summer-house he opened the door of the machine and jumped out before it had come properly to a stop.

"Good-morning, Miss Stevens," he said, with a cheerful self-confidence that was beautiful to behold. "I have come over to take you a little spin if you'll go."

Miss Stevens gazed at the caller quizzically and laughed outright.

"This is so sudden," she murmured.

The caller himself grinned.

"Does seem so, if you stop to think of it," he admitted. "Rather like dropping out of the clouds. But the auto is here and I can testify that it's a smooth-running machine. Will you go?"

She turned that same quizzical smile upon the young man who was almost fat, and introduced him, curly hair and all, to Mr. Turner as Mr. Hollis, who, it afterward transpired, was the heir to Hollis Creek Inn.

"I had just promised to play tennis with Mr. Hollis," Miss Stevens stated, after the introduction had been properly acknowledged; "but I know he won't mind putting it off this time," and she handed him her tennis racket.

"Certainly not," said young Hollis with forcedly-smiling politeness.

"Thank you, Mr. Hollis," said Sam promptly. "Just jump right in, Miss Stevens."

"How long shall we be gone?" she asked, as she settled herself in the tonneau.

"Oh, whatever you say. A couple of hours, I presume."

"All right, then," she said to young Hollis, "we'll have our game in the afternoon."

"With pleasure," replied the other graciously; but he did not look it.

"Where shall we go?" asked Sam, as the driver looked back inquiringly. "You know the country about here, I suppose."

"I ought to," she laughed. "Father's been spending the summer here ever since I was a little girl. You might take us around Bald Hill," she suggested to the chauffeur. "It is a very pretty drive," she explained, turning to Sam as the machine wheeled, and at the same time waving her hand gayly to the disconsolate Hollis, who was "hard hit" with a different girl every season. "It's just about a two-hour trip. What a fine morning to be out!" and she settled back comfortably as the machine gathered speed. "I do love machines, but Father is rather backward about them. He will consent to ride in them under necessity, but he won't buy one. Every time he sees a handsome pair of horses, however, he has to have them."

"I admire a good horse myself," returned Sam.

"Do you ride?" she asked him.

"Oh, I have suffered a few times on horseback," he confessed; "but you ought to see my kid brother ride. He looks as if he were part of the horse. He's a handsome brat."

"Except for calling him names, which is a purely masculine way of showing affection, you speak of him almost as if you were his mother," she observed.

"Well, I am, almost," replied Sam, studying the matter gravely. "I have been his mother, and his father, and his brother, too, for a great many years; and I will say that he's a credit to his family."

"Meaning just you?" she ventured.

"Yes, we're all we have; just yet, at least." This quite soberly.

"He must talk of getting married," she guessed, with a quick intuition that, when this happened, it would be a blow to Sam.

"Oh, no," he immediately corrected her. "He isn't quite old enough to think of it seriously as yet. I expect to be married long before he is."

Miss Stevens felt a rigid aloofness creeping over her, and, having a very wholesome sense of humor, smiled as she recognized the feeling in herself.

"I should think you'd spend your vacation where the girl is," she observed. "Men usually do, don't they?"

He laughed gayly.

"I surely would if I knew the girl," he asserted.

"That's a refreshing suggestion," she said, echoing his laugh, though from a different impulse. "I presume, then, that you entertain thoughts of matrimony merely because you think you are quite old enough."

"No, it isn't just that," he returned, still thoughtfully. "Somehow or other I feel that way about it; that's all. I have never had time to think of it before, but this past year I have had sort of a sense of lonesomeness; and I guess that must be it."

In spite of herself Miss Josephine giggled, and repressed it, and giggled again, and repressed it, and giggled again; and then she let herself go and laughed as heartily as she pleased. She had heard men say before, but always with more or less of a languishing air, inevitably ridiculous in a man, that they thought it about time they were getting married; but she could not remember anything to compare with Sam Turner's naïveté in the statement.

He paid no attention to the laughter, for he had suddenly leaned forward to the chauffeur.

"There is another clump of walnut trees," he said eagerly, pointing them out. "Are there many of them in this locality?"

"A good many scattered here and there," replied the boy; "but old man Gifford has a twenty-acre grove down in the bottoms that's mostly all walnut trees, and I heard him say just the other day that walnut lumber's got so high he had a notion to clear his land."

"Where do you suppose we could find old man Gifford?" inquired Mr. Turner.

"Oh, about six miles off to the right, at the next turning."

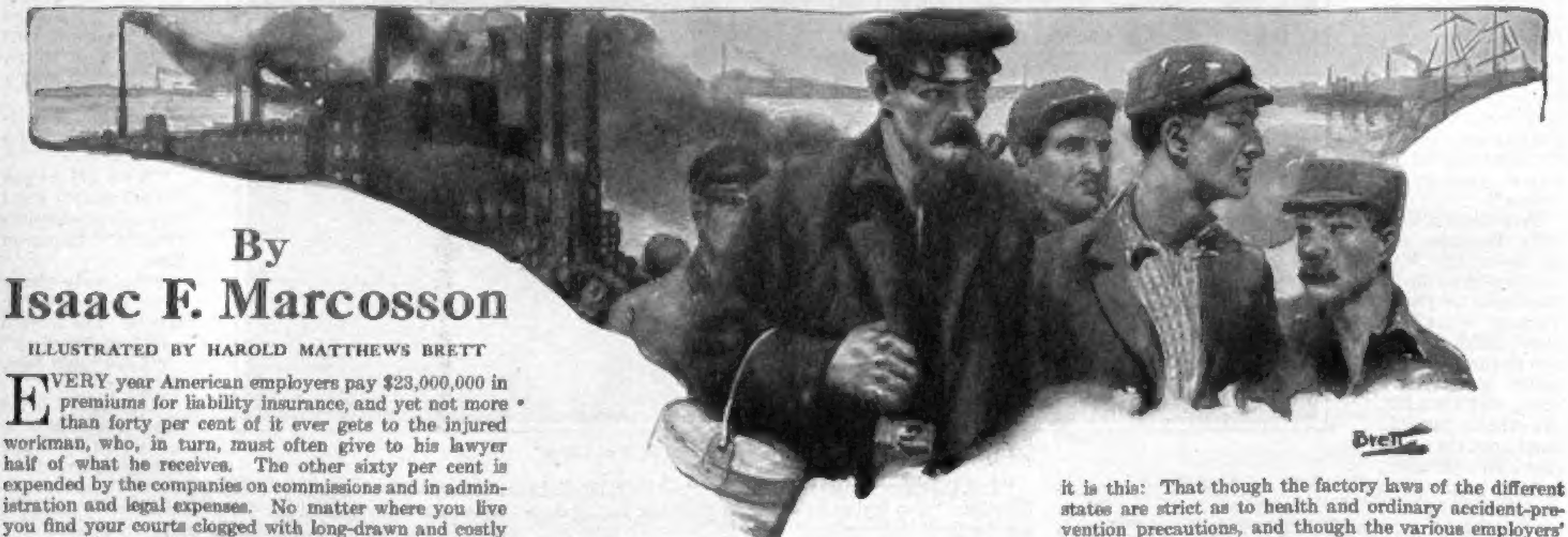
"Suppose we whiz right down there," said Sam promptly, and he turned to Miss Stevens with enthusiasm shining in his eyes. "It just does seem as if everything happens lucky for me," he observed. "I haven't any particular liking for the lumber business, but Fate keeps handing lumber to me all the time; just fairly forcing it on me."

"Do you think Fate is as much responsible for that as yourself?" she replied, smiling as they passed at a good clip the turn which was to have taken them over the pretty Bald Hill drive. Sam had not even thought to apologize for the abrupt change in their program, because she could certainly see the opportunity that had offered itself and how imperative it was to embrace it. The thing needed no explanation.

(Continued on Page 62)

Safety as a Good Investment

How a New Kind of Employers' Liability is Working Out



By Isaac F. Marcosson

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT

EVERY year American employers pay $23,000,000 in premiums for liability insurance, and yet not more than forty per cent of it ever gets to the injured workman, who, in turn, must often give to his lawyer half of what he receives. The other sixty per cent is expended by the companies on commissions and in administration and legal expenses. No matter where you live you find your courts clogged with long-drawn and costly damage suits growing out of accidents. In New York City alone sixty per cent of the time in jury trial and first appeal courts is taken up with these cases. The cost of operating the court machinery is sometimes slight compared with the value of the time lost by business men in sitting on juries or acting as witnesses. On the other hand, the wheels of industry grind more swiftly and relentlessly. In 1908, for example, there were nearly 35,000 fatal industrial accidents and approximately 2,000,000 non-fatal accidents. Every day lives and limbs are sacrificed to speed and production, leaving men, women and children helpless or dependent. Instead of a prompt, equitable and amicable adjustment of the losses there is usually delay, discord and friction. "Am I legally liable?" is the employer's first thought after an accident. "Can I get anything?" is the employee's chief concern when he is hurt. Here, then, is a menace to peace and profit that has hovered so long and so tenaciously that the time has come when the average employer has begun to ask the question: "Is not safety a good investment and is not instant compensation cheaper, easier and better business in the end than a damage suit?" Some employers have not only asked but have answered this question, and in the successful working out of their plans is a helpful and significant lesson for practically every employer of industrial labor.

Before going into the specific cases that illustrate the new working out of an old and vexing problem it might be illuminating first to point out briefly the conditions and results that have contributed to the present situation. There has been much talk and little constructive remedy in the whole matter of the liability of the employer. Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, tried to put through a bill with very drastic employers' liability provisions, but the higher courts declared it unconstitutional. A second bill, framed along the same lines, is in danger of a similar fate. Although the din of liability discussion is in everybody's ears, a somewhat startling fact, not generally recognized by the layman, stands out clearly in the whole noisy tangle, and it is this: That though the factory laws of the different states are strict as to health and ordinary accident-prevention precautions, and though the various employers' liability laws are, in some sections, of quite recent enactment, the whole legal system around which the war of accident litigation is so fiercely and expensively waged is based on the theory of common law that the American colonists inherited from England long before the factory and machine era. Hence it is antiquated and unfair. This law, summed up in simplest terms, provides that a workman who is injured can only recover from an employer when the accident is solely the employer's fault. The compensation is fixed by court and jury. The workman must assume all the risk of trade and must, in addition, expose himself knowing that he must prove that he has not been guilty of contributory negligence; and he must take his chances with the fellow-servant rule, which protects the employer in case the worker is hurt through the carelessness of a co-worker.

No modification of this common law has taken away the employee's right to sue. Since it is estimated that about half of the industrial accidents are not due to anybody's fault, but are the result of the inevitable risk of trade, no law based on fault will hit fairly more than fifty out of every hundred cases.

What is the result? The moment an accident occurs the employer is on the defensive, knowing that he can be sued; the employee is on the offensive, knowing that he can sue. Hostility develops at the very time when sympathy and relief are needed. The employer can hire a substitute to do his fighting in the shape of a liability company to whom he pays a premium based on the hazard of his business and the size of his pay-roll. When a workman is hurt the company steps in and the employer steps out, and it becomes a purely impersonal matter. The employee of twenty years' service and the new man who came in yesterday get the same treatment, because the liability company is not in business for its health, and its principal job is to settle the case as cheaply as possible.

The injured workman must also have some one to do his fighting, and here is where the "ambulance chaser" comes in. He searches lists of accidents for names, and then rushes to the home or hospital offering his services. He is the foe of both employer and employee. In many cases he preys on the ignorance and need of the victim. When the employer does not want to hide behind the law and is disposed to be generous—and there are many such—these shyster lawyers try to force exorbitant compromises or urge their clients to go to law, knowing full well the delay in the courts and the inequality of the struggle between a poor artisan and a big employer or corporation. Pending the result of litigation the injured man and his family have no means of support and become charity charges on the community.

When you turn from the plan to the practice of this liability system you find that it is as destructive to working and saving efficiency as any agency that High Finance ever created. Any state and any section can furnish the statistics. Since the present investigation in New York is one of the most searching and its facts the latest and freshest we will use them. A few will serve to show what is happening.

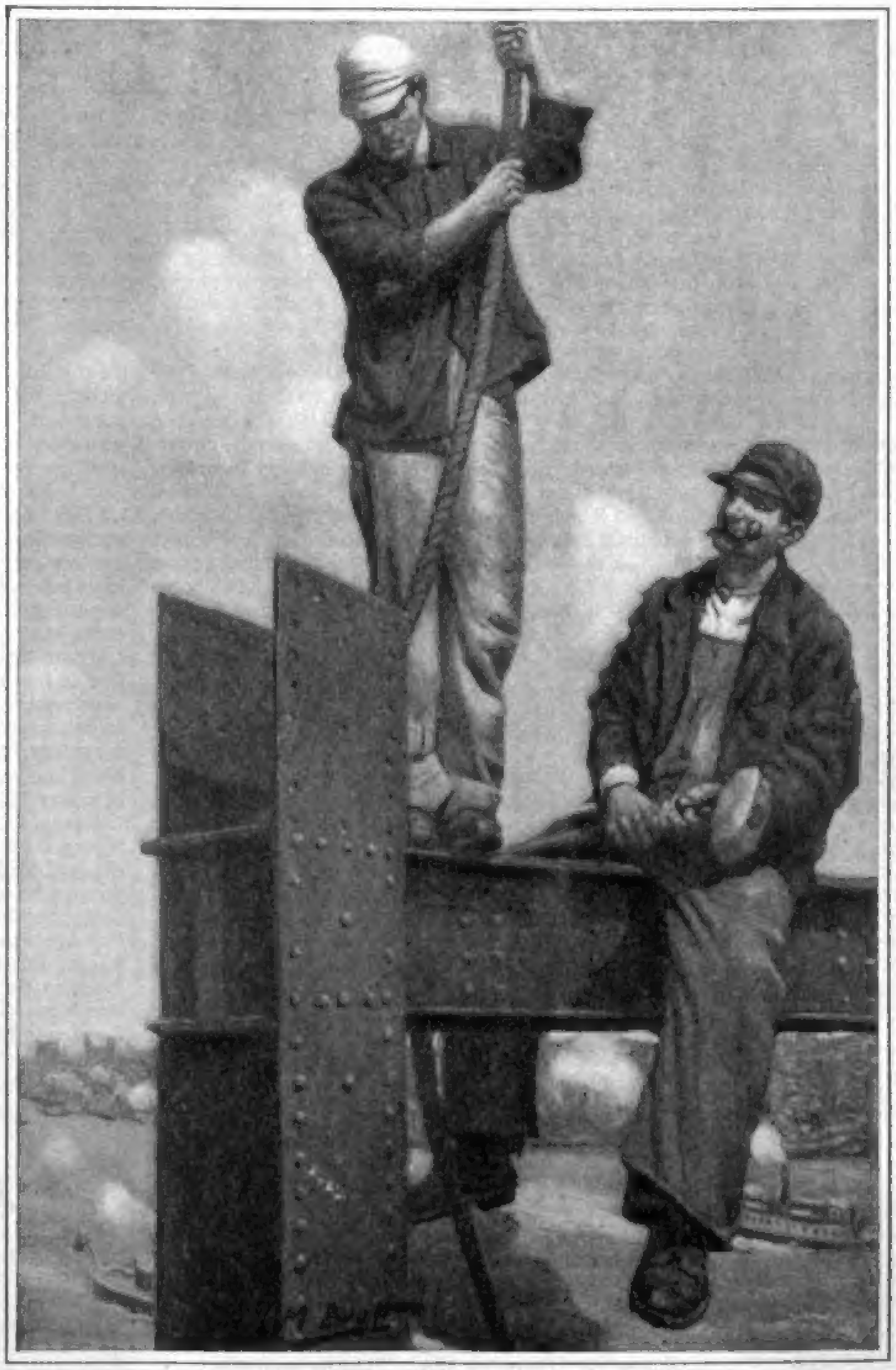
The Price of Heroism

LET us take the records in 69 fatal accidents reported to the coroner in New York City and see how the widows fared. We find that 18 widows got nothing; 5 got funeral expenses averaging $177 in each case, and nothing more; 22 settled without filing suit and got an average of $1155 each; 6 filed suit and got an average of $1045 each; one got a verdict for $7500, and the remainder filed suits which are hung up in the courts. In 116 fatal accident cases investigated at Buffalo, 39 widows, or about one-third, got nothing, not even funeral expenses; 13 got funeral expenses averaging $150, and no more; 38 settled without suit, getting an average of $500; 12 settled after suit had been filed and got an average of $1785 each; 5 got verdicts averaging $5490 each; the remainder all filed suits which are still pending.

Even when the widow goes through the long ordeal of a legal fight she is required to pay an exorbitant fee. The lawyers' fees in 63 fatal accident suits at Buffalo have been tabulated and here is the result: In 25 cases the fee was a little less than 25 per cent; in 17 cases it was from 25 to 35 per cent; in 7 cases it was 35 per cent; in 14 cases, or nearly one-fourth, it was 50 per cent or more. The average fee was more than 30 per cent, and investigation shows that this is a usual average for fees charged in such cases.

The non-fatal accident cases are just as unsatisfactory and have often been rehearsed. Even the hero has to suffer for his heroism. This is a phase of the liability system not generally considered. Two fresh incidents will illustrate. On the very day this article is being written a story came to light in New York that shows the pathos of it. A man received permanent and eventually fatal injuries while trying to save a woman's life in front of a street car. He happened to be passing, saw the woman's danger and sprang to her rescue. The woman was killed. Before he died the man got a $5500 judgment against the defendant company. This was in 1908. The judgment remains unpaid because the company went into the hands of a receiver and all claims are held up. Meanwhile, the widow is in want. Though this is not strictly an industrial accident it shows how new and unexpected kinks may tie up the widow's damages.

In December, 1907, two steel workers were at work on a tower of the new Queensborough bridge over the East River at New York. They were 100 feet in the air. A heavy steel plate was being put into place by a gang of which they were members. Just before the plate got into place it began to slip. These two men realized that if it fell the lives of at least three of their comrades would be sacrificed. They thrust their hands into a crevice beneath the plate which ground on for a few moments, tearing the members, but stopping before it did any other damage. The sacrifice stopped the plate, but it cost the men their hands. In order to recover damages they had to sue and to fight hard. Fortunately, each got a verdict for $20,000. Yet the case will be appealed and fought on; there will be big lawyers' fees and many delays. Meanwhile, both men are maimed and able to earn scarcely anything. Formerly each made $40 a week. They were hurt in a voluntary act that really saved three lives, and yet they had to fight for compensation.



They Were One Hundred Feet in the Air

Now all these concrete illustrations are not so much the result of the hardheartedness of the employer as the outcome of a system that has been permitted to flourish. The very institution of liability has aggravated the difference between master and man in time of accident.

In the meantime, while the American employer and his employee were fighting each other in the courts, while damages were grudgingly bestowed for accidents and the courts' delays often made paupers of whole families, Europe solved the problem by discarding any basis of liability and by providing for prompt compensation without question of right and wrong. Germany took the lead in 1881. Her plan, briefly, takes the form of compulsory sickness and accident insurance. For the sickness insurance, which is carried in local associations, the employer contributes one-third and the employee two-thirds. In the accident insurance, which covers all accidents without regard to "cause or blame," the duty to insure rests with the employer, who pays the entire cost through associations of employers in the different trades. Disputes are settled by arbitration and there is scarcely any litigation. Old age pensions are provided by the state.

Turning from this somewhat bureaucratic system to the English plan you find a solution more democratic. Formerly there was a liability law in England similar to our own. In 1897 the English Workmen's Compensation Act was passed providing for compensation for all industrial accidents regardless of the employer's neglect or liability. In case of death the dependents get three years' wages, or $450, usually more than that sum, but in no case over $1500; in case of total incapacity, a weekly payment during incapacity of one-half of the weekly wages. If the incapacity is permanent, the permanent pension is one-half wages paid weekly. The employee gets no compensation only in cases when he is guilty of the grossest negligence. The British employee has the right to sue, but the percentage of suits brought is very small—one per cent in England and three per cent in Scotland last year. If the workman fails to recover at law he can always turn to the Compensation Act. The Compensation Act does not aim to furnish complete indemnity but prompt and substantial relief. Therefore, it does not put a premium on carelessness. The best tribute to the plan is that out of more than $8,000,000 paid by British employers last year on account of industrial accidents practically all of it went to the injured workman or his family. There was no waste. The employer can take out insurance protecting him for his liability to pay compensation. The average housekeeper employing a single maid can avail herself of this. By paying a premium of twenty or thirty cents she can get a policy that will compensate her in case the maid burns herself with gasoline while lighting the fire, or scalds herself while bringing up the morning tub.

The remaining European plans are, in the main, variations of the German system. In no case is there ever any doubt as to the employee's right for instant compensation without resort to law. Therefore, you find that the United States is the only great civilized nation that clings to a costly and burdensome employers' liability system.

What One Man Has Done

THE lesson of European workmen's compensation was not lost on thoughtful men in the United States. As long ago as 1889 President Harrison tried to change our liability laws. Mr. Roosevelt's activities in that direction are well remembered. The states of Illinois, Connecticut and Massachusetts appointed commissions which made investigations and recommended compensation acts, but no legislation came of it. Then Wisconsin and Minnesota named commissions and they are still at work. The Minnesota Commission, which has been very active, is operating with the assistance of the Minnesota Employers' Association on one hand, and the labor unions on the other.

But it is in New York State that, perhaps, the most significant movement is under way looking to the overthrow of the employers' liability system. It grows out of the fact that up at Albany is a man who went to the governor's chair from a lawyer's office, with an intimate knowledge of this whole troublesome problem. Governor Hughes had prosecuted and defended accident litigation; he saw the unfitness of the existing law; how, through its slow working, the incapacitated man often became a "malignant drone" in the community and a cause of the social unrest. He believed, too, in investigation and regulation of wrongs by commissions because, with his Public Service Commission, on which he had successfully waged his first fight for office, he had put a curb on corporate abuse and given all the people of the state an accessible tribunal for their transportation troubles.

In his message to the legislature, in 1908, he urged a change in the liability laws; but nothing was accomplished. Last year, however, through his efforts a bill was passed which gave him the authority to appoint a commission to make a full investigation and suggest legislation. In the naming of this commission he showed characteristic wisdom. Among others he named John Mitchell, a great labor leader, and Mr. Otto M. Eidlitz, a great steel constructor and, therefore, a big employer. He included Miss Crystal Eastman, who made the noteworthy investigation of accidents in the Pittsburgh industrial district, while the counsel, Mr. Joseph P. Cotton, Junior, has had a large experience in street-railway accident litigation in New York. State senators, assemblymen, college professors and the average man made up the rest of the body. Thus every angle of interest was represented.

This commission has given the subject a popular publicity in New York. Some of the figures used earlier in this article were gathered by it. The commission has sought to get both sides of the problem and in its efforts it has produced interesting data. Among other things, letters were sent to 116 employers and 73 labor unions asking for expressions of opinion on the present liability system. Sixty-three of the employers thought it unfair, the rest said it was fair, but a change would be better. Forty-one of the unions declared against it, while the others wanted modifications, mostly compensation. The employers' objections, summed up, were: The employee must wait too long for his compensation; there is too much waste of time and money in litigation; litigation causes hostile relations between employer and employee; a successful damage suit often ruins the small employer. The unions' objections, briefly, were: A lawsuit costs the employee his job and places him at the mercy of the employer; the employer can successfully resist the workman because he has the money to fight with.

The Attitude of the Employer

ANY one of the employers' letters is typical of their feeling about the law. Here are some extracts from the one sent by the H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Company, of Syracuse, New York:

"The average employer feels that he must carry employers' liability insurance. The risk of accidents together with the risk of litigation promoted by shyster lawyers is more than the ordinary employer's business can stand. . . . It is our observation that only about one-third of the money paid by employers to liability insurance companies for protection against liability for accident to employees goes to the injured employees, and that of the money recovered by the injured employee by means of litigation about one-half goes to the employee."

Having declared for compensation, this letter says:

"Under the experience of our company for two years ending October 1, 1909, during which time 119 accidents occurred, if the proposed—compensation—system had been in force and we had paid one-half wages to all injured employees for all the time lost on account of such injuries, and wages for three years in the case of the one employee who died, we would have paid during the two years $2091.83, all of which unquestionably would have gone to the injured employees and those dependent upon them.

"During the two years aforesaid we did pay $3517.05 for liability insurance. During this time the injured employees received from the insurance company $1491.97, of which $278 was for surgical aid or medical attendance, $779.97 for settlement of claims and $434 as a result of actions of law. . . .

Here is Where the "Ambulance-Chaser" Comes In

"If the proposed law would have been in effect during the two years ending October 1, 1909, . . . the H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Company would have saved approximately $1425.22, or approximately 40 per cent of the amount paid, while the injured employees would have gained approximately $599.86, or approximately 40 per cent more than the amount they received."

Another striking fact developed by the commission's work is the new attitude of labor. In a brief submitted to the commission by the Joint Conference of the Central Labor bodies of New York City the declaration is made for compensation. Heretofore the contention of organized labor, headed by the American Federation of Labor, has been for a larger liability on the employer and a greater opportunity for the worker to recover at law.

After stating that the court and jury system of fixing responsibility for industrial accidents is not satisfactory, and that "only one out of every ten workmen who sue has any chance for recovery," the brief states:

"We favor the enactment of a compensation law covering industrial accidents without regard to negligence. No other scheme of employers' liability is economically sound or ethically just.

"We favor compensation equal to 65 per cent of the wage rate in case of disability, and in case of death or total disability a sum equal to four years' wages, the minimum compensation to be not less than $850 a year.

"Because of the greater earning power of our workmen over those of Great Britain and the greater cost of living in this country we have fixed a little higher compensation. In arriving at our minimum of $850 we have taken the living wage. Experts, after careful investigation in this state, have shown that about $850 is the minimum amount upon which a family can be supported decently. It is true that many workingmen receive less, but it seems to us that the state in legally fixing a minimum cannot go below a living wage, and thereby give public sanction to an amount of compensation so small as to require supplementing by private or public charity."

I asked John Mitchell for an expression on the present liability system, and he said: "The present system encourages litigation and one case in twelve is successful. Compensation patterned after the English law is the only solution. The industry must carry the burden of industrial loss, and the employer, I think, should regard compensation as a fixed charge on his business."

"How about the effect of compensation laws upon labor unions?" I asked.

"The only effect will be to relieve the strain upon the treasuries of many of the organizations," was the reply

Happily, many employers of labor in industries more or less hazardous have not waited on slow legislative machinery to enact compensation laws, but have created their own compensation systems and likewise brought about a sort of standardization of safety. The best example, perhaps, is to be found in the United States Steel Corporation, which employs more than 200,000 men and operates not less than 150 plants. With the possible exception of the railroads and the mines it faces the largest accident hazard. It is too big to carry liability insurance—the premium on its immense pay-roll would be a small fortune—so it carries its own insurance by a plan which has primarily two objects: first, the amicable, fair, direct man-to-man settlement of claims; second, the prevention of accidents. The general theory under which the corporation works is this: "Every accident you prevent is more to your credit and profit than fifty that you compensate, for compensation cannot restore impaired or destroyed working efficiency."

Standardizing Safety

WHILE all the subsidiary companies comprising the Steel Corporation had casualty departments from their beginning, it was not until the great merger was well under way that the present system was developed. In 1906 a meeting of casualty managers of the various companies was held in New York to discuss compensation and accident prevention. Each company reported its plan. Some had already formed workmen's committees to inspect machinery and suggest devices for safety; others had offered prizes for practical prevention suggestions. Two years later at another meeting held in New York a Central Committee of Safety was appointed which is now in charge. This committee differs from its namesake of the French Revolution in that its job is to keep heads on bodies. In the work of this Central Committee of Safety is a lesson for every employer.

The Safety Committee is composed of one representative from each one of the following companies: American Steel and Wire Company, American Bridge Company, American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, Carnegie Steel Company, National Tube Company, and the Illinois Steel Company. It sends safety inspectors to the various mills from time to time to examine every bit of machinery and every square foot of working area. They must answer this question: "Has everything been done to protect life and limb?" No man inspects a mill in which he has worked or works; thus an American Bridge man would go to the National Tube mill, and so on. There is a friendly rivalry between the big plants and it makes for a rigid inspection. Nothing is too trivial to escape these inspectors—a window may not have been washed often enough, thus keeping light out of a corner where a dangerous machine is operated; a board on the floor may be worn so smooth that a man may slip up on it; material may be piled up half a foot too high and thus be liable to topple over. The inspector's recommendations, which may range from an extra window-washer to a subway under railroad tracks, are sent to the committee, which in turn sends them back to the mill. The mill has thirty days to consider the recommendation. If it is not adopted some good reason must be given. Here is a concrete case: A safety inspector recommended a detachable rail guard for the ore-charging platform. It was rejected for the reason that if a workman becomes accustomed to finding the rail at the end of the platform in the daytime he might count on it some night when it was not there and topple over to death or serious injury.

The result of this safety system is that up to January 1, 1910, five thousand recommendations had been made and more than 90 per cent had been adopted. The significant thing about it is that whenever a device is found practical in one mill, efforts are made to introduce it wherever possible in the other mills. If two or more devices are found for the same machine experiments are started to reduce them to one general device that may be used everywhere. Thus the standardization of safety begins.

Playing Up the Suggestion Box

PRACTICALLY all the accidents to which the steel and machine worker is heir are coming under this standardization. The penalties for speed and carelessness are alike eliminated. For the painter at work on a traveling crane, who rests his hands on the car rails while he looks around, a steel fender has been devised which is placed before the car wheels and shoves the hand off the track; for the man who pushes metal sheets between the rollers a curved steel shield has been invented which prevents his fingers from following the metal through. A safety clutch prevents big shears from descending while the worker changes the gauge; guards for flywheels, covers for set screws, protections for gearing and hundreds of other devices safeguard the worker.

In addition to the organized work of the Committee of Safety there are many local aids to safety in the mills. In the drafting-rooms of the National Tube Company at Lorain, for example, you will find the following notice posted on the walls: "Attention, draftsmen: Take the necessary time and see that every drawing you make fully provides for the safety of the employee." The corporation believes that the time to provide safety devices for all large machinery is the time when the machinery is designed. Once it has been built the addition of safety devices may be impossible or exceedingly expensive. In most cases, if safety devices are insisted upon at the time the machinery is ordered they can be obtained without extra cost. In the subsidiary companies of the Steel Corporation, whenever plans are drawn for the construction of new machinery or the rebuilding of old machinery, whether the machinery is to be built by the company or to be ordered outside, every drawing must be "checked for safety," and there must be affixed a paster on which are listed the various classes of safety devices and the "factor of safety" for bolts, rods, rivets, chains and ropes. Before the purchasing department will accept the drawing that paster must be affixed to the blue print with each item checked and the name of the draftsman especially appointed to consider the safety device signed to it.

One method used to create the interest in safety was a foremen's prize contest held by the National Tube Company. For the best answers to the question, "What can foremen do that would probably lessen the number of accidents to our employees?" a series of cash prizes, the first being $25, were given. There were scores of answers.

A still more direct method is employed by the same company by printing words of caution on the pay envelopes of the men. Here are some samples:

"The exercise of care to prevent accidents is a duty you owe to yourself and your fellow-employees."

"The more you insist upon carefulness on the part of others as well as exercise it yourself the safer it will be for all."

The reproduction of a hand pointing to the safety sentence on the envelope excites the interest of the foreigner and he usually gets some one to translate it for him.

The American Bridge Company has a suggestion box in its works into which any employee may drop a suggestion for a safety device. The box is opened twice a month. Practical suggestions are always rewarded.

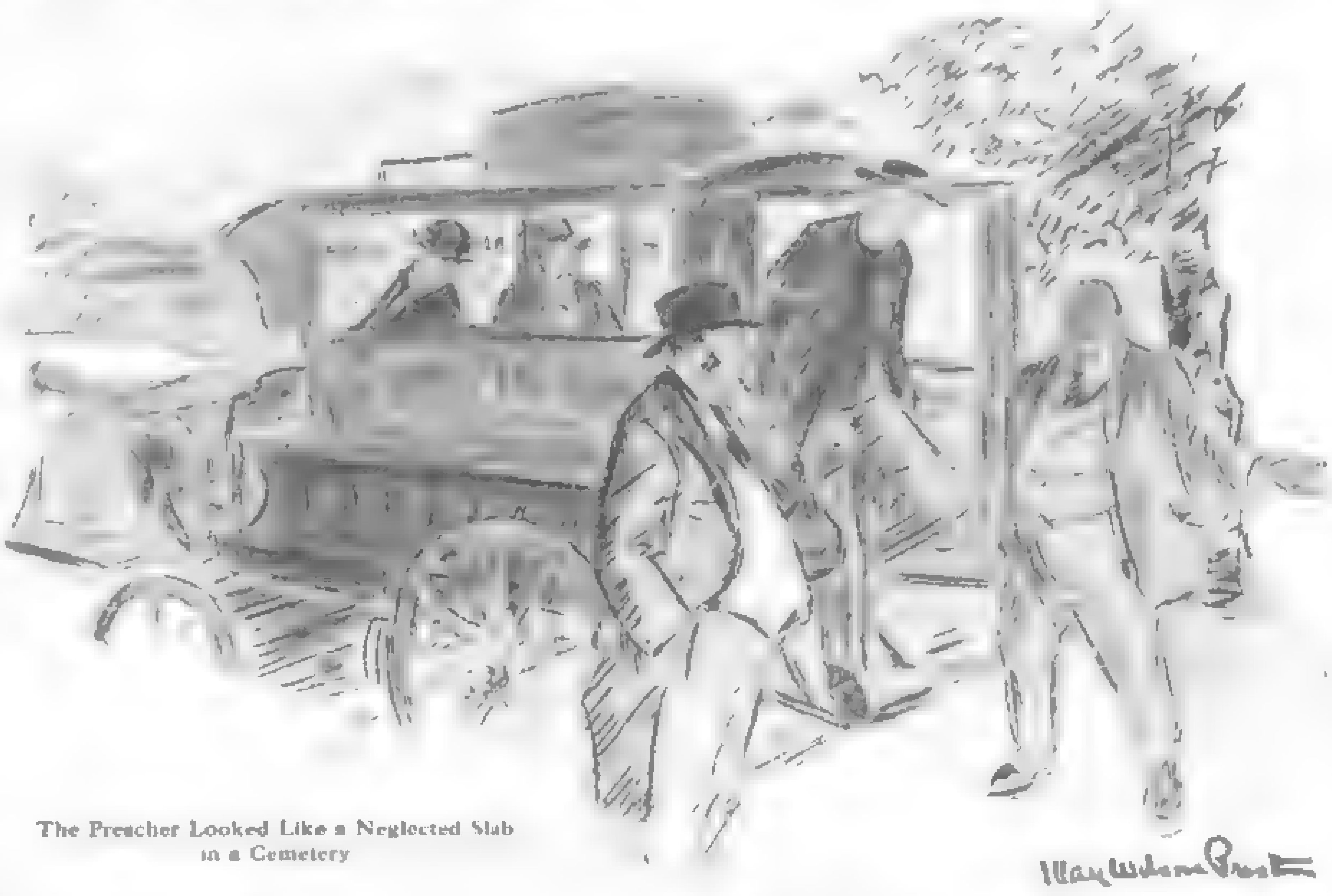
What is the result of this elaborate system? First of all, it has minimized the number of accidents in an industry where formerly

(Continued on Page 48)

The Pendergrass Sanitarium for Curables

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



The Preacher Looked Like a Neglected Slab in a Cemetery

DID you ever hear tell of Doctor Pendergrass, of Brasstown Valley, and his Sanitarium for Curables, Mister?" inquired Pappy Corn of the Stranger, as they sat together under the horse-apple tree in Pappy's yard.

"No, I never did," answered the young man.

"You can find sanitariums for incurables anywhere, but I reckon Pendergrass has got the only one in the country for curables. And he has been wonderful successful, never's had a patient to come back the second time. And Pendergrass himself is the only higher critic of speritual life in man we ever had here in the Valley. Once, I recollect, we had a little tomato-faced saint named Jason Ault, in Old Zion Church, that took a notion he'd committed the onpardonable sin. He wa'n't big enough morally to more'n fly-speck his own soul with a few pin-point iniquities, but it was his conceit to think he'd done the biggest thing wrong in the world. And although the preacher argued with him from Deuteronomy to Revelation to prove it wa'n't so, he stuck to it till he cast a gloom over the whole community. I don't know how it would have ended if Doctor Pendergrass hadn't come along one day where he was settin' outside the Stallin's boys' store, carryin' on to Prim Mayberry about his speritual darkness.

"'Lemme see your tongue, Jason,' says the doctor.

"Ault poked it out, lookin' like two inches of cotton dyed with tobacco juice. Pendergrass felt in his vest pocket, fetched out a bottle of the dangerousest lookin' pills you ever see in your life and drapped three of 'em into Jason's mouth—never said a word, just drapped 'em in and went on where he was goin'. Prim 'lowed he done it onfeelin', as if he didn't keer whether Jason was damned or no.

"Well, sir, we seen no more of Ault till the next Sunday when he frisked into the meetin'-house smilin' like a newly-redeemed sperit and changed the service into an experience meetin' so as to git a chance to tell how the Lord had removed the shadows from his path and the cup of damnation from his lips. There was a right smart shoutin' and halleluiahin' around him, but I wa'n't in it. I was settin' with Pendergrass back by the do', and he 'lows to me as we watched the folks crowdin' up to shake Jason's hand:

"'The human animal is a very queer person, Corn; he ain't satisfied with havin' as many vitals as an ordinary animal, he's got to have extra—an immortal sperit. But he never gits fur enough along in grace or disgrace to be able to tell the difference between the action of his sperit and the inaction of his liver. Now look at Jason yonder; his onforgivable sin is eatin' too much. Some day he'll bust his gall bladder and die in a speritual gloom of jest jaundice!'

"We was good friends and I was used to the workin's of the singletree of his mind, but I reckon I must have looked astonished when he said that, fur he adds, sorter quarrelsome:

" Now don't go out and tell old Jonathan Snow I don't believe in immortality. I ain't flingin' off on every feeler we throw out to'ards longevity in this world or the next. They air all jestified by the stars above us and I've got a faith that'll last me clear around the solar systems, so far as that is concerned. But if we knowed, actually knowed, as much about the mortality of the human liver as we think we know about the immortality of the human soul, we'd be better off speritually and physically than we air.'"

Pappy paused, knocked the embers out of his pipe on the bole of the tree behind him, tilted his chair against it and assumed the expression he always wore when he had finished the preface and was ready to put the hero's best foot foremost in the tale.

"That little tale will give you an idea of the kind of man Pendergrass was. His looks was his strong pint, jest as they air with a hippopotamus; but he wa'n't handsome. He was short and so fat he looked like a washpot in a coat and vest. He was pop-eyed, had a face the color of red oak, thick, coarse black hair, a big smoky chin, a wide, tight-buckled mouth and the ugliest nose a man ever raised on his own countenance. I used to feel superior to him every time I looked at it. And to cap it all, he was an old bachelor at the time I'm fixin' to tell you of. He 'lowed to me once it was because he'd never seen a woman that mystified him—I don't know if you've ever thought about it, Mister, but a man would never marry a woman if he understood women, and a woman would never marry a man if she understood men—this thing you call sympathy ain't understandin' by a long shot—generally it's the other thing. And love is an air plant. You can't grow it in the tarnal realities of human nature. And Pendergrass wa'n't pop-eyed for nothin'. He was one of them po' unfortunates that understood the human female, and so he couldn't feel the sweet spells she kin cast over ordinary persons like you and me.

"But you may notice where you will and you'll find every man has his contradiction, some part of his nature or character that don't square with t'other part, as if a piece of somebody else had got into him by mistake. I've knowed Christians with a streak of meanness in 'em that would shame the devil, and bad ones that could show you now and then the white wings of a saint. Now the contradiction in Pendergrass was his paternal instinct. He had a terrible ambition to be the father of something. And I've always thought that as much as anything else started him off on the idea of that sanitarium. He lived in the biggest house in the Valley, with a long, white-legged veranda in front, trees shadin' the yard, and a little office down by the front gate where he kept his skeleton and pills. There was a right smart cotton land on his place which he rented to niggers; and every year, after they'd got head over heels in debt to him, they'd hike up and move off about cotton-pickin', and leave him to git his out the best way he could. Well, sir, at the time I'm fixin' to tell you of there wa'n't one nigger on the place by the middle of August, except Marthy, the cook, and Shep, her husband, that took keer of the horse and worked the garden. And Pendergrass had thirty acres of cotton that would be open by the last of September.

"I was drivin' the stage then between Blue Ridge and Brasstown, and as I was passin' Pendergrass' place I was studyin' about the fix he was in, when I looked up and seen a big, black arch over his front gate, with this sign painted on it in gold letters about a foot long: THE PENDERGRASS SANITARIUM FOR CURABLES. And that wa'n't all. The house was painted so white it was like a bridal cake in a green platter, and the trees had been trimmed so high they looked like men that have jest had their beards cut, and the walk from the gate to the house was so clean it looked as if the grass had had its ha'r parted in the middle. I drawed rein and set wonderin' what them changes meant, when Pendergrass opened his office do' and stepped out, carryin' a bundle of newspapers under his arm. He was smellin' of arnica and paregoric as usual, but he looked anxious, like a man that's takin' terrible risks or fixin' to git married.

"'Corn, I got somethin' to show you,' he says, handin' me one of the papers. It was a New York paper; on one page was this advertisement:

THE GREAT PENDERGRASS
SANITARIUM FOR
CURABLES

Chronic invalids restored to health. Especial attention given to dyspeptics, those afflicted with hysteria, rheumatism, and the like. *Persons with fevers or malignant or contagious diseases not received. All patients guaranteed improved or restored health. Terms, $75 per month in advance. Address* HIRAM B. PENDERGRASS, M. D., Brasstown.

"Before I could say a word, he passed up a Chicago paper, a Boston paper and an Omaha paper and four or five more havin' the same thing.

"'Goddlemighty, man!' I says, 'what does this mean?'

"'Git down and come in,' he says. 'Dunno how it'll turn out, but I've got forty-five applications already.'

"Then, as we stepped on the veranda, he laid his hand on my shoulder and he says very solemn:

"'Corn, 'tain't a thing to talk about, but I've always wanted a family of children, same as other folks has and can experiment on raisin' 'em. Now I ain't got no children, so I'm plannin' to have a family *pro tem.*, so to speak, and see what I kin do with 'em.'

"By that time we was inside the hall, and you could have knocked me down with a feather at what I seen. On the do' of every room we passed there was a name instead of a number, all of 'em childish soundin'—gals downstairs and boys upstairs. The first, I recollect, read 'Bessie Pendergrass,' the next 'Mary Pendergrass,' then 'Dolly' and 'Annie.' Upstairs there was rooms for Jimmie, Johnny, Charlie and Bennie, all of 'em Pendergrasses.

"I 'lowed, of course, that the doctor had took leave of his senses, but to humor him I says:

"'Where do you aim to git all them little Pendergrasses?'

"'They air the invalids that'll come to my Sanitarium for Curables.'

"Maybe he seen somethin' queer in my expression, for he adds after a minute: 'Corn, you know about the deeds done in your body, how hard it is to forgit and live 'em down. Well, it's worse about them done in your name. There've been times when if I could just have rested from bein' Hiram Pendergrass and had the chance to act accordin' to my nature instead of my reputation, it would have been better for me. That's a part of my plan for my invalids. Half the folks I physic would git well without it if they could be the children, for a spell, that never grow up in us. This here sanitarium I've started is for the revival of childhood and youth in men and women with the worldly backache!'

"'But you ain't prepared to take keer of sick folks,' I says.

"'That's my first preparation for health,' he answers. 'You don't lay in a supply of hot-water bags and aromatic sperits of ammonia when you air fixin' for children. There's not a single provision for sickness on the place.'

"'Won't you have nurses?' I ast.

"'No, nor any servants except Marthy and Shep to help me keep track of 'em. I've had the flue of every fireplace stopped up and a fire laid. If any of 'em refuses to git up in the morning it won't take long to smoke him out.'

"'But how'll you make folks that have been humored and waited on like teething babies stay under them regulations?' I says.

"'The terms air to be paid in advance. Them that can't stand the trainin' can go. There'll be more waiting and praying to come,' he says. 'I aim to have my cotton picked, my corn hauled, my peas shelled and my oats sowed by them invalids. They'll pay me seventy-five dollars a month to do it. And in return they'll git what they come for: health and strength. You go on home now and paint that durned old rig of your'n. I'm expectin' you to haul over the batch next week,' he says, spitting over the banisters like a man that's made up his mind.

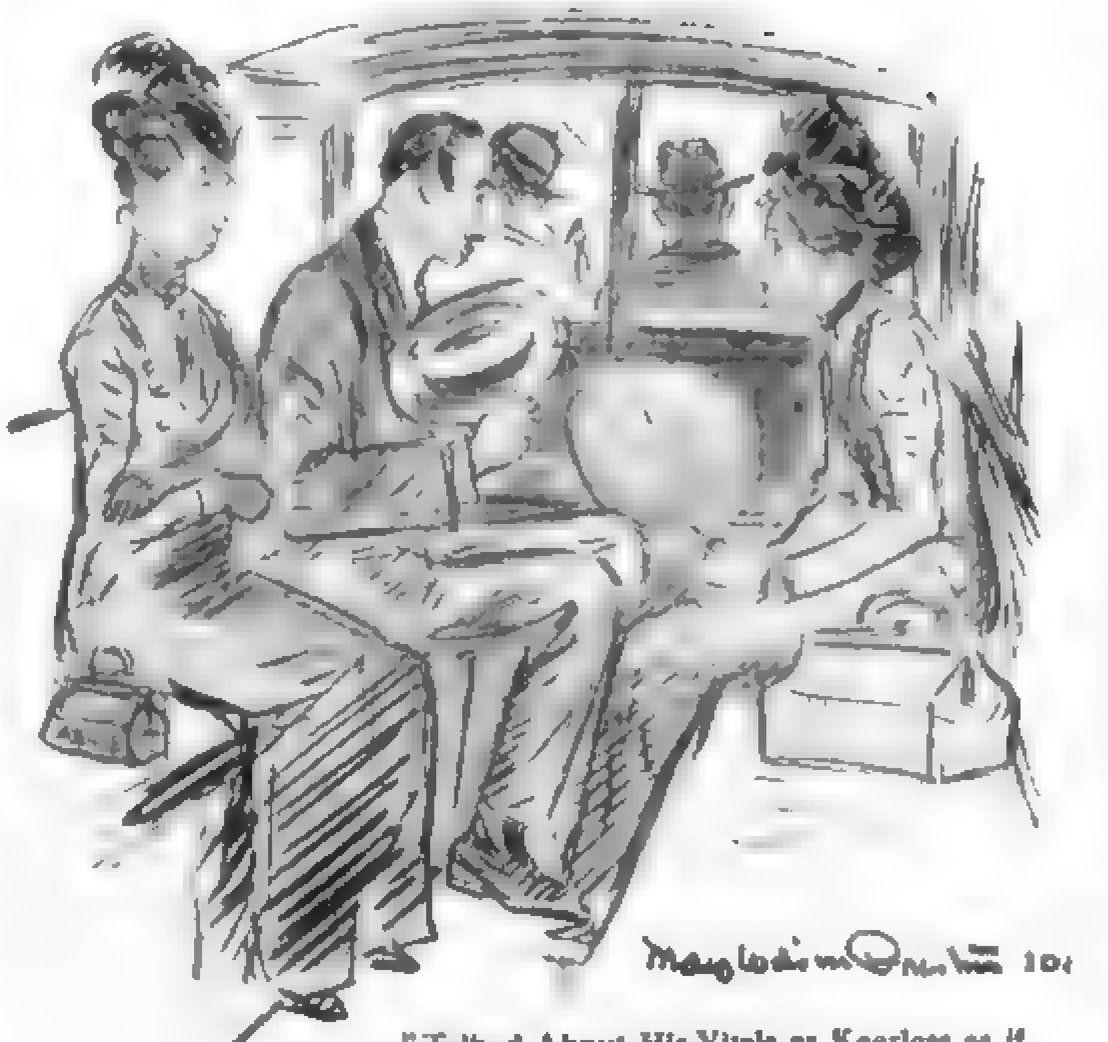
"Mister, I ain't got the language to tell you what happened in the Pendergrass Sanitarium for Curables. In a week from the time I had that talk with the doctor, them invalids was thick as pertater-bugs all over the place, all of 'em under middle age and onmarried. The doctor 'lowed he had a theory of health that could only be worked out with singles and you never heerd as much gruntin' in your life. I recollect one long-waisted, fang-nosed old maid, that looked as if she'd braced her two front teeth against the whole world, flung a fit in the stage as I was bringin' her over. She drapped down on the seat, beatin' the air with her hands, and whispers: 'Water, water! I'm a-dyin'.'

"I was mad and skeert stiff, but I drawed up my team beside the road, jumped out, ran back to the branch we'd jest crossed, dipped my hat in and fetched her the brim full." Pappy cast his eye confidentially at the Stranger and went off into a peal of laughter. "Mister, what we calls fastidiousness in women is more'n apt to be a form of self-conceited hysterics. I didn't actually see that woman spit at me when I offered her my personal dipper, so to speak, but I felt it and I heerd it as plain as if she'd been a cat. She'd 'a' died of thirst rather than risk swallowin' a hayseed out of that old hat.

"And there was one grand lady that come in the same day. She looked like the Queen of Sheba a little off her feed, and she thought she'd swallowed a sort of Jonah-bug. That was her complaint, an imaginary bug. She talked to me about it till I was embarrassed; didn't have no more shame in tellin' me where it was at than if she was describin' her musical faculty. That's one of the peculiarities about professional invalids. You may clothe 'em in purple and fine linen, but they'll git mighty nigh naked in their conversation. In the same load with her was a tall, dark man that talked to a handsome woman from New Hampshire about his vitals as keerless as if they'd been his visitin'-cards. She'd been sent down as far as Blue Ridge with a keeper, and turned over to Pendergrass with the promise that her folks would pay him a thousand dollars if he'd jest make her speak. Wa'n't a thing the matter with her but that she had catalepsy of the tongue. Pendergrass 'lowed to me it was from stayin' onmarried so long and havin' no lovers. He said it was a form of romantic despair, and from the first I could see he was interested in her case more'n in the others. As for me, I'd as soon have Molly battercakes, and them cold, as sick women. I was sweatin' worse'n the horse before I unloaded at the Sanitarium. They ain't exactly human, sick women ain't. They feels limp as if all their speritual starch and strictly-feminine animation was out of 'em. I had more sympathy for the men, not because they was of my own sex, but when a man says he's sick, he is. 'Tain't because he has idled away his nervous system the way women do. He's got death sowed in him somewhere as a rule, and feels the breath of it on him before he'll give in.

"Pendergrass had been particular to choose the best folks out of them that applied to him and he was unusually fortunate or unfortunate, accordin' to the way you look at it, in his male invalids. The same day he asked me to meet three on the evenin' train.

"'One is a federal jedge from Florida, one is a double D'ed preacher from Virginia and one is a college professor from Boston,' he says to me, 'and they air all dissipated. The jedge drinks the real stuff, the professor has academic canker of the knee jints, and the preacher has ruint his nervous system with too much fried chicken and piety. But you fetch 'em over. I'll teach 'em law and wisdom and righteousness in the cotton patch next week.'


"Talked About His Vitals as Keerless as if They'd Been His Visitin'-Cards"

"They was settin' in the station when I got back lookin' like they was in hell. I could see the jedge was far gone. He'd used up his own strength and then fired up on whisky till he wa'n't nothin' but a big red cinder of a man, so nervous it made him mad to look at folks. The professor had rheumatism, and the preacher looked like a neglected slab in a cemetery. Nary one of 'em spoke a word all the way over in the hack; set inside as far apart as they could, despisin' one another and hatin' everything they could see along the road.

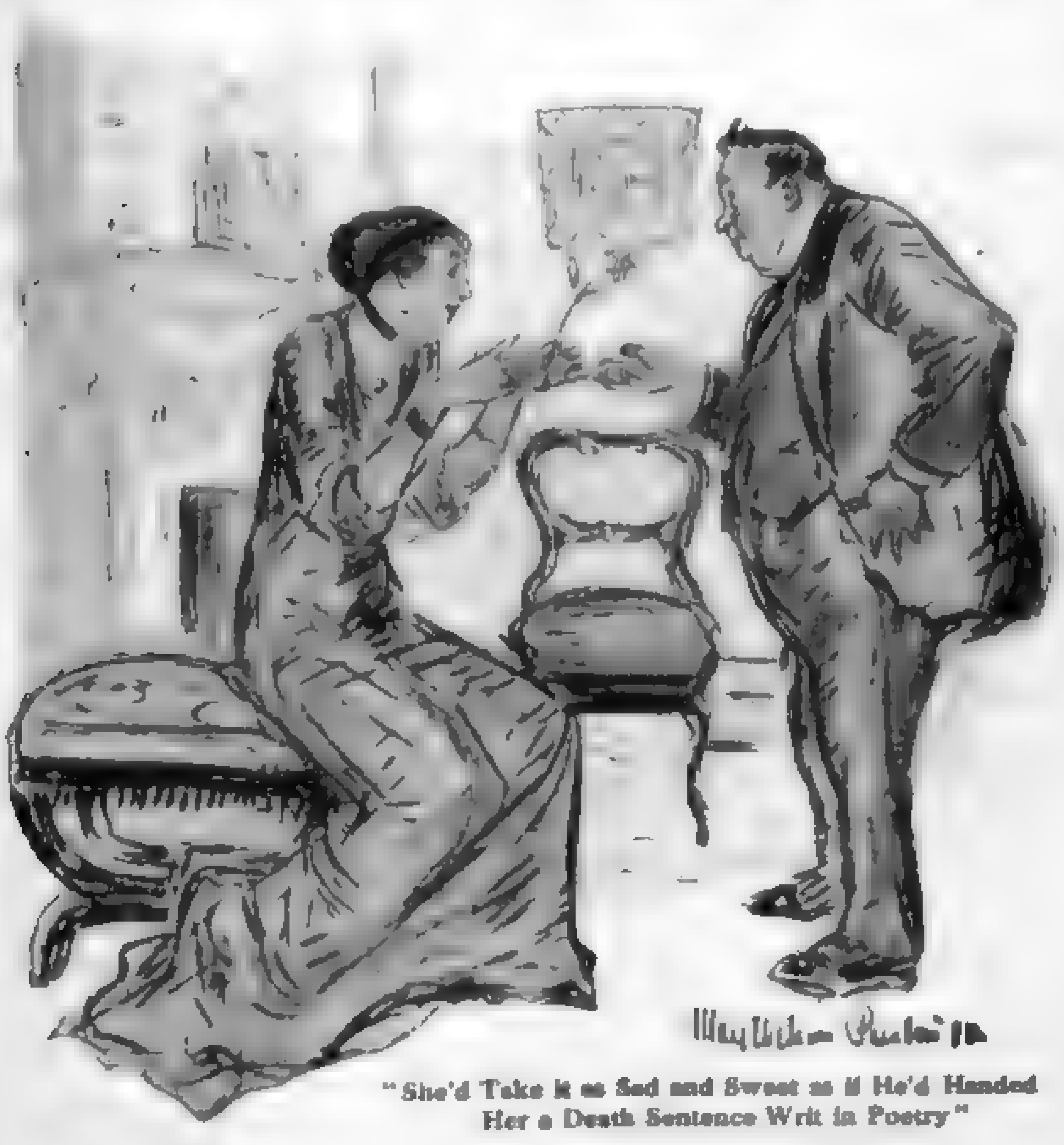
"As fast as I unloaded, Pendergrass, wearin' his best clothes, welcomed 'em and took 'em into his private office. He ast 'em mysterious questions the way doctors do and encouraged 'em to tell the very worst they knowed about their condition. 'Lowed he wanted it for reference to show whether they improved or not. The women was all in a dyin' condition, to hear 'em tell it. Maybe you've never had the chance to observe, Mister, that a woman who's got no more imagination than a hen turkey will display a fancy in describin' her ailments that would make the arthur of the wildest fiction mad with envy. Well, sir, when they was finally done tellin' their symptoms and each one of 'em had signed his or her name to it, Pendergrass give 'em a receipt for their first month's expenses, which they paid in advance, accordin' to terms; then he would tap his bell for Shep and dismiss the patient with something like this:

"'This is Miss Bessie Pendergrass, Shep. Show her to the Miss Bessie room.'

"That was the durndest piece of impudence and inspiration about the whole thing. And them invalids kicked terrible agin it. The jedge was the first to git his christenin'. He 'lowed Caldwell was his name and an honorable one, that he'd reflected credit on it as a man and a citizen and he'd be damned if he'd be parted from it for that of a little grass-and-peanut country doctor. 'Lowed he was disappinted in the Sanitarium, anyhow.

"'Your name may be as good as you say it is, Jimmie'—he'd been assigned to the Jimmie room—says Pendergrass, 'but it's associated in your mind with honors and burdens and a few failin's. You'll rest here from all them drawbacks to health. You'll be knowed as plain Jimmie Pendergrass and be treated accordin'.'

"The women fairly screeched, they was so insulted, but they was led off like little gals in tantrums. And Shep 'lowed the jedge was so mad his sideburns stuck out like cat whiskers. But it's astonishin' what folks will endure to git the worth of their money. They'd paid their bills and felt obliged to stay to have the benefit of what they'd spent.


"She'd Take It as Sad and Sweet as if He'd Handed Her a Death Sentence Writ in Poetry"

"All that happened the first day, for it had been arranged that the patients should come in one solid batch. The next mornin', however, I driv by to find out if Pendergrass had enough, or if he was expectin' more. I was fixin' to hello when he stepped out of the house, and I never see sich a sight as he was—looked as if he'd been fightin' all night. His ha'r was tousled, most of his face had drapped down in his collar, his breeches were propped up on his shoes behind. The perspiration was bilin' off of him as if he had a hot kittle inside, and as he stepped down the walk he kept lookin' back over his shoulder as if he was hanted.

"'Mornin', Doc,' I says. 'How's Jimmie and Bessie and Bennie, and the rest of the Pendergrass infants?'

"'Corn,' he says, puttin' one foot on the front wheelhub and lookin' up at me like a game rooster that's mighty nigh ready to give in, 'it's hell. Them fools yelled all night, except that dumb gal from New Hampshire. She set like a monument in the do' of her room all night watchin' me as if I was some kind of insect. Jedge Jimmie Pendergrass had delirium tremens; seems he brought a bottle with him. That double-dern preacher, which is named Charlie, took a notion about four o'clock this mornin' that he'd lost the witness of the Sperit and he's been prayin' ever since as if the devil had his soul by the tail-feathers. Johnny, that was the professor, was drawed up like a half-shet jackknife all night with the rheumatism, groanin' so you couldn't hear the clock strike. And little Bessie run out of her room about four o'clock this mornin' purple in the face, because she thought her bug had clum up in her throat. And she mighty nigh choked to death before I could persuade her she'd swallowed it again. And Bennie ——' Jest then old Marthy came waddlin' out of the house.

"'Mars Hi'am,' she says, 'dat one you calls Miss Dolly'—she was the slim one that took exceptions to my hat the day before—''lows she ain't able to be up dis mawnin', says she had a bad night and she's used to havin' breakfast in bed.'

"'Did you tell her to be ready for treatment by seven o'clock?'

"'She 'lows she'll take dat in bed, too.'

"'Light the fire in her room, Marthy. If any more of 'em refuses to git up, jest light their fires,' says Pendergrass.

"Well, sir, in about five minutes smoke was bilin' from every do' and winder, and we heerd the most year-piercin' shrieks, male and female. And in less time than it takes to tell it every patient was out on the veranda, none of 'em more'n half dressed.

"'Drive on, Corn!' says Pendergrass, jumpin' up and down when he sees 'em comin', 'drive on fast! The last one of 'em will try to board you and go back to the station!'

"The words wa'n't out of his mouth before here come Jedge Jimmie, ha'r lifted, galluses hangin' down, buttons undone and a pa'r of red carpet slippers flappin' on his feet, and him yellin' every jump for me to stop. The rest was followin' him like a variegated comet's tail. I recollect Johnny—that was the professor—brung up the rear, half hoppin' and half flyin', with his skinny arms stretched out like wings without feathers.

"Well, sir, I took one look at them Pendergrasses, root and branches, then I stood up in my stage, larruped my horses into a gallop and disappeared down the road in the biggest cloud of dust I ever raised in my life.

"For nearly a month after that I went a mile out of my way goin' to Blue Ridge from Brasstown rather than pass the Pendergrass Sanitarium for Curables. It would have been bad enough to be waylaid by footpads and have my mail-bags robbed, but to be ambushed by four or five old maids and as many hypoed men would be a sight more tryin' on the nerves, and I wa'n't the man to risk it. But by this time that Sanitarium was the talk of the country. Folks come from far and near to see the Pendergrass Curables, as they was called, workin' in the cotton and corn fields around the place. And it was an unusual sight, fourteen fine-dressed men and women pickin' cotton and singin' snatches of fancy tunes as they laughed and talked down the rows together. Old Jonathan Snow had a fuss with me about it. Snow is one of them thimble-souled saints that has more moral sense developed for everybody than for himself. The world's full of 'em. He 'lowed one day to a crowd in the post-office at Brasstown that it was a shame the way Doctor Pendergrass had peonized them invalids and charged 'em seventy-five dollars to boot for gatherin' his crop. Said he had a good mind to report him.

"'You tend to your own business, Snow,' I says. 'Them Curables have backslid from nature and the common sense of bein' natural. The doctor has hit on a plan to revive 'em and bring 'em to health in mind and body, and because it looks so easy you want to meddle. They air bein' cured a sight cheaper and havin' a better time than if they was in one of them sanitariums which air nothin' but a factory for makin' invalids. They won't have to pay extra for medicines, nor nurses, nor massages, nor liquid diets, nor salt glows. All they has to do is to git up and dust up and down them cotton rows from sun-up till dark, like the men and women that settled this country and give it a good name and wa'n't never in a sanitarium.'

"Well, sir, the Lord was always fetchin' Snow a swipe across the nose for his hypocrisies, and it wa'n't a week before every nigger on his place left, with the cotton as white as flour in his fields. He was plum crazy about it one day, when it so happened he met Doctor Pendergrass struttin' down the line fence—their farms jined—sorter watchin' his invalids that was pickin' further off, and I reckon he was sorter crowin' over the fix Snow was in. Anyhow, they met and Snow says, whangin' through his nose as if he had bees in it:

"'Doctor, you air a very fortunate man, gittin' your crop gathered for nothin', and so much a head besides.'

"'I think so,' says Pendergrass.

"'I can't hire a hand to pick cotton for love or money, although I'm offerin' seventy-five cents a hundred, ten cents more'n I ever paid before.'

"They say Pendergrass spit over the fence, shoved his hat back on his head, put his feet wide apart, stuck his hands in his pockets and looked at Snow like one of these here Big Ike Union Labor bosses, and he says:

"'Well, since you air in sech a tight place, and I've got in all the cotton on my place that's open, I might bring my invalids over and pick your'n for the price you named. They could do it in no time.'

"'Seein' they cost you nothin', looks as if you might do it for accommodation,' says Jonathan.

"'This here is high-class labor I'm handlin', Snow,' says the doctor, 'and I'm obliged to ast a fancy price for it. Take it or leave it, as you please.'

"Snow took it, of course, and we heerd no more from him about prosecutin' Pendergrass for peonage.

"Things was movin' so smooth, from all accounts, I 'lowed I'd risk drappin' by the Sanitarium one day and find out for myself. It was near sundown and I seen the Curables strollin' in, some with milk pails in their hands, some flingin' down hay in the barnyard, and that dumb lady from New Hampshire settin' on the veranda lookin' like she'd lost her guardian angel. And I expected to find the doctor in his office, but as I was passin' the spring who should I see wavin' at me and makin' signs from a clump of alder bushes but Pendergrass. The minute I come in reach he pulled me in and we squatted down together. Then I seen he was laughin' fit to bust.

"'Keep quiet!' he says.

"'How's the little Pendergrasses?' I whisper.

"'Doin' fine. 'Twa'n't a week before they showed signs of returnin' nature and begun to take to the lark of bein' jest Jimmies and Bessies. Now they air into ten-year-old mischief like any other children. And there's nothin' more relaxin' to middle-aged folks, or improvin' to health, than a little of that kind of mischief. Set still and watch what's about to happen down there by the spring. I've been keepin' 'em all on very thin diet because they complained so when they came of not havin' appetites. Now, when honest men gits so hongry they air willin' to steal, it's a sign their stomachs air in good condition.'

"At that moment Jimmie and Charley and Johnny Pendergrass come down the path sneakin' like boys. The jedge was carryin' a half-picked fryin'-sized chicken. The preacher brung some sticks and kindlin' and the professor was walking pretty spry behind with a skillet in one hand and a spoonful of lard in t'other. The doctor nudged me when he seen it.

"'The last one of 'em 'lowed hog grease would kill' em when they come here. And that gol-dern Charley hadn't tasted solid food for two months. The Jedge couldn't hold nothin' but liquor on his stomach and the Professor was livin' on blue-john and limewater. Now look at 'em. They been stealin' and eatin' my chickens and eggs every evenin' for a week, and not a pain to complain of. But if I was to have chicken cooked and put on the table, the last one of 'em would have to have bismuth before mornin'. The Almighty put his whole genius in it when he was creatin' man, Corn. 'Twa'n't nigh as easy a job as puffin' the stars into space out of the hollow of His hand. I'll venture He had to stop and think and pray before he dared blow breath into Adam's nostrils. There's nothin' He's created that comes up to man for wisdom, foolishness and contrariness, except, maybe, woman.'

"He went on talkin' low in this vein with the pleased daddyfied look on his face as he watched them fellows dress and fry the chicken. After a while we cleared out of the bushes on the far side and come on through the calf paster to'ards the house where we could see the Curables prancin' about in the front yard, or settin' under the trees talkin' together. Pendergrass was in a grand mood, no more capable of seein' the humor of what was goin' on than a parent with marriageable sons and daughters. Presently he leaned again the paster bars lookin' at 'em and he says:

"'Corn, did you ever feel like a father?'

"'No, and I hope I may die before I ever has sech feelin's to a passel of buggy ones like them,' I says, recollectin' the way they carried on when I was bringin' 'em over.

"''Tain't a thing to laugh at,' he says. 'They air jest grown-up orphans like most other folks, makin' mistakes and actin' wayward because they had no one to spank 'em into obedience to the law of nature.'

"'Do you expect they'll stay longer than this month out?' I ast him.

"'Oh, yes, most of 'em'll be here I reckon till they air ready for the weddin's.'

"'Weddin's!' I says. 'What weddin's?'

"'They've all paired off as quick as birds in spring,' he 'lowed. 'Bessie and Jimmie air courtin' like a house afire. And Charley has fell head over heels in love with Dolly. Of course it comes sorter awkward to 'em feelin' affectionate and friendly to one another. They ain't used to it and they kick agin it. They don't enjoy fallin' in love, same as normal, healthy folks. They take it peevish, as if it was a kind of dyspepsia of the heart instead of the stomach. But it's improvin' 'em right along.'

"Then he said somethin' so wise I've wondered ever since why some of these squealin' reformers that air forever talkin' so indecent about sex, and celibacy, and race suicide have never thought of it.

"'Corn,' he says, 'the real reason more men and women don't marry is because they git away from where they belong. They air the disobedient step-children of nature. They go off and crowd up in cities, forgit what they was really made for, fightin' and scratchin' and contendin' agin one another. But in the woods and fields, in the valleys where the blossoms air, all them folks would learn to love. There's nothin' like the smell of the earth in May, the roof of a tree in June and the scent of flowers in summertime to teach love to the human male and female. Lay your mind back on the bunch I had here a month ago—every one of 'em out of the hot skillet of some city, soured inside and half-crazy. Now look at 'em!' He waved his hand at four or five couples turtle-dovin' around the yard. 'What they needed was work, the kind Adam did—and one another,' he went on. 'Corn, I've never said it, but I've always thought the Lord done the right thing, and knowed it, when he turned Adam out of Eden. If he'd a stayed in there he wouldn't a been nothin' but a bloated aristocrat with neurasthenia from eatin' too much and doin' nothin'. And him and Eve would have sued for divorce jest from one another's society. It was diggin' in the earth and livin' economical and close to nature by the sweat of their brows that drawed them two together and kept 'em together—and it'll do it every time! If all the old maids and old bachelors in this country was put out in the open to sowin' peas together and doin' about with the tender, blossomin', bountiful earth for a year, there wouldn't be a celibate or celibetty left!'

"'How about you, Doc,' I says, takin' him up, 'you've been snortin' around in the open about forty years and not married yet!'

Pappy paused, coined the wrinkles about his mouth into a witty smile and fixed the blue sparkle of his eye grotesquely upon the Stranger.

"Mister, it went all over him. He r'ared back, sorter grinned, pulled down his vest, then he blurted out:

"'I'm thinkin' about it.'

"'Marryin'?'

"'Yes.'

"'Who?' I says.

"'Corn,' he says, without answerin', 'did you ever court a dumb woman?'

"'No, I never did,' I says.

"'She's the first woman that ever appealed to my imagination,' he went on, as if he was in a dream.

"'Air you talkin' about that gal from New Hampshire?' I ast.

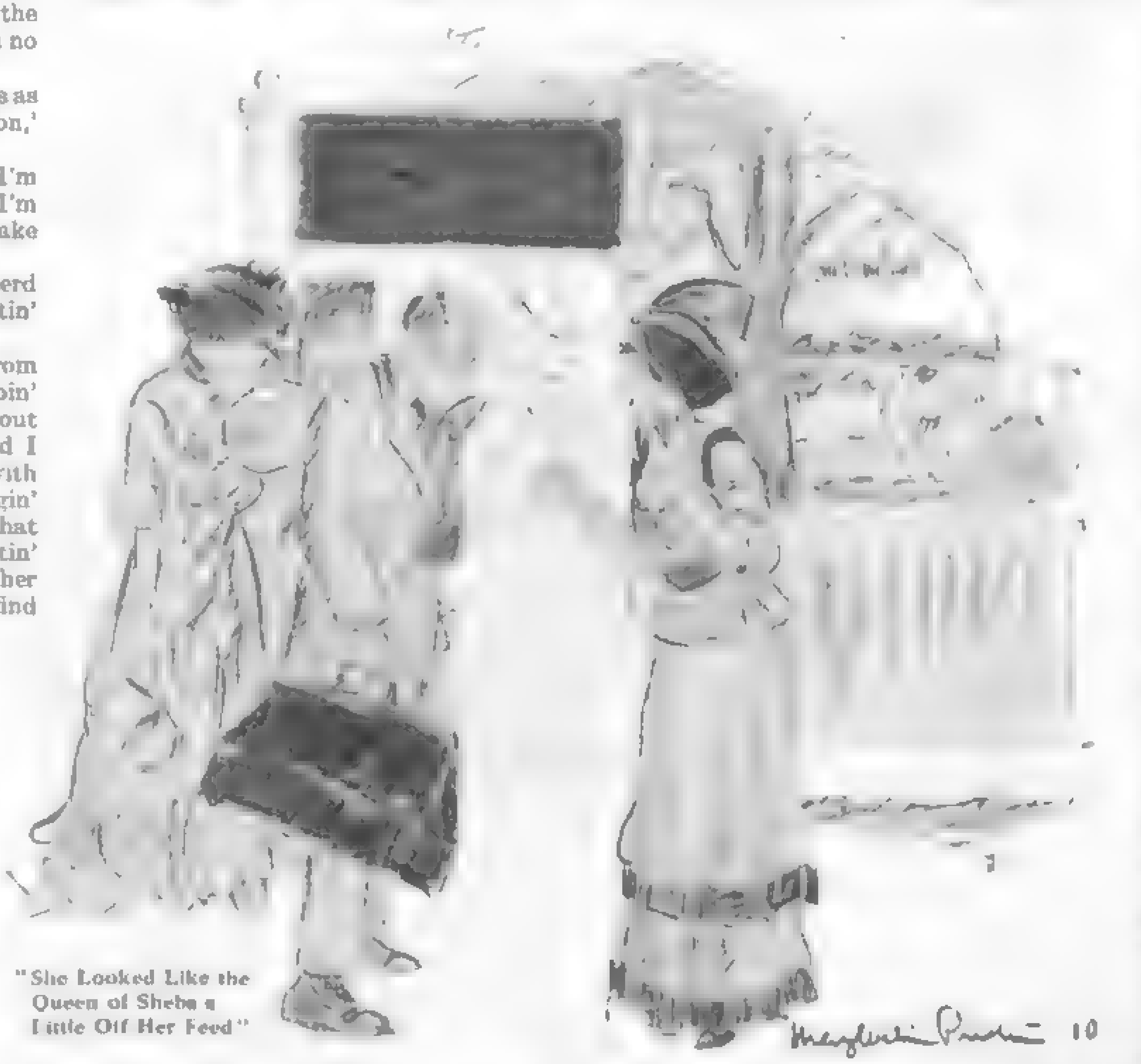
"'I am; and you never can think how excitin' it is for a man to find a woman that he don't know what she's feelin' and thinkin'. Annie'—he'd put her in the Annie room—'has sense and feelin's a plenty, but she was wore out waitin' for love up there in that dad-dratted New England where the men air born with frost on their hearts, and the hysterics brought on by the suspense went in on her same as measles do sometimes, and instead of havin' spells and complainin' like others, she went dumb. Now, I feel that it would be the proudest victory of my life as a man and a physician if I could make a dumb woman speak—only once—to say one little word.'

"Well, sir, I laid down on the grass and rolled and laughed. But Pendergrass never cracked a smile, jest stood there leanin' again the paster bars lookin' up at the stars as if they were Juliets.

"I was at the Sanitarium often after that, watchin' them courtships. Every one of them invalids had his or her best foot foremost, and they'd a died rather than admit they was disqualified for love and happiness by any sort of complaint. And every time I came there was Pendergrass spinnin' around the dumb gal like a big, red-faced top. Mister, love is a mighty curious thing; it's a divine intoxication of the natural man. It conceals his ugliness and imperfections and makes him blind to the same in the one he loves. If you looked this Valley over you couldn't have found a figger more suited to the comic stage than Pendergrass was with his round, paunchy body, his short legs, his big black head and pop-eyed face; but he was no more conscious of them peculiarities than a jackass is of his ears, and the dumb gal wa'n't, either. She'd turn her blue eyes up to him when he came around as if they'd just bloomed for him. If he offered her a flower she'd take it as sad and sweet as if he'd handed her a death sentence writ in poetry. If he took her for a walk she'd trail along by him like she was blind and jest trustin' him. I never seen a softer, more clingin' woman. But nothin' he could do or say would draw a word from her sorrowful lips. Her mouth was like a red rose that had frozen never to thaw in this present world. And the longer she was silent the faster Pendergrass ketched afire about her.

"At last one evenin', as I was passin' by the springhouse, I heerd a voice on t'other side like a man prayin' hard and in terrible earnest. I 'lowed, of course, it was the preacher, but when I sorter turned my eye around the corner, who should I see seated on the bench by the

(Concluded on Page 57)



"She Looked Like the Queen of Sheba a Little Off Her Feed"

THE EASIEST PROFITS

THE SNUG MARGIN IN MANUFACTURING COSTS

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY EMLEN McCONNELL

DURING the next few years some of the tidiest profits in American industry will be saved out of operations. Heretofore, much of our profit has been made. But saving profit is a different thing altogether.

We are a rich nation and live liberally, and our consuming demand is tremendous. Our manufacturers are often forced to produce goods so fast that there is no chance to work out the most economical methods. In 1896, for example, one factory turned out thirteen automobiles. During 1909 we made eighty-two thousand autos in from two hundred and fifty to three hundred factories. Yet we have not caught up with demand and probably never shall. Within twelve months a consumer-demand for aeroplanes has sprung up in just the same way, and nobody knows when that will be overtaken. The same holds true in most other industries, for even our consumption of pins and buttons doubles in about ten years.

When our manufacturers want more profit their first resource has usually been to make and sell more goods—increase the turnover. But new conditions are developing, and within the next generation there will be much attention given to more orderly, ingenious, economical handling of the present turnover—better margins of profit on the same volume of business. Profits are to be conserved by stopping waste, utilizing by-products, linking together processes, standardizing equipment and products, organizing the work force to better advantage, and so forth. These are all important elements in conservation of profit, and among them is an element that goes by the familiar name of cost.

Cost is a word heard every day in business, yet, perhaps, nine business men in ten have pretty vague ideas as to what it really signifies. Most of them look upon it as something the bookkeeper attends to, and assume that it is wholly arithmetical. In fact, they look into cost about as the general public is looking into it today—after it begins to bother them in the form of higher prices for materials. When the salaried man or mechanic finds that meat has gone up he compares the price paid farmers for steers on the hoof with that of sirloin steak at the butcher's, and concludes that there is a conspiracy somewhere, *forgetting* that carrier and merchant work for a living, too, and that the cost of all our railroads and cities is borne between steer and steak. Manufacturers often go into costs no more deeply. Millions of dollars' worth of business is done on assumptions of cost. Exact knowledge is exceptional in our industrial world. Very often the man who has dug out the truth about his costs is able to distance all competitors.

Business Leaks That Cut Down Dividends

WHEN a manufacturer ships a consignment of finished goods to a customer he counts and records them by items, and charges and collects his money through an efficient accounting system.

But when this same manufacturer buys raw materials, machinery and labor he may turn them loose in his factory without any accounting at all, depending upon a yearly inventory to determine whether he has made money or lost it.

One of the most difficult details in installing a good cost system, according to an expert cost accountant, is to bring manufacturers to regard materials as money.

Something like three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of small tools were being purchased yearly by a large Eastern machine works. These tools were distributed to workmen without record or any inquiry as to what became of them. Had the management been handing out silver dollars instead of files, drills and lathe tools, each coin would have been kept track of. But to the tools were given neither accounting nor thought. Workmen threw them away when dull, or carried them home, thinking it no harm. A cost expert devised for this works a simple system whereby each man, in drawing a new tool, handed in the old, to be resharpened or sold, and this system is said to save the company some two hundred thousand dollars a year.

One of the largest factories in the East uses quantities of alcohol and has installed a system of tanks for this spirit, with pipes leading to various rooms where it is needed. When several barrels are delivered on the ground floor the alcohol is pumped from the barrels to the tanks upstairs. One morning the employee in charge of that detail received several barrels, as usual, and pumped them up without knowing that a cock in the system was open. Pretty nearly the whole lot of spirit ran out on to the floor. As soon as this mishap was discovered he got help, threw down sawdust, mopped, swept the floor, opened windows to let out the gases. Not a pint was recovered. Everybody was thankful that the loss had been concealed—at least, no word seemed to have leaked down to the office.

In cleaning the floor with spirit, several years' accumulation of grease and dirt disappeared. That afternoon the president of the company walked into the room. He visited this part of the plant hardly once a month.

"By jingo, he's found out about it!" thought the employee who was responsible for the loss, anxiously watching the boss as he paced up and down, looking at the floor. But the boss had something else on his mind and was reflecting. After ten minutes of pacing up and down he took a final look about and went away, saying:

"George, you certainly keep everything spic and span up here—I've never seen the place looking so clean."

That little job of cleaning had cost the company about three hundred dollars! With an effective cost system such a loss would have been disclosed, at least, even if it could not be traced.

The business world is of three different opinions on this subject of cost accounting, two of them wrong and the third right.

One type of manufacturer operates with little cost accounting other than his annual inventory, and maintains that a cost system entails too much trouble and expense. From him one hears the familiar joke about Smith's cost system:

"Smith had experts working three months installing a cost system at his plant, and since then he's been busier working the system than making goods. Why, it costs him more to find out what his product costs him than it does to make it! Ha, ha!"

The second type of manufacturer is Smith, who has actually become so absorbed in cost accounting that he is trying to make its smallest refinements practical. In many a mill Smith has been known to bring in experts to find out exact costs on a small job, spending more for this purpose than he made in profit.

The third kind of business man is the one who strikes a safe middle course, taking what the cost experts have to give him and applying it in the light of his own practical knowledge. A little cost accounting and a little commonsense make a combination hard to beat.

The cost expert is responsible for much of the misunderstanding about his specialty. Cost accounting is complex. An ideal cost system for a large business runs off into higher mathematics and pure science. When the expert lacks wide experience in applying his systems practically, and tries to force all the subtle refinements of analysis on plain human nature as it is found in mills, he invites disaster. Little wonder the business world puts him into the same class as the college professor who is plunged so deeply in theories that he always forgets his umbrella.

Take, as an example, the cost of a unit of electrical current, the kilowatt-hour which the consumer's meter measures, and for which he pays.

Figures Not Always Truthful

NOT long ago a dispute arose in a certain city, and the electrical men were directed to show, in court, what electric current cost them. They brought figures of investment, labor, fuel, water and other major items, and revealed a manufacturing cost of less than three cents. The public in that city pays ten cents. Lawyers quickly entangled the electrical men in their own figures, the court denounced them, and the public made up its mind that they were robbers.

Now, a cost expert has gone into such an electrical plant, made a thorough study and analysis, and found that nearly one hundred and fifty separate items enter into the cost of generating and distributing a kilowatt-hour of electricity. He begins with charge on capital that built the power-house and winds up with cost of cutting off current when a customer won't pay bills.

From the expert's standpoint all these items ought to be kept track of to fractions of cents in daily reports of employees. But the central station superintendent, understanding that this is a highly-refined system, applies as much of it as he can. He knows that Bill Jenkins, who cuts off a dead-beat's meter, is not a cost accountant. So he adapts as much of the system as Bill can perform. Yet, even if his men give him daily reports on half the expert's items, he can go into court with a clean slate. For the system has enabled him to show not only the cost of making electricity, but also the cost of selling and distributing it, and collecting the money.

Some years ago a cost expert took charge of two newspapers that were supposed to be losing money to the extent of thirty thousand dollars a year. These papers were published by the same company and their incomes and outgoes were intricately entangled. When the expert had unwound all the complexities he showed in the plainest black and white figures that one paper was losing one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year, while the other was making money

This incident impressed a young publisher who had lately taken charge of a great daily paper founded by his grandfather. The property was still managed on lines laid down by Granddaddy. He had always made money, and profits were still growing. But nobody knew where these profits actually came from, because nobody knew the costs If more revenue was wanted, for instance, would it be best to get more circulation for the Sunday edition, or the daily, or to canvas for more advertising? Without knowing the costs, say, on his Sunday issue, all additional circulation secured might mean loss because the paper was not being manufactured at a profit.

Experts were engaged to lay out a complete cost system for the whole plant. They worked out one that took in the finest details. If the cashier pulled a tail feather out of the eagle on a silver dollar while counting money, the cost system was supposed faithfully to show this in the form of depreciation—which is just what an ideal cost system should do.

The publisher took it, adapted what his own knowledge of the business and his employees told him could be carried out in daily practice, and put it into operation. Results soon showed that the mammoth Sunday issue was being manufactured at a loss of a cent and a quarter a copy, the deficit being made good by advertising revenue. This shaped his course in canvassing for Sunday circulation, and also Sunday advertising. Some departments of the business, such as the editorial, where expenses consisted largely of salaries, were running under costs more or less fixed. But others used quantities of supplies and materials on which it was often possible to economize when extreme high cost was revealed by the system. Every important newspaper has some system of daily reports from its different departments, but the system installed by this publisher is the first in the United States, it is said, that gathers all essential cost information, brings it together in weekly and monthly summaries and enables all to be examined comparatively. This is scientific cost accounting plus practical sense.

The combination is still astoundingly rare in American business. We have been protected against foreign competition by our tariff, and against much of the home competition by our vast consuming demand, helped by trade mergers and combinations that absorbed competition while roughly reducing costs. Very few American manufacturers have been forced to work down to scientific costs such as would have to be reached if competition were keener.

Viewed from this angle of costs, competition can still be what the proverb declares it—the life of trade

Several years ago the textile world was startled by a succession of sensational mill failures. These mills were well-equipped and had made money for a generation or more, yet one after another, in a period of prosperity, they went down as though struck by some powerful blight.

Expert accountants were set at work by the courts, and in the reports of more than half of them it was shown that the mills failed because at no recent period, if ever at all, had the managers known the actual cost of what they were making. The year's turnover, as well as prices, were based entirely on estimates of last year's operations, with the outcome that profitable output was eaten up in unprofitable. Very often, in their blind attempts to make a better year's showing, the managers would force sales and production on goods that were being produced at a loss. It was the opinion of an expert cost accountant that any one of these mills, by scientific cost investigation and the elimination of secret losses, might have been saved. But they were being run on somewhat the plan followed by the merchant in the newspaper joke, who sold everything below cost, and said he could afford to do this because he sold such a thundering lot of it.

How loosely our average manufacturing plant is run in this matter of costs is shown by the wide variation in bids that will be made by a number of concerns in a given industry on the same article. The story told of a certain Eastern manufacturer illustrates this point. His factory was running overtime, but he undertook to deliver some goods to one of his best customers and sent around to competitors to get bids. Their prices for the work ranged from nine dollars and fifty cents to forty-nine dollars. Struck with this wide difference, he put the job through his own mill and kept accurate account of cost. It was finished for twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. The experience led him to install a modern cost system, and now, after operating under it several years, he says that, while competitors believe they can guess at costs and live, he finds manufacturing enough of a gamble without that.

Cost accounting itself is a dry study. After a scientific cost system has been constructed by an expert, however, there is a margin for creative effort. The human equation in cost work is quite ample enough to keep the most active mind interested

A large mill had made a fortune for its founder, and the latter, now an old man, spent a good deal of his time in foreign travel. While he was away the mill was run by his lawyers. Having an old-fashioned organization and being pressed by some active young competitors, it began losing money, so the lawyers called in a firm of cost experts. After thorough study of conditions it was found that profits leaked away through an expensive, inefficient time-wage system of making the goods. Therefore a scientific piece-wage system was devised, under which foremen and mechanics could all earn more money by turning out more goods

Theoretically, this system should have put the factory on a paying basis again—afterward it actually did. But had the cost experts gone away after ascertaining how the factory ought to run, the system would have come to nothing, for the old superintendent was dead against any change that reflected upon his own methods. The cost experts in this case were practical men as well, and

(Concluded on Page 56)

Coöperation: the Small Man's Salvation—By Will Payne

In California

CALIFORNIA has been trying to coöperate for thirty years. The effort expended in that direction has been truly prodigious. Enough mass-meetings have been held, associations formed, committees appointed, resolutions passed, speeches made and literature issued, it would seem, to accomplish anything humanly accomplishable.

As to citrus fruit a high degree of success has been achieved The California Fruit Growers' Exchange is, perhaps, the largest single coöperative enterprise in the country. It handles sixty per cent of the oranges, lemons and grapefruit grown in the state, and does a gross business in excess of twenty million dollars a year. From twenty to twenty-five per cent more of the citrus crop is marketed through other coöperative associations or by the growers themselves, leaving only fifteen to twenty per cent of the total crop to be marketed on the old every-fellow-for-himself commission-house plan.

Oranges and Blossoms, Riverside, California

Except as to citrus fruit, however, coöperation can hardly be said to have succeeded in an important degree. The prune man, the raisin-makers, the cherry, plum and apricot orchardists, the English-walnut growers, the vegetable gardeners have met, resolved and formed associations in great number. Mostly the associations have petered out after troublous careers of longer or shorter duration. Broadly speaking, marketing conditions are rather chaotic except as to the orange family.

There has always been a good deal of sentiment connected with orange culture in California. *Dolce far niente* has been one of its conspicuous assets. Directly after 1776, when the harsh Atlantic seaboard was thinking mostly of muskets, taxes, powder and the best way to treat gunshot wounds, sentimental Franciscan fathers were piously planting orange seeds about the California missions, in order that themselves and sojourning brethren might be cheered by arboreal reminders of their beloved Spain. And to this day, midwinter violets, the far, snow-sprinkled mountain tops, the blue sky and balmy air are so mixed up with the orange business that it generally takes a tenderfoot a couple of years to tell which is which. In fact, I have met tenderfeet of twenty years' residence who are still so confused on the subject that they talk cost-per-acre and glorious climate in the same breath

Climate and scenery, no doubt, were in the mind of Judge J. W. North, of Knoxville, Tennessee, in March, 1870, when he sent out circulars proposing to form a colony in California. Visiting the state that summer to select a site for this colony, besides Judge North, of Knoxville, were Judge Brown, of Belle Plaine, Iowa, and Doctor Greves, of Marshall, Michigan. I suppose the others were colonels. At any rate, the professional prefixes suggest how Southern California was developed.

At what is now Riverside, the colony purchased some seven thousand acres of the Jarupa Rancho and the Rubidoux Rancho—names which are also suggestive. The ranchos occupied a dry, wild mesa, fit only for cattle to range over—apparently about as promising for any agricultural or horticultural purpose as the dump of a steel mill would be. Irrigation has now changed this desert to a garden.

Judge North's circular said: "We do not expect to buy as much land for the same amount of money in Southern California as we could obtain in the remote parts of Colorado or Wyoming; but we expect it will be worth more in proportion to cost than any other land we could purchase in the United States." As they paid three dollars and a half an acre, and the cultivated land is now worth a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars an acre, this real-estate calculation was surprisingly near the mark.

The colonists had rather expected to take up silk culture, but almost at once commenced experimenting with oranges—a comparatively unknown industry, for it was not until seven years later that the first car of oranges was shipped out of the state. Even in the glorious climate of California pioneers found pretty much the same hard sledding as in Illinois and Michigan

"They were far away from markets and could neither buy nor sell to advantage," says a pioneer account. "There was no money to be had on any kind of security, or at any interest. Those who had lived longer in the country and had some experience with oranges insisted that oranges couldn't be grown successfully on the Riverside mesa; even if the trees would grow there they would not bear, and if they did bear the product would so overstock the market that the oranges could not be sold at any price." Which, of course, was a cheerful prospect—especially as there was five years of hard work between the orange seed and the bearing tree

The good padres, of course, had raised their trees from seed, and so had got oranges with seeds in them. That was the only kind of an orange then known in California. It is recorded that in 1873 Luther Tibbetts and wife, of the Riverside colony, went back East—which presumably looked pretty good to them after the bare and lonesome Riverside mesa, even if the climate wasn't so glorious. They visited Washington and saw, among other horticultural curiosities exhibited by the Government, some orange trees from Brazil which produced a seedless, or navel, fruit. Naturally they were much interested, and they arranged with the Government to have two of the trees sent to Riverside. Buds from these trees were grafted upon the seedling trees in California and flourished.

At present Washington navel oranges, descendants of Mr. Tibbetts' lucky find, constitute about three-fourths of the output in California. One of the original Washington trees, inclosed by a high iron railing, now stands in front of the Glenwood Inn, bearing an inscription which certifies that its transplanting to that spot was participated in by no less a person than Theodore Roosevelt. From this introduction of the navel orange, in fact, the industry in California is commonly dated.

From a single car shipped East in 1877 the state's output—including lemons and grapefruit—has risen to forty thousand cars a year. These figures suggest how extensive a problem the marketing of this output has been. And Manager Woodford, of the Fruit Growers' Exchange, says that the state is bound to produce seventy-five thousand cars annually within five years—a delicate article which must be shipped one, two, three thousand miles, or even more, to find a market.

Picking Oranges, Riverside, California

A Demoralized Market

I HAVE mentioned that the Riverside colonists paid three dollars and a half an acre for land that is now worth fifteen hundred dollars an acre—which looks like a fair profit. To clear up that point before proceeding further, however, it should also be mentioned that for citrus purposes mere land has no value to speak of. It is the water that is valuable. Thus, at present, wild tracts in the Riverside district may be had at thirty to one hundred dollars an acre; but this difference in price depends upon the prospects of getting water to the land. The hundred-dollar acre, that is, must be within reasonable sight of water; and uncultivated land, with water, sells at two hundred and fifty dollars an acre.

Most of the water for this district is brought about twenty miles, in flumes and open canals, from the south slope of the San Bernardino Mountains. There are three principal systems, or companies. They are voluntary associations; but in all of them the cost of constructing the water system was borne proportionally by the land that is irrigated from the system. Thus, ownership of the land practically carries with it ownership of the water-right for its irrigation; and the farmer pays each year for his water simply his proportionate share of the expenses and upkeep of the water system. This yearly cost runs from around two to around five dollars an acre.

In some districts orchardists own wells, and each man has his own irrigation plant complete; or two or three, owning adjoining tracts, will irrigate from a common well. I have mentioned the Riverside district more particularly, simply because it is the oldest and rather the largest, and conditions there are sufficiently typical of those elsewhere. The point is that as all the citrus groves in Southern California are irrigated, a considerable investment of capital is necessary, over and above the original cost of the land.

The investment of capital is relatively high, also, because a grove brings no returns until it is four years old. The orchardist, having got his land and water, must plow, grade and smooth the soil, perfect drainage being essential to successful irrigation. He must put in flumes to carry the water to the head of the rows of trees; must dig seventy or more holes per acre and plant a yearling tree in each of them; must properly cultivate the ground each year, pay his taxes and water bills, and spend probably eight to ten dollars an acre yearly for fertilizing.

There are many detailed statements, prepared by persons in the real-estate business, showing how cheaply all this can be done; but if a man has paid two hundred and fifty dollars an acre for his land he will doubtless find, at the beginning of the fourth year, that he has invested at least seven hundred dollars an acre. It is apt to be more rather than less. In fact, promising groves, in the fourth year, are sold at a thousand dollars an acre. In the fourth year the orchard should about pay running expenses; but it is only in the seventh or eighth year that it comes into full bearing, and it does not reach its best until the tenth or twelfth year.

In short, when an orange-grower reaches that stage of his career where he may reasonably hope to begin making some money he has waited long enough to have a good appetite. He got on very well, in the main, when oranges were a luxury and the small quantity raised in the state could be disposed of on the Coast or west of the Rockies. But that happy condition was short-lived. As early as 1877 it was necessary to look beyond the mountains. The first car of oranges was shipped East in an ordinary box-car attached to a passenger train, at a cost of fourteen hundred dollars for the haul, which made a freight cost of seven cents on each pound of oranges.

As oranges multiplied the freight cost fell, but the usual troubles with the commission man arose. Buyers used to take the crop on the trees, paying a stipulated price and picking and packing it themselves. Year by year, however, they showed less disposition to buy outright and more disposition to handle the fruit on a commission basis. Eastern houses sent agents into the field to solicit consignments. Veteran growers allege that these agents, with truly diabolical guile, would treat the orchardist handsomely the first year, in order to gain his confidence and get him to recommend them to his neighbors; then, the next year, would skin them to the bone. What is more certain is that the growers recognized only a few big central markets and made them a dumping-ground for the total crop. Thus, a market capable of absorbing a carload of oranges twice a week might receive several carloads on the same day—in which case prices, of course, would drop to about the amount of the freight charges.

Everybody agreed that something must be done to improve marketing conditions, and in October, 1885, there was a mass-meeting of orange growers in Los Angeles. This, it may be recalled, was three years before Thomas McManus, N. Densmore and some twenty other grain growers met at Rockwell, Iowa, to organize the coöperative company which has served as a model for the farmers' elevators of the Middle West. It may also be mentioned that the production of oranges in California then amounted to only a thousand cars a year; and that Los Angeles, in one of whose modern office-buildings the present Fruit Exchange has its headquarters, was merely a straggling village—although any one who had said so at that time might have been hanged at the nearest lamppost.

Despite their relative insignificance, however, those orange growers took themselves pretty seriously. The meeting began by adopting a resolution to the effect that unless concerted action was taken for self-preservation, the growers would soon lose their homes—a resolution, probably, which was more generally believed by the men who adopted it than most mass-meeting resolutions are. After sessions extending over several days the meeting resulted in the organization of the first exchange—The Orange Growers' Protective Union.

"Results the first year were good," says F. Q. Story, now president of the big exchange; "but buyers who had profited by the old state of demoralization hammered away at the new organization and, by tempting growers here and there with large prices, were able to break into the field so that in a short time they held control. Then the shipping firms divided the territory among themselves, and the grower had to sell to the firm to whom he was parceled out. He delivered his fruit to the packers and blindly awaited results. I sold my crop on the trees, in 1892, for ten cents a box. It had cost me fifty cents a box to raise it. One didn't have to look far to see the end of the orange business on that basis."

In a great many cases, it is declared, growers who shipped their fruit in that season of 1892-3 not only received no money return whatever, but had to go down in their pockets to make up a deficit on the freight charges.

In the spring of 1893, as might be expected, growers were convening again. Meetings were held in Los Angeles, and a good many associations were formed. According to the plan then followed, growers so near together that all of them could conveniently reach the same shipping-point would organize a local association which would build and equip a packing-house at the shipping-point. The local association's financing was extremely simple. The packing-house, with its machinery, would probably cost ten thousand dollars. Some large ones have cost forty and even fifty thousand. Usually, several forehanded members of the association advanced the necessary sum and the association reimbursed them by levying a tax of so much a box on the fruit handled. Sometimes the association would pay back the whole amount advanced in a single year. In other cases payments were spread over a series of years.

Next, the associations in a contiguous territory were grouped together and a district exchange organized, composed of one representative from each local association in the territory. The local associations attended to the grading and packing of the fruit, while the district exchange managed the selling of it.

It was expected that the several district exchanges, in their marketing operations, would act in harmony with one another as far as possible; but after two years' trial the need of a closer organization was apparent. So in October, 1895, the Southern California Fruit Exchange was formed, with one director from each district exchange, to manage the selling of all the fruit produced by the associated growers.

Pooling the Crop

IN 1905, upon the reorganization which will be mentioned again, the name was changed to The California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which it still bears. The structure, however, remains substantially the same and, excepting the unlucky experiment that brought about the reorganization, the growth of the association has been quite steady.

There is still the threefold organization. First, there are ninety-six local or growers' associations, each composed of individual growers in a given neighborhood, who elect their board of directors. The association owns its packing-house at the shipping-point. The individual member delivers his fruit, as it comes from the trees, at the packing-house. There the oranges are poured into a broad, cloth-bottomed trough and rolled down to a set of revolving brushes which clean and burnish them. Then a little elevator conveys them up to another broad trough, where a couple of inspectors throw out any unfit fruit. Rolling past the inspectors, the oranges come to a pair of carriers that gradually widen. When an orange reaches that point where the carrier is wider than itself, it drops through into a bin. This is for the purpose of grading them as to size. Before the bins stand young women who deftly seize the orange in one hand and a square of stamped tissue-paper in the other, and thus, with a single swipe, as one might say, wrap the fruit and deposit it in the shipping-box—which you are familiar with as it stands in front of your grocery, bearing a bright label with the name of the brand and a picture of an orange tree or an Indian maiden or a distant mountain, as the case may be.

All the fruit brought to the packing-house in a fortnight or month is pooled, or sometimes the pool comprises a certain portion of the crop—say ten per cent—to be delivered within a certain period. Whatever the pool period may be, every member of the association gets the same price for fruit of the same grade delivered within the

Orange Grove, Redlands, California

period—this price being, of course the average price received by the association for that grade of fruit

Next, there are fourteen district or sub exchanges, the directors of which are elected by the local associations in the territory that the district exchange covers. Finally there is the big or central concern—the California Fruit Growers' Exchange managed by a board of fourteen directors, one of whom is elected by each of the district exchanges.

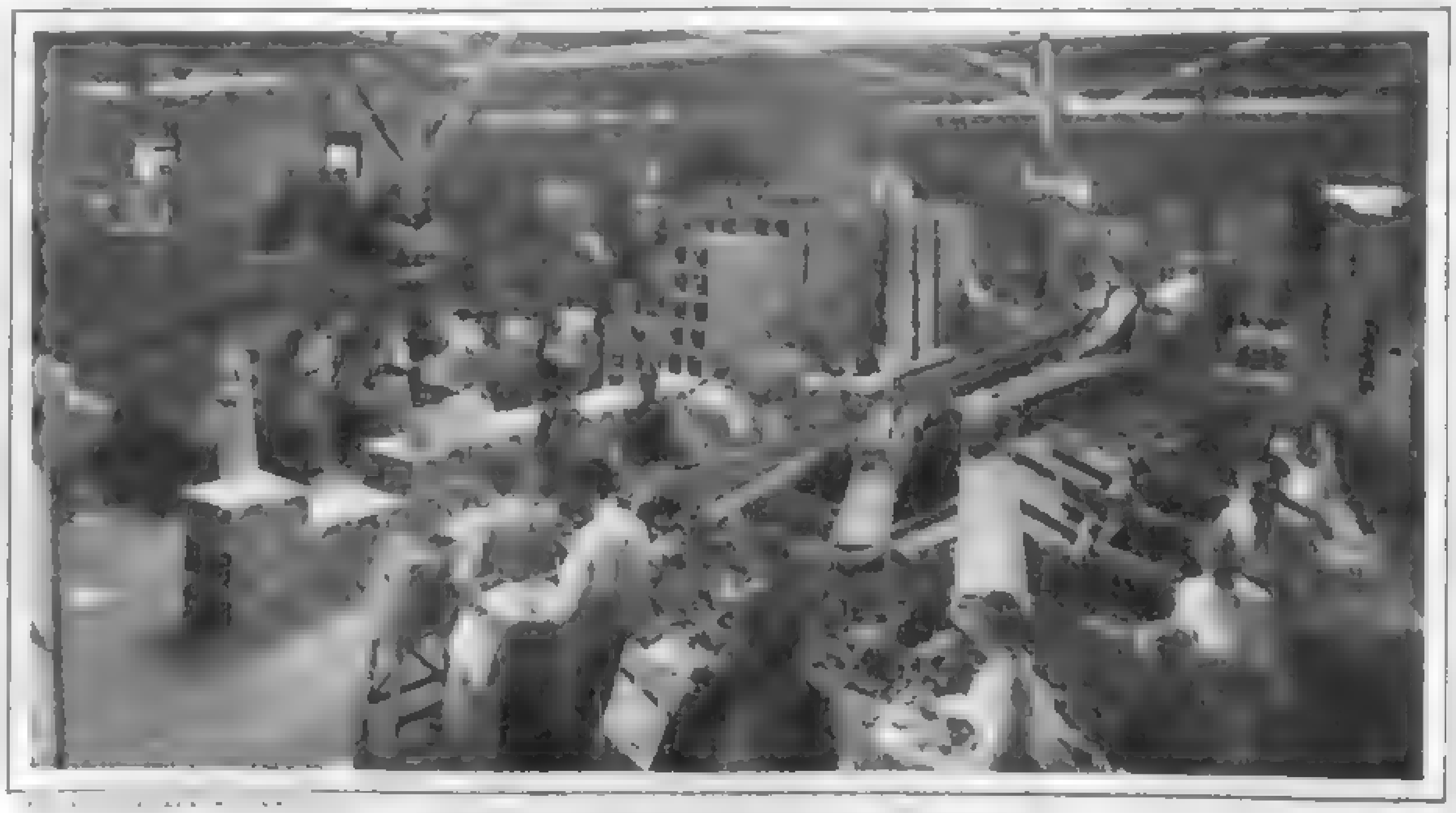
The big exchange practically does the marketing for the whole association yet the relations between it and the district exchanges and between the district exchanges and the local associations are very elastic—both the district exchange and the local association retaining a large measure of independence

The agreement between the big exchange and the district exchanges is expressed in a contract running ten years. The contract provides that during this period the district exchanges and all associations, corporations or individuals connected with them shall ship all their citrus fruit through the big exchange, consigning all shipments to it at some point where it has a selling representative. And each district exchange agrees that if it shall at any time fail to ship all its citrus fruit as provided in the contract, or dispose of any of it elsewhere or otherwise, it will forfeit and pay as liquidated damages to the big exchange an amount equal to twenty-five cents a box on all such fruit.

Keeping Tab on the Lemon Market

THE contract also provides, however, that any party to it may withdraw on the first of September in any year, by giving ten days' notice in writing, and that "Each shipper reserves to itself the right to regulate and control its own shipments; to use its own judgment, and decide for itself when and in what amounts it shall ship; to what market; where its product shall be sold and, except at auction points, the price it is willing to receive." Substantially the same provisions appear in the relations between the district exchanges and the local associations that compose them, and in those between the local associations and the individual members that belong to them. Everybody concerned reserves the right to withdraw at the end of the year and, meanwhile, to do a good deal as he pleases.

"That is our greatest weakness," said Mr. Woodford, manager of the big exchange; "but it is our greatest strength, too. The individual grower can pick and deliver his fruit when he chooses. His local association may wish to market, say, ten per cent of the crop within a certain period, and notify him to deliver his quota. But if he thinks the association is mistaken and that he would get a better price by holding, he is under no compulsion to comply with the notice. Every association can, if it wishes, say to what market every car of its product shall be shipped and the price at which it shall be sold—except, of course, when the fruit goes to a point where it is sold at auction, in which case they must take the auction price. A more rigid control of the fruit by the exchange might give us some advantage in marketing, but it would be pretty sure to bring us in for a good deal of criticism which we now escape. If our word were law we would naturally be blamed for everything of an unsatisfactory sort that happened."



Packing and Sorting Oranges, Riverside, California

As a matter of fact this comparative independence on the part of the component members is not so destructive of the coöperative principle as it might appear to be. The associations might, if they chose, send too much fruit to a given market, overstocking it and demoralizing prices; or one association might cut under another in price. But in practice they do nothing of the kind. The marketing is really left almost wholly to the big exchange. I find it mentioned in the contracts that the exchange is engaged in interstate commerce and must not violate the law. I suppose the contracts were drawn in fear of the absurd Sherman Anti-Trust Act—which seems to have just power enough to frighten coöperating farmers, though promoters of real trusts go cheerfully ahead in spite of it.

In some large markets, as Boston and St. Louis, citrus fruit is sold at auction. In those markets the exchange, of course, follows the custom. Thus, about thirty per cent of the fruit it handles is sold at auction. The remainder is sold by its own agents and by jobbers, and so on.

The exchange has its own salaried agents at important distributing points east of California. These agents give their time exclusively to the exchange, and each of them looks after a certain territory. The idea is that among them they shall cover the entire country, and push the sale of California oranges, lemons and grapefruit with all the unflagging enthusiasm of men whose jobs depend upon their pushing ability. As sort of field marshals there are three general agents. The exchange also spends about fifty thousand dollars a year in advertising. It claims, with good reason, to have broadened very materially the market for California citrus fruit. As a matter of fact, since it was formed the state's citrus output has risen from four to forty thousand cars. Of course, an extensive and expensive drumming-up scheme of this sort would not be possible except with a big organization to back it

The exchange is a great citrus news agency as well. In addition to its agents in this country it has one in London, to keep watch of European conditions—especially of the Mediterranean citrus crops, which, particularly as to lemons, are in competition with the California product. Through the telegraphic reports of its agents, and by other means, it is constantly informed concerning orange and lemon markets everywhere. During a brisk season it often pays out six to seven thousand dollars a month in tolls on cipher telegrams

Every day each district agent telegraphs either to headquarters at Los Angeles or to the general agency at Chicago, reporting sales of fruit, offers, bids, and whatever else seems essential. The telegrams begin to come into the Los Angeles office about eight o'clock in the morning Anything of very particular interest to a sub-exchange is telephoned out. At one o'clock a force of clerks begin making up a daily bulletin, and this continues until midnight. The bulletin then goes to press, and the same trains that carry the early morning editions of the newspapers out of Los Angeles also carry a copy of the bulletin to each local association.

"Every association," says Mr. Woodford, "can have under its eye at any time a complete view of the orange and lemon market. You can see what a protection to the grower that would be. A buyer cannot well take advantage of a seller who has full and accurate market knowledge. This gathering and distributing of information is one of the most valuable things the exchange does. I've no doubt it helps very much to bind the members together."

The big exchange, the district exchanges and the local associations are practically without capital stock; but, to incorporate in legal form, one share of stock is issued for each director. There is, however, an allied concern. The Fruit Growers' Supply Company, which has five hundred thousand dollars of capital stock. Each local association that so elects subscribes to the capital of the Supply Company in proportion to the number of boxes of fruit that it handles. All but three or four of the local associations are stockholders in and members of the Supply Company. To them the Supply Company sells boxes, nails, wrapping paper, and like supplies, doing a business that runs between one and two million dollars a year. As its profits are distributed among the stockholding associations in proportion to the amount of fruit handled, this is strictly a coöperative enterprise. The members of the local association, in effect, get their boxes and so on at cost. The Supply Company, buying in larger quantities, gets low prices. For this year's use it has purchased nine million boxes, equal to eighteen hundred carloads of lumber; a hundred and twenty cars of tissue-paper wrappers for oranges and lemons; and twenty cars of nails.

The Saving Devices of the Exchange

IN 1893, when materials and labor were much cheaper than at present, it cost the growers about forty-five cents a box to pack their oranges. Last year the cost of packing to exchange members was thirty cents a box, and the total selling cost only about six cents. Formerly the commission houses charged growers five per cent for guaranteeing collections—that is, to cover bad debts. In the last three years the exchange's loss from bad debts has been less than five hundred dollars. In short, the exchange's total packing, selling and collecting cost is about thirty-six cents a box for oranges, and this is only about one-half what the same service cost the growers before the exchange was formed. To pack lemons costs about twice as much, or sixty cents a box, but the saving is relatively the same. It is claimed, also, with reason, that the stable conditions established by the exchange lessen the risks of jobbers and retail distributors, and that they, consequently, now handle the fruit on a smaller profit margin than formerly.

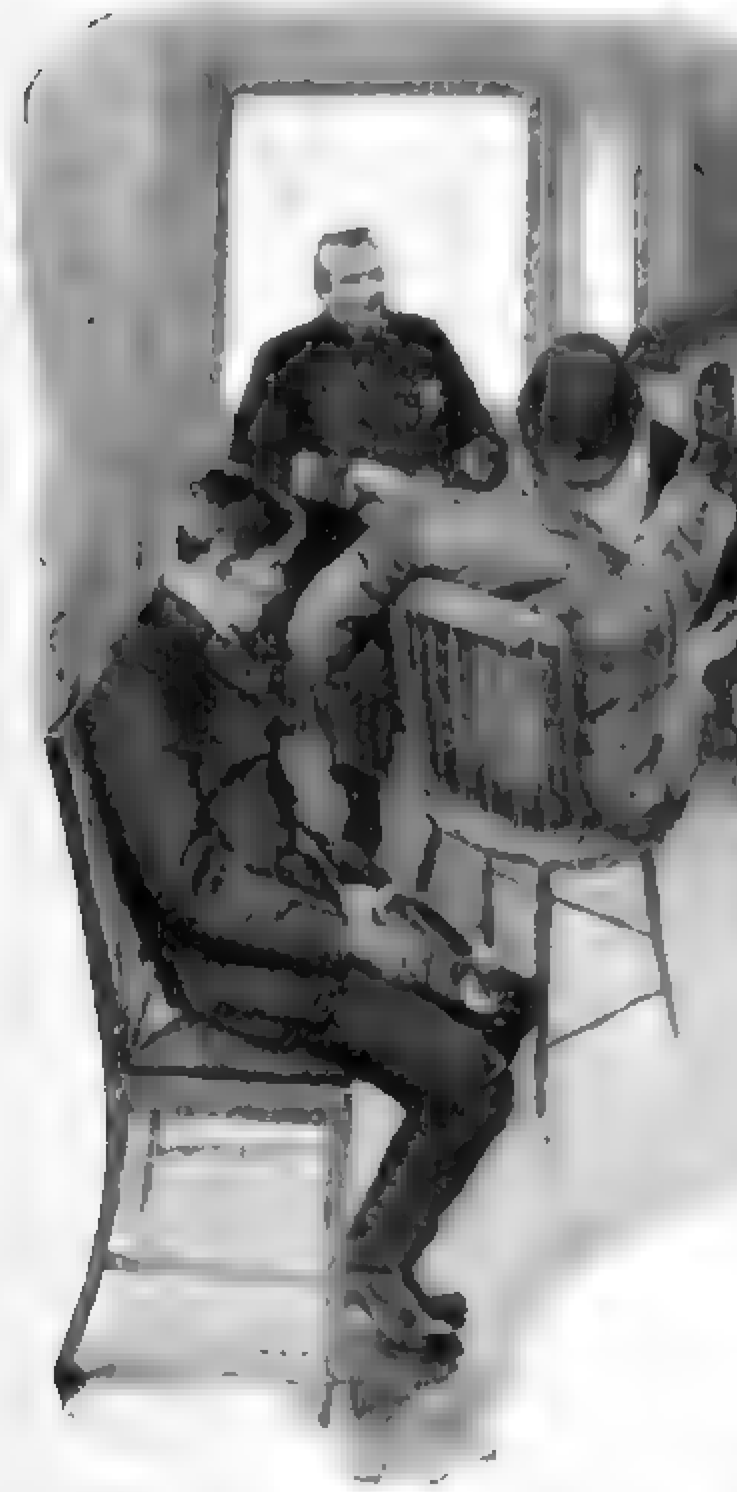
(Continued on Page 74)

CLEAN COPY

The Cub Accepts the Challenge

By FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY S. WERNER



"This Drugstore Bandit is a Boy, a Dime-Novel-Crazy Kid"

HE STOOD before the city editor with that pathetic, eager diffidence which marks all cubs. His smooth boy's face was getting its first lines. They seemed to deepen even as he watched Stone scan the bunch of copy. It was his story; he had handed it to Stone. Being a cub, he stood waiting to hear the words he dreaded most.

The long room throbbed with the first birth-pangs of the morrow's paper. A dozen typewriters banged the harsh discords of the city's afternoon; a row of sounders chattered the Associated Press' tale of distant life and death and tragedy; a leased wire cried its loud tidings, stopped and stuttered on with metallic petulance; the air in the pneumatic copy tubes sobbed intermittently; and desk men bawled for office boys. Stone sat, eyes bent on the manuscript, and frowned. The Cub stayed in one place, irresolute. Without raising his eyes Stone called out: "Hughes!"

At the room's farther end a dapper young man raised both hands from the keyboard of his typewriter, seized a lighted cigar from the desk-top as he arose, and hurried to the place. The Cub noticed how, when he came, he did not look at Stone but scowled to himself as though preoccupied by what he had left. Nor did Stone look at him. Hearing the footsteps the city editor shoved the manuscript across the desk, speaking wearily:

"Here, take this rot," said he, "and make a story of it."

The Cub went then. He had no desk. The chairs were full of toiling men. He stood for a few moments in the center of the local room, uncertain, diffident. A grimy man with printer's ink on his face brushed by him; an office boy collided with him, and, going on, yelped impudently. The Cub walked in slow silence over to the long table where the files were kept. He stayed there, staring at the flaring first page of an evening paper, which he did not see.

It was The Cub's ambition to probe deep into life and then write well of what he saw. Two months before his head had buzzed with the triumphs of his commencement, and his ears had rung with the echoes of his college masterpieces. And now—he had been with The Blade ten days. He tried to write the news. Such small things as they sent him out to get, he tried to write. Among the multitudinous noises of the local room he strove, with heart and soul and throbbing head. He tried to set them forth in flowing style, and all adorned with delicacy of diction. He picked them out with painful slowness on a broken typewriter.

They had come hard, these little items. To the accompaniment of scant ten-cent breakfasts—for that week he had loaned three dollars to the elegant and high-salaried Hughes—of manhandling by strange policemen on fire-lines, of sensitiveness wounded by curt answers to his questions, they had come. All of them little items until this last; it was a story. It was full of men and feeling and incident and news. With painful care he had written it to show the men and color all the feeling and portray the incident and tell the news. As the master artist sighs when he has rounded out his life's greatest work—with the same spirit—The Cub had sighed on finishing. And he had taken it to Stone, and stood with growing trepidation while Stone read, and heard Stone's verdict—"Here, take this rot and make a story of it."

As he bent over the file-table, The Cub experienced that lowest sinking of the human heart, born of bitter realization and foreboding. "They'll fire me at the end of the week," he thought. Over and over the idea smote him. He had just begun to love the work; not what he did but what he saw the others doing around him—the keen ferreting, the probing into life and writing of it. And as he learned to love it he had learned his own inefficiency. Even the copy boys, from their secure positions in the office scheme of things, looked on him with contempt; and Hughes, who borrowed money, did it with an air of tolerance which spoke of his own high salary. They had no use for him; he would be fired.

As he thought of this until the thought became mechanical, he found himself staring at the headlines of the evening paper. He read them absently, the loud emblazonment of the day's big story. Reading them thus, he wished that he were one of those who toiled upon this mystery. The thing pulled him, the city roused to fear and rage against one man, whom none of them could find. He read the lead and found himself remembering what he read. It was that common thing where men are thick—a thing which always rouses primal instincts among the crowd—a man become a monster, run amuck; a bandit who had killed at suspicion of resistance. He had appeared several times now, always in well-lighted stores on a crowded street. His boldness had paralyzed, his wantonness in killing had mystified, the officers. Detectives sought him; merchants paled as they put money in their tills. The story in the evening paper now before The Cub was built on theory, a mass of speculations, woven cleverly that they might hold attention. It was for such things that The Cub had longed; to write of them in faultless, flowing style. Now, Hughes and others got these things and swore because they had to stop working on them and rewrite his "rot."

He stiffened at the calling of his name, and hurried to Stone's desk. The city editor looked up absently. "Go out with Hughes tonight," said he, "and help him on that bandit mystery. Better get your dinner now and hurry back."

. . . .

"This hold-up man," said Hughes, "is not an ex-convict. You're wrong there, Cap; I'll bet you the cigars."

He brought down his feet from the Captain of Detectives' desk and bent to reach the lowest drawer. With some deliberation he selected from its box an ornately-banded cigar, set back his feet and lighted it. The Captain of Detectives looked up from some photographs; and The Cub, from his own chair's edge behind Hughes, noted the consideration in the glance.

"You see," said Hughes; he puffed thoughtfully on his cigar—"By jove, Cap, these aren't the ones you used to have!" he broke off.

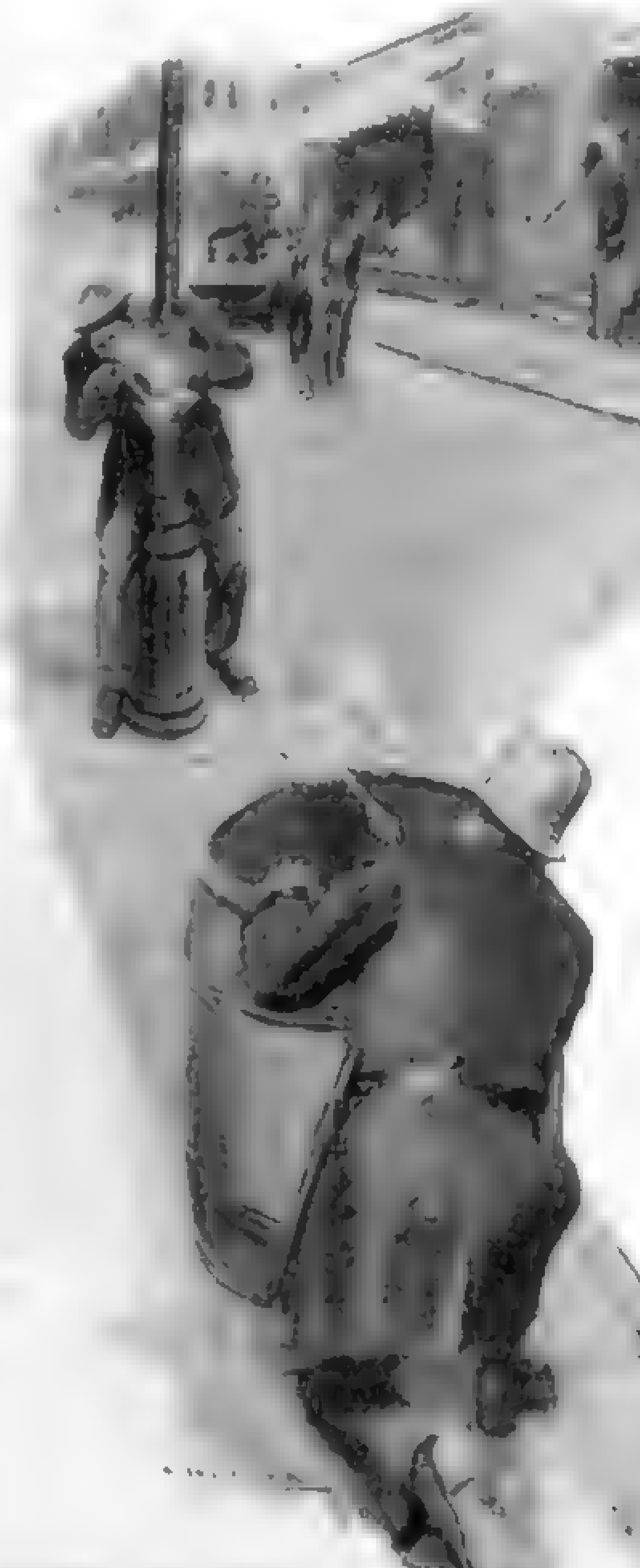
"If you don't like them, I suppose I'll have to have them changed." The Captain's voice held heavy sarcasm. He went on more earnestly, though with the same attempt at badinage in his tones. "What is this theory of yours? You might let me in on it, you know, before you give it to the whole town."

Hughes grinned. "It's a good tip, all right," he said complacently. "This drugstore bandit is a boy, a dime-novel-crazy kid. Ex-cons don't kill the way he does. You just go to work on that. And when you get him, tell him he's a big desperado, bigger than any one in Nick Carter. He'll swell all up with pride and come through with everything."

He smoked on in silence for some moments while the Captain of Detectives went back to scanning the photographs. Finally Hughes rose and yawned and stretched himself. "Nothing new, I suppose?" he asked. The Captain of Detectives shook his head. "Only a hundred letters from cranks and mediums, every one of them telling who the man is." He smiled. "Want any of them?"

"No. I'll smoke up my story, I guess. Let the yellows have them. Well, good-night."

As he went out behind Hughes, The Cub reflected upon the height of this pinnacle whence one could advise as this young man advised. His thoughts got further food in the police-reporters' room, where the four men on night detail welcomed his companion as a comrade, long lost. Unnoticed and ungreeted, The Cub sank into a corner chair and listened to the five talking over old times. He learned how Hughes, because he could write, had been taken from this place to pursue big assignments. While they were talking the telephone bell rang once or twice. The Blade man was nearest to the instrument; he took down the receiver, answered the call and jotted notes upon a bit of paper. He read them to the others, bulletins of happenings in outlying stations, scraps of information, each one suggestive of more behind it. The four men on the beat discussed them with jaded indifference. "Pass it up," was the unanimous conclusion on each one. It made The Cub restless. It seemed to him that they were ignoring things that promised well. Finally a buzzer shrilled impatient summons from the wall. The four reporters hurried out together; and Hughes, pulling a volume of Browning from his coat pocket, settled down to read. He had hardly cocked his feet upon the desk before him, when



"He Shot it Out With the Crook, and the Fellow Got Away" the tramp of returning steps made him bring them down again, as the Blade man cried:

"The bandit's broke loose on Spring Street! A woman saw him across the street and called the man on the beat. He shot it out with the crook, and the fellow got away."

Hughes made the door in two steps. The Cub rose and took a step to follow him; a leap of his heart accompanied the realization that action had come at last. Hughes turned toward him. "You stay and watch the station," he said. "I'll take Mike with me."

As The Cub shrank back, sinking into his chair, Hughes saw his face. "You see," he said hastily, and with a little kindness in his voice—a kindness that hurt The Cub more than the words before—"Mike knows all the officers and he can do more there than you." Their footsteps went in diminuendo down the hall. The Cub sat still and tried to swallow something which would not go down.

When the others came back to the room, he realized what it was he was missing. He got the whole affair as they telephoned it to their offices. Each of them, after he had done turning the matter over to the assignment men, straightway put it out of mind. It no longer concerned them. They sat there, arguing over a recent scandal in the police commission; and finally one took a book from his desk and fell to reading it, leaving his two companions still bickering lazily.

The Cub sat still, relegated to this place because of his unfitness, feeling his position so keenly that he dreaded to stir lest one of them should look at him. And all the time the details of their bulletins kept torturing him—the running fight, the heavy-footed policeman panting as he shot; the crook, with flaming revolver and desperate, set face; the sudden vanishing; the trail lost among groups of evening shoppers. For a long time he sat, picturing these things to himself; it was like probing a wound. He was out of it, out of all the excitement, what he had hoped to see, perhaps to help write.

At intervals the 'phone bell rang, always to the same result: a bulletin, a brief discussion, a verdict: "Pass it up." Finally, at its summons, the one who answered, beckoned to The Cub. Stone was at the other end. "Look this up," he ordered. "If you can, by 'phone." He jerked out things in isolated fragments which The Cub took down. "M. Muller," said Stone; then, "Landlord of a lodging-house; 4608 Estrella Street. Got that? It's out in the Western Addition somewhere. He says a roomer came in, badly hurt some way; he doesn't know how, only hurt. The man won't send for a doctor; Muller thinks something's wrong, maybe. Might be a fight. Yes, a fight or something—Yes; Muller—Say, is that you, Mike?—Oh, Allen—What?—I see—Well, let it lie then; you can't get it very well—Stick where you are and watch things the best you can." The Cub heard him grumbling as he hung up.

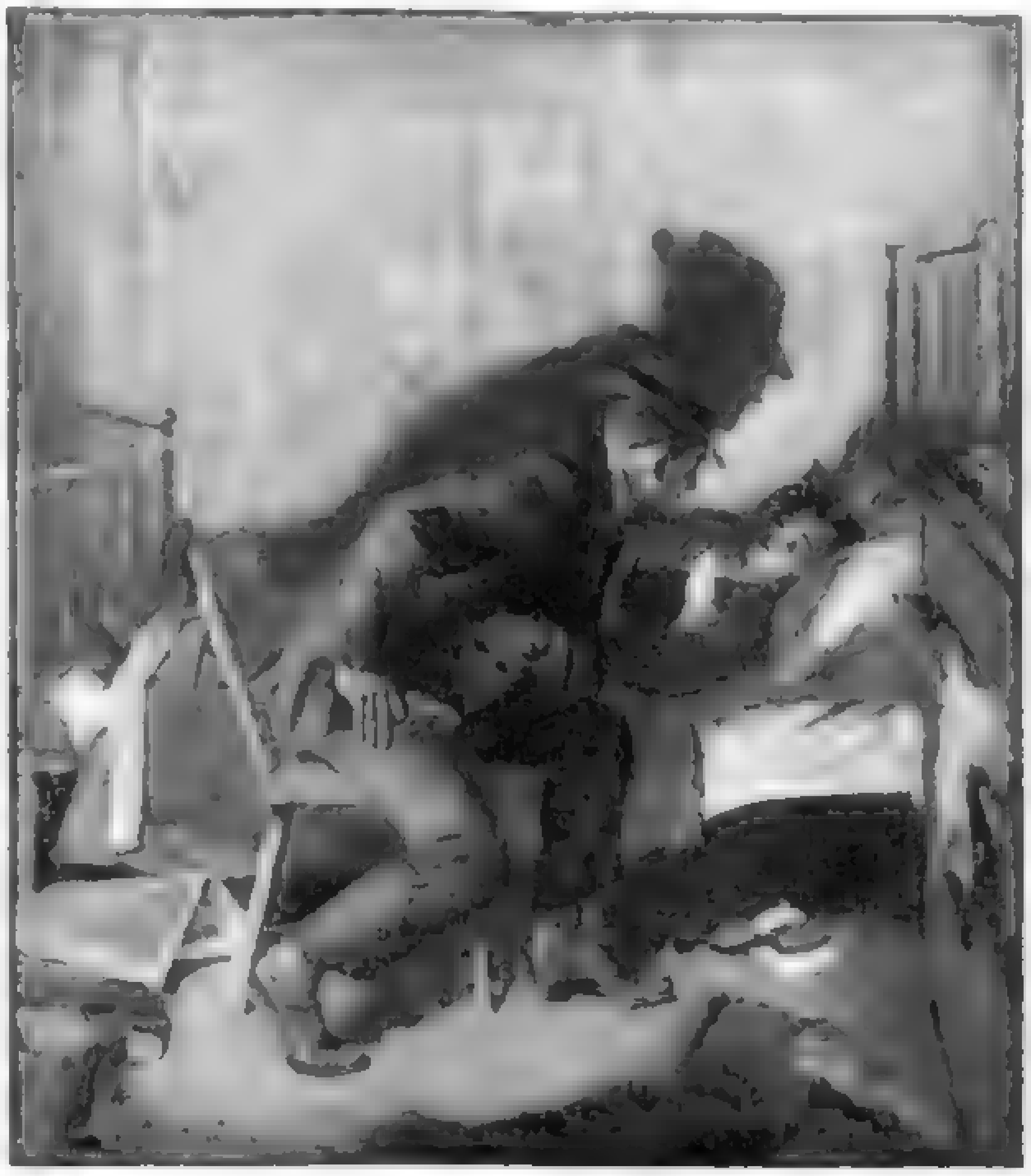
He went back to his corner, wondering how much the others understood of this last rebuff, this final implied accusation of inefficiency. It crowned the whole heap of contumely that weighed him down. The two reporters were still lazily discussing police politics; their voices helped to stir the feelings which possessed him, feelings which were growing to something like defiance. His thoughts fed them. He imagined Hughes and Mike, out gathering the night's big story; and Stone, frowning over his disordered desk, bellowing the details of that tip into the telephone. It was the defiance of a badgered, driven boy; badgered and driven by those whose work he would emulate. With all his lacerated heart he wished that opportunity might come his way. For he would show them yet!

The idea came to him to go out anyway and run down Stone's tip. He put it by and told himself that he must follow out his orders, staying here. If only something big would break! Something which he could get and write himself! He fell to wondering what might lie behind the tip; whence it had come. Probably some friend of Stone's, some favor-seeking policeman or ambulance driver, or, perhaps, a reporter had picked it up and turned it in. Such things crossed the city desk in scores every night. Even to The Cub, keyed to hope for much from such crumbs as fell his way, this appeared small: at the most some brawling lodger, perhaps a cutting scrape or minor shooting. He knew it would mean little on a crowded night like this—a fight or shooting.

It is strange how association works. The Cub's mind, attuned by keen hunger to grasp, reached out where other minds, numbed by the excitements among which they worked, had ignored. He made the quick connection; pieced the thread which these others had failed to pick up: a thread of possibility, remote but to him, longing for possibilities, very tangible. The time was right—just long enough after the pursuit of the bandit; the man had come hurt to his room; the fearful landlord—what had made him fear? The lodger, lying like a hunted animal.

That was all. The white heat of a mighty lust was wrapping The Cub's whole being. A passion, born of instinct, the thing that makes the hound give tongue, that makes the lead wolf raise his dreary voice, the throb that comes with the first scent. It made him forget all his diffidence, his hurts. It put the very office by; relegated the paper to a minor place; it made the story the one thing in life. For a bare instant it subsided and he had an idea of telephoning his theory to Stone. The memory of recent things brought a picture of himself trying to defend his beliefs before the city editor's cross-questioning. He shut his lips; his nostrils widened as that first real lust for news seized him again; and he rose from his chair

The man who was reading looked up absently. The Cub yawned elaborately and stretched out both his arms.


"The Big Bandit, Martin—a Bigger Man Than Harry Tracy. You're a Desperado!"

The man looked down again. The Cub went out with simulated leisure. In the hallway he listened a moment lest, after all, they might think his departure strange. The voices of the two arguers went on intermittently. He walked slowly to the street, then quickened his pace to a half-run.

As the electric cars go, the Western Addition lies about four miles from the Central Station. What with delays in two suburban transfers and being sent astray when he started on his final stretch on foot, The Cub was three-quarters of an hour in getting to Estrella Street. It was after ten o'clock when he found the lodging-house. That three-quarters of an hour had been a throbbing age to him. He had spent it, wondering how many had that tip; how many others, seeing what he saw, would have gotten there ahead of him. Over and over he had speculated on these things, holding his lean chin in his hot hand, cursing the slowness of the cars, thrusting his head before his shoulders as he walked unseeing through street puddles or brushed by pedestrians. In that age his diffidence had slipped from him like a discarded coat. There had come in its place, transfiguring him, a singleness of purpose. Answering the hall bell, Muller, the landlord, faced a questioner whose words came sharp.

To the insistence of those tones Muller told his story. He was the typical cheap-lodging-house proprietor; his tenants' affairs meant nothing to him so long as they paid their rent. From him The Cub learned first of all that no others had come. The lodger had staggered in. Hearing him groan, Muller had realized the boy was hurt. "A boy?" "Yes, younger than you be," answered Muller, noting his hearer's youth for the first time. The Cub lost that implication of immaturity in the memory of what Hughes had said—"A dime-novel-reading kid."

"And then?" he asked incisively. Then the lodger had refused to send for help. Hearing him moaning in his room, Muller had feared—the good name of his house—there might be something wrong—he couldn't afford to have police down on him—and similarly at some length. "Well?" The Cub demanded finally. So, the proprietor continued, he had telephoned to the Emergency Hospital. Because he could not tell them anything they had finally cut him off. The Cub ignored this last, speculating on how soon an ambulance might come. He feared to use his ears lest he might hear the clatter of the gong. And the ambulance meant that the news would go to all papers alike. Looking the landlord squarely in the eye, he, who had been diffidently truthful an hour before, said: "Got a pass key? You see, we didn't think it amounted to anything at the hospital, so I came out alone. I'll take a look, and if he needs anything I'll send out."

"You can go back to your room," he told Muller, a moment later, when the latter had unlocked the door. The man left, glad to get to bed. The Cub went on inside, closed the door, and stood with his hand on the knob

It was a little room, and lighted by a single incandescent lamp. With his hand on the doorknob back of him, The Cub looked swiftly around at all it held. A small, inside room, cheaply papered, furnished scantily. Disorder reeked in every corner and the papered walls were bare. On the bed, fully clothed, the street mud clinging to his shoes, the lodger lay. His thin chest rose and fell to his hoarse breath. His smooth face held that sharp, waxen suggestion which means approaching death. The Cub stood awed.

Staring at the face, he saw how the processes of dissolution had already begun to smooth away certain precocious lines of ugliness, as though to leave the features boyish in the end. And then he saw upon the tumbled spread something else, a crimson patch. And then, close to the limp, extended fingers of the right hand, an object. It made him stiffen, as he stood. He crossed the room swiftly and he picked it up, a blue-barreled revolver. He clutched it in his damp fingers and he felt more sure. Then he peered into the face.

The boy was dying fast. Young as he was and raw, The Cub knew it. He wondered whether the doctors would come in time to help at all. The wonder brought him back to the matter in hand. He pulled out his watch, glanced at the time and shut his teeth. Evening was late; as yet the essential facts were his alone—if he got them. He bent over the unconscious figure on the bed, holding the revolver in his right hand, searching the pockets with his left. It took some minutes to complete the task. Then The Cub, sighing heavily, sat down, placing the objects which he had found upon his lap—six cartridges, a black mask with eyeholes, and a letter; on the table was a nickel novel—"The Life and Exploits of Harry Tracy," the cover read. He saw it, took it and stuffed it into his pocket with the mask and cartridges. Holding the revolver awkwardly upon his lap, he scanned the letter carefully.

The boy was breathing more painfully; at times he stirred and muttered. At such intervals The Cub dropped the letter and bent his ear close to the moving lips. Then he went back again to his reading. He finished; rose and searched the room, getting nothing for his pains. He drew up the chair beside the bed and watched the boy. If he would only wake! He might talk yet. The Cub's fingers twitched nervously beside the revolver butt. The time passed tensely. And finally the eyes before him opened and showed the light of consciousness.

"Martin," The Cub said, using the name which he had read, "you're going to die."

The hand upon the coverlet moved swiftly down, groped, swept the coverlet and groped again

The Cub's voice shook a little as he said: "It's no use, Martin; I've got it." He raised the weapon from his lap.

"How do you know my name?" the other gasped. "It's not my name," he sank back whispering; "you lie."

"Why did you kill those men?" The Cub asked. The spasm of weakness was making the face turn bluish-gray. He saw this and in desperation played his trump card.

"You're Martin, the bandit," he said anxiously. The face was blank. He repeated it louder, "You're the big bandit!" he cried. And then, as the eyes opened into his, "The big bandit, Martin—a bigger man than Harry Tracy! You're a desperado!" He went over the words insistently. Suddenly he stopped. He bent his head close to the gray lips. Even as they muttered the lips seemed to curve a little. "I—got—them—both—they—tried—to—shoot—I—killed——" The voice went trailing on to nothing. The lips ceased to move.

. . . .

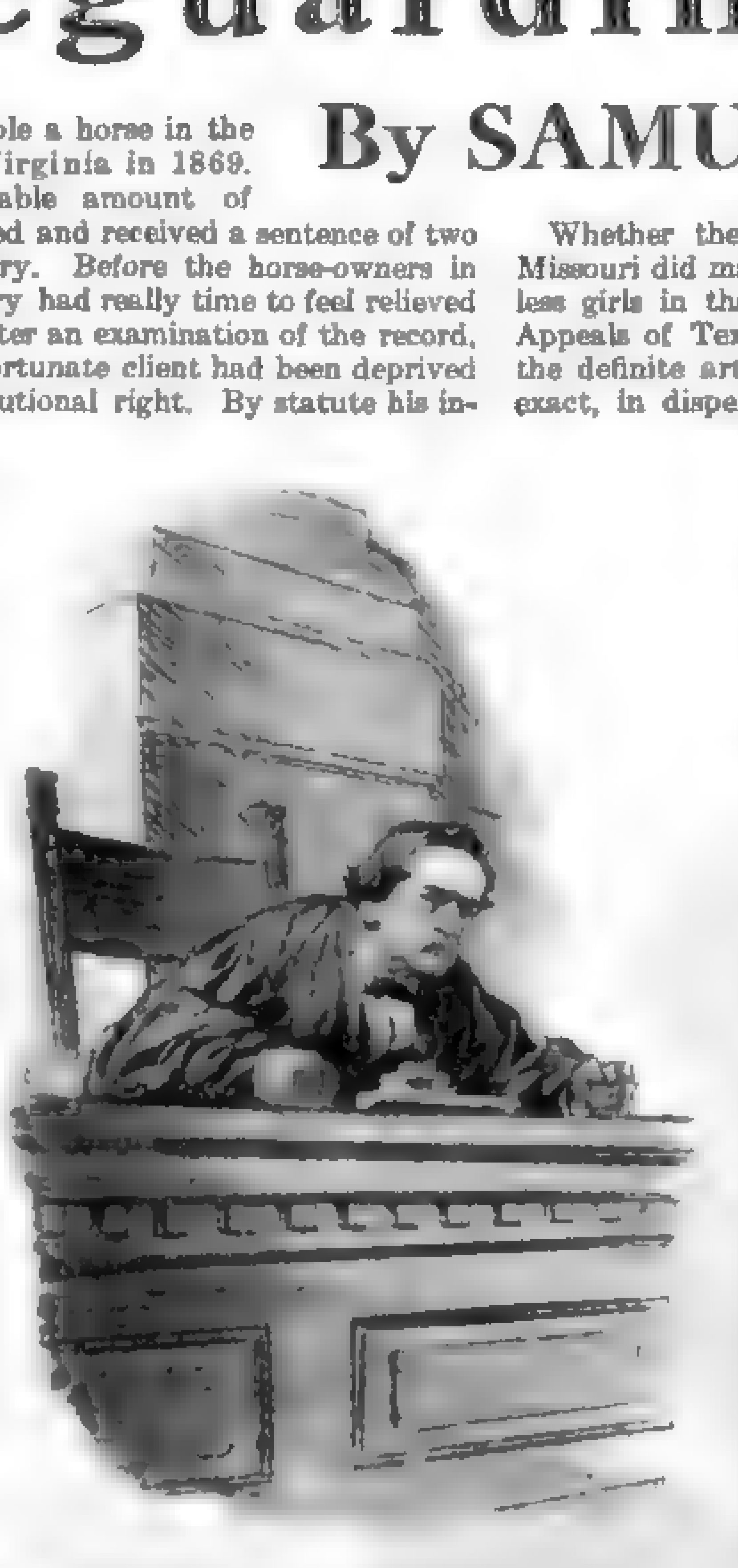
As he left the place The Cub looked at his watch again. It was one o'clock. He gasped, not daring to believe that he had been so long. There were no cars in the suburbs

(Concluded on Page 60)

Safeguarding the Criminal

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, Jr.

A CERTAIN man stole a horse in the State of West Virginia in 1869. With a considerable amount of rapidity he was convicted and received a sentence of two years in the penitentiary. Before the horse-owners in that part of the country had really time to feel relieved the prisoner's lawyer, after an examination of the record, announced that his unfortunate client had been deprived of an important constitutional right. By statute his indictment should have ended with the words "against the peace and dignity of the State of West Virginia." In reality it ended "against the peace and dignity of the State of W. Virginia." The prisoner had not at the trial realized how much he had been injured by this unconstitutional abbreviation, but entirely agreed with his attorney that there had been a hideous miscarriage of justice. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of W. Virginia, or, rather—not to expose THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to any unnecessary risks—to the Supreme Court of West Virginia. That august body held the case involved a very grave and difficult question. The difficulty was not stated. It may have been the explanation as to how a lonely "W" could automatically injure a defendant who was not aware of its presence. Be that as it may, the Supreme Court reversed the case and released the horse-thief. Although his horse was gone it was undoubtedly a great relief for the prosecutor to realize that the prisoner's rights had not been abbreviated.



Actually, He Would be Doing Something Which Theoretically Was Impossible

How the Guilty Slip From Under

FORTY years later the Supreme Court of Missouri dug up this very case from its dishonored grave and cited it approvingly in an opinion on an appeal. In this later case the defendant had committed a dastardly crime under peculiarly revolting conditions. His victim, on a journey to find her father, had been robbed of the little money she possessed and was being helped and cared for by the defendant's wife in his home. The details of the crime were proved beyond the shadow of a doubt and the defendant was convicted and sentenced to an adequate term of imprisonment. On an appeal, however, to the Supreme Court the judgment was reversed and the prisoner released because in the indictment, which should have ended with the words "against the peace and dignity of the State," a copying clerk had omitted the last "the." The decision, indicating that in Missouri the definite article "the" is of more importance than a man's honor or a woman's chastity, was made in the face of a Missouri statute which provides in part as follows:

> No indictment shall be deemed invalid for any default or imperfection which does not tend to the prejudice of the substantial rights of the defendant upon the merits.

Moreover, the Supreme Court had before it a decision in Wisconsin which summed up the effect of the words "against the peace and dignity of the State" as follows:

> This formula is a mere rhetorical flourish adding nothing to the substance of the indictment, and it is difficult to see why the mandate for its use was inserted in the Constitution . . . Of course, the accused cannot be possibly prejudiced or in any manner misled by the omission of the formula from an indictment.

Yet the Supreme Court of Missouri wrote in its opinion:

> It is not a satisfactory solution of the proposition to say that we know what was intended by the conclusion in the case at bar or that it was a mere matter of form.

Whether the solution which the Supreme Court of Missouri did make was satisfactory to fathers of defenseless girls in that state does not appear. The Court of Appeals of Texas further emphasizes the importance of the definite article in dispensing justice, or, to be more exact, in dispensing *with* justice. A man in that state was convicted of an aggravated assault. On appeal the Court of Appeals affirmed the conviction. Later, however, its attention was called to the fact that the word "the" had been omitted before the word "State" in the last line of the indictment. The horrified court immediately ordered a rehearing of the appeal and promptly reversed itself as well as the court below.

In refreshing contrast to the above is a recent decision of a recent state. The Criminal Court of Appeals of Oklahoma, in passing on a case where a "the" had been omitted from the indictment, refused to reverse and held in part as follows:

> We know that there are respectable authorities holding to the contrary, but this court will not follow any precedents unless we know and approve the reason upon which they are based—it matters not how numerous they may be or how eminent the court by which they are promulgated. . . . Now that our criminal jurisprudence is in its formative period, we are determined to do all in our power to place it upon the broad and sure foundation of reason and justice, so that the innocent may find it to be a refuge of defense and protection, and that the guilty may be convicted and taught that it is an exceedingly serious and dangerous thing to violate the laws of this state.

Returning again to states where technicality and justice are regarded as synonymous, in South Carolina an indictment was dismissed because "father" was spelled "farther." The highly-educated judiciary decided that such a word conveyed to them no meaning whatever. It is evident that although the laws of God and man may not be always enforced in Texas, Missouri, West Virginia and South Carolina the Appellate Courts of those states will at any cost safeguard the laws of grammar.

In a noteworthy case decided by the Supreme Court of California in 1904 another line of protection for convicted criminals was developed. An information was filed against A in which it was stated that A did unlawfully and feloniously commit an assault upon the person of B by means likely to produce great bodily injury—to wit, with a heavy wooden stick. On an appeal to the Supreme Court the latter held that this information, although following the wording of the statute, was fatally defective because the means of injury were not described with sufficient precision. A layman might very well suppose that a heavy wooden stick could be understood as a means likely to produce great bodily injury; but the masterly reasoning of the Supreme Court of California disposes of any such fallacy, as follows:

> Describing a stick as "heavy" imparts no certain information; the term is relative; a stick which in the hands of a boy or a feeble person would be considered heavy, in the hands of a robust person would be deemed light. Again, it might be heavy and yet so large and unwieldy as to be useless in the hands of a powerful man toward the commission of an assault. It might, too, be heavy and yet so small or short that no danger of bodily harm could reasonably be apprehended from its use. Aside from the use of the term "heavy" there is no description in the information as to the definite weight, strength or size of the stick, or other qualities, properties or characteristics showing that it was a means likely to produce great bodily injury.

Under this decision it is undoubtedly the duty of any citizen of California who expects to be assaulted with a stick to provide himself with a tape-measure and pocket scales, nor to forget, immediately after the assault, to obtain a complete set of the vital statistics of his assailant. Yet certain serious contingencies suggest themselves. What should be done if the individual wielding the stick nefariously made away with the same before any of its physical properties could be determined? Again, the court fails to explain the victim's duty in case the hardened owner of the stick refused to furnish any statistics as to his size, weight or strength. The argument itself has a familiar ring, and an examination of certain of the writings of that well-known legal authority, Mr. Lewis Carroll, will make it apparent where this Supreme Court learned its logic. The Duchess, in Alice in Wonderland, uses argument of the same brand where she says:

> Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.

Be that as it may, it is evident that the Supreme Court of California holds out little relief for unobservant people who carelessly allow their heads to come into contact with felonious sticks.

In 1868 a man was indicted and convicted in California for stealing some gold ore from a mine. On general principles his attorney appealed to the Supreme Court. That aggregation of massive intellects responded to the call of the criminal in its wonted manner, and its argument was along the following lines:

Real property cannot be stolen. Anything attached to land is real property. Therefore, unless the ore that the defendant took was detached he cannot be guilty of theft. If he detached the ore himself it might look as if he were stealing the same, but that would be an optical delusion. Actually, he would be doing something which theoretically was impossible.

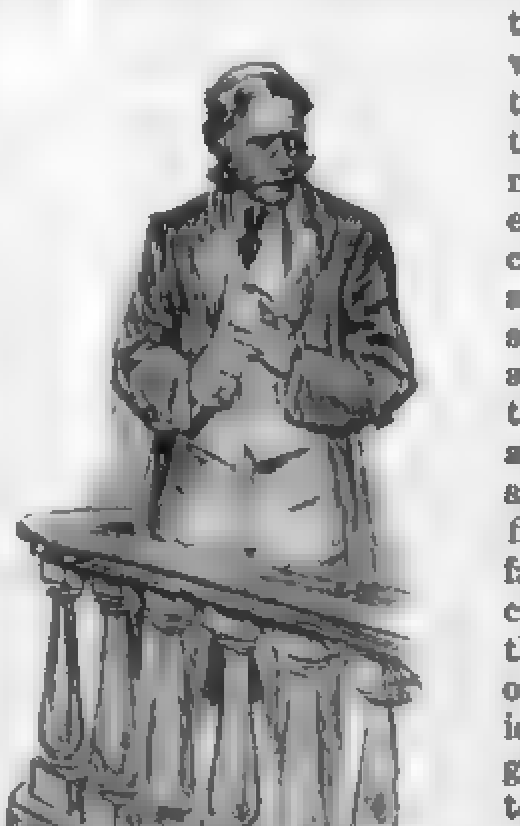
There being no allegation or proof in regard to whether the ore was detached before the defendant took it, he must be set free.

The innocent prisoner was accordingly released to enjoy in peace somebody else's non-stealable, undetachable real estate. In other words, the Supreme Court offered the same comfort to certain property owners as did the lawyer in the old story. In the well-worn anecdote this attorney was summoned to the county jail by his client. "They can't imprison you for that," exclaimed the attorney indignantly, after hearing the facts of the case. "But they *have* imprisoned me," howled the client.

"Well, never mind," said the other soothingly, "just remember it's impossible."

The Fatal Attachment of the Tailor's Dummy

THIS rule laid down in 1868 was improved upon in 1888. During that year, in a California city, a man approached with felonious intent a twenty-dollar overcoat, the property of a firm of clothing dealers. Said overcoat, when approached, was attractively draped over the wooden limbs of a tailor's dummy in front of the clothing emporium. Hurriedly disrobing the said dummy the defendant started off with the overcoat, but was brought up with a jerk, the clothiers having taken the precaution, in view of the garment's fatal beauty, to chain the same to the dummy and to attach the dummy to the building by a chain. Hearing the rattle of the chain, the dealers in clothing dashed out and jointly and severally fell upon the defendant, who was vainly trying to persuade the doubly-attached overcoat to accompany him. On the trial the prisoner testified that he was walking virtuously along the public sidewalk in front of the store, reflecting on various matters of importance and all entirely disconnected with overcoats. Chancing to stumble as a result of his preoccupation he seized the dummy in order to steady himself. Unfortunately, the coat came off in his grasp, and before he could restore the same to the dummy the entire firm of clothing dealers had fallen tumultuously and loquaciously upon him. In spite of this frank and manly explanation of an unfortunate accident a cynical jury found the defendant guilty, and a term in the penitentiary was prescribed for him as a remedy for his preoccupation. The succor of the Supreme Court was invoked in his behalf—nor in vain. On appeal that body held that probably the attached coat was real estate



A Cynical Jury Found the Defendant Guilty and, therefore, unstealable, but at any rate it wasn't stolen, because stealing implies a taking and the taking in this instance was prevented by chain and cord, to say nothing of the proprietors. The court admitted that in his humble way the prisoner had done all the taking in his power, but circumstances had proved too much for him. He was, therefore, deprived of his well-earned rest-cure at the expense of the state and is presumably still pursuing his preoccupied way throughout the community. *Hæc fabula docet* that in some states even a determined man can't commit larceny without special permission from the Supreme Court.

Both of these California cases in their reasoning remind one strongly of the apocryphal "surprise story" attributed to W. F. Jacobs. According to this anecdote a prisoner stood in the dock, accused of stealing a purse from a room by inserting his arm through an open window. "I admit," his lawyer argued to the court, "the details of the occurrence as set forth by the prosecution are true, yet the crime was committed by the arm of the defendant, and it is not fair to hold the whole defendant responsible for the act of one guilty member." "I am much impressed by your argument," responded the court, "and I will sentence the prisoner's right arm to five years in the county jail. He may accompany the same arm or not, as he sees fit."

After the applause occasioned by this deliverance had died away the prisoner cheerfully removed his coat and, with the assistance of counsel, unscrewed his right arm and, leaving it in the dock, walked briskly out of the courtroom.

This story may be apocryphal, but it has all the earmarks of a California decision. One of the most spectacular of the recent decisions of the Supreme Court in that state was in connection with the revolt against the ring which had so long ruled San Francisco. Schmitz, the mayor, and Ruef, the boss, were both indicted for extorting money from certain dives, the so-called "French restaurants," under the threat of depriving them of their liquor licenses. On the trial Ruef broke down and confessed his guilt. Schmitz was convicted. The friends of clean municipal government were much encouraged. They had reckoned, however, without the Supreme Court. On appeal that organization held that, although Ruef had pleaded guilty, he was mistaken. No crime had been committed either by him or Schmitz, since there had been no invasion of property rights; the court holding that a liquor license, although indispensable in the dive business, was not tangible enough to be property. Moreover, on the trial Schmitz was not proved to be the Mayor of San Francisco, and the court held that it could not, therefore, assume that the Schmitz convicted was the same Schmitz described in the indictment as the Mayor of San Francisco.

He Was Walking Virtuously Along the Public Sidewalk

It was a rule at common law that a judge who freed a guilty man should suffer in his place. It is painful to contemplate what large gaps there would be in the ranks of the appellate judiciary in this country, especially in two states, if this rule were still enforced.

Why Law-Breaking is Safe and Profitable

ALTHOUGH the common or garden variety of criminals has ample reason to be grateful to the appellate courts, yet the best efforts of these courts are reserved for that spoiled darling of appealdom—the murderer. Given sufficient funds, under our present appellate procedure and precedent in the majority of our states, no murderer need fear the gallows or the electric chair. The reported decisions bear out this statement.

For example, in Alabama an indictment for murder was dismissed because a copying clerk left out the letter 'l' in "malice." Another murderer was saved by this application of the letter of the law in North Carolina. He had shot a fellow-citizen through the breast, whereby the latter died. A friendly copying clerk spelled "breast" in the indictment as "brest." The indictment was dismissed. In Texas, last year, a convicted murderer escaped the penalty imposed because on the trial the prosecuting attorney first offered the evidence of the state and then read the indictment. The appellate court indicated in its opinion that if the district attorney had offered to take the evidence all over again this would have cured the error, although the opinion failed to explain how the defendant's rights were impaired in the first instance, or how they could be repaired in the last, by a repetition of the prosecution's evidence. In New York the Thaw and Patrick cases at once suggest themselves as recent illustrations of the fact that no man with money need fear the death penalty. Thaw shot down a man from behind. After two trials and the retention of an imposing multitude of counsel he is safe and unsound in an asylum.

In the Patrick case an attorney, by fraud, obtained large sums of money from a client, a sick old man, and prepared a forged will leaving the latter's large estate to himself. He then joined with the old man's valet in the murder of his client by poison. When indicted Patrick used the money he had obtained by fraud to escape the penalty for murder. Retaining able counsel he fought his case clear to the Court of Appeals—which sustained his conviction. Then, claiming that a constitutional question was involved, he applied for a writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States. There was no shadow of any such question involved, but, as a part of our system of protecting condemned criminals, such an application must be granted. That gained for Patrick a delay of many months, which he utilized in retaining new counsel, with his victim's money, who possessed great political influence. This attorney succeeded in obtaining, during the last days of a dying Governor's life, a commutation of the death penalty to life imprisonment. Patrick then took another appeal, claiming that his constitutional rights had been injured by the allowance of this commutation. The Court of Appeals did not regard his point as well taken and Patrick is still in prison—but he has escaped the penalty provided for his crime.

If He Has Money He Can Retain More Able and Adroit Counsel Than the Prosecution

In fact, in many of our states the appellate courts have rendered the venerable anecdote of the judge and the bishop meaningless. It will be remembered that a bishop once argued with a judge that his authority was the more extensive.

"For," he said, "you can only say to a man 'you be hanged,' while I can say 'you be damned.'"

"True," observed the judge, "but when I say 'you be hanged' the man is hanged."

Nowadays, although a committing magistrate, a grand jury, a judge and a petit jury all may say that a man is to be hanged—he seldom is. In Philadelphia, for example, in 1906 there were fifty-seven indictments for murder and five convictions; in 1907 seventy-two indictments and six convictions; and in 1908 sixty-three indictments and nine convictions.

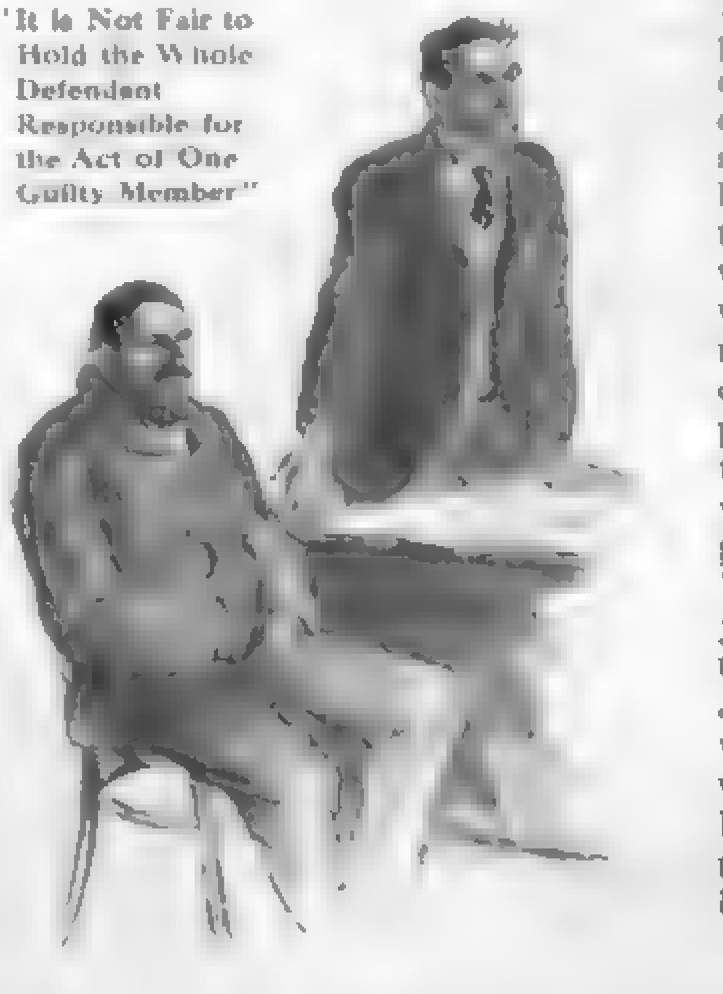
The fruits of this system of criminal safeguards are not pleasant harvesting. Last year in a number of our states there were more men lynched than were judicially executed. That means that throughout a large part of our country citizens have lost their respect for the courts. Even as this article is being written, Captain Shipp, a former Tennessee sheriff, and his deputies are being given an ovation on their release from a Federal prison, where they were confined by order of the Supreme Court for allowing a prisoner to be lynched after he had taken an appeal for delay only to that court. Other results are seen in the increase of crime and in the delay in the trial of criminal cases.

"Law-breaking in our great cities," said General Theodore A. Bingham, late Police Commissioner of New York, "is to an appalling extent a safe and profitable occupation." Our appellate courts are largely responsible for this. They have abolished certain punishment. Any criminal who can pay counsel to sow enough exceptions throughout his trial has a very fair chance, indeed, of finally reaping an acquittal.

"No one of us is so wise that he can try a long case without committing some error," testified Judge Scott, of the New York Supreme Court. In New York, and despite a statute to the contrary, this error is always assumed to be material, with the consequence that a new trial is granted. This system of the magnifying of minute technicalities reacts on the courts in delays

In March, 1908, there were seven thousand untried indictments in the Court of Quarter Sessions, the criminal court of Philadelphia, although this condition has been greatly improved by the businesslike methods of the present district attorney in that city. In New York City the Court of Special Sessions, the most important court of that city for the trial of small criminal cases, was between five and six thousand cases behind, and on January 28, 1909, in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, in New York City, there were 5928 untried bail cases, and the Court of Special Sessions was about eleven months in arrears. As a result of this delay, when cases are finally reached in both cities, witnesses have disappeared and it is difficult to secure a conviction. In December, 1908, two hundred and fifty indictments were dismissed for that reason in Philadelphia, and in March, 1909, that was the fate of fully two-thirds of the cases called up in the Court of Quarter Sessions. A superintendent of railroad police is quoted as saying that it is impossible ever to convict a pickpocket in Philadelphia, as he can always obtain bail and delay his trial until the prosecuting witnesses have disappeared

"It is Not Fair to Hold the Whole Defendant Responsible for the Act of One Guilty Member"



The main lesson of the foregoing facts is apt to be overlooked. That these conditions are wrong is not half so important as the fact that they can be made right. What is needed now is not indignation, but thought and work.

The Relic of Barbarism

THE history of the beginnings of these artificial automatic safeguards makes it apparent that they are survivals of a darker age and are needed nowadays about as much as plate armor or chain mail. They originated as the logical accompaniment of a system of laws barbarous in their severity. The enforcement of technicalities in favor of a criminal was originally the revolt of merciful judges against merciless laws. For example, the extension of the doctrine that real property cannot be the subject of larceny, which has wrought such folly in some states as illustrated in the cases already cited, originated some centuries ago in an effort to do substantial justice in connection with the earliest recorded instance of the disastrous results of what would now be termed a "joy ride."

A young man in a country town in England had taken a horse by night from a neighbor's barn. On the trial it developed that he had only borrowed the horse for a ride on some skylarking expedition. Yet on the proved facts he was guilty of burglary, and burglary was punishable by death. The ingenious and merciful trial judge, however, charged the jury that any building such as a stable was real property. There could be no burglary in connection with real property. Anything attached to such a building was a fixture and, therefore, part of the realty, and that it was quite customary for a horse to be tied or attached to his stall. Therefore, if the jury by any chance should find the horse was tied to his stall they might conscientiously acquit the accused. This the relieved jury promptly did.

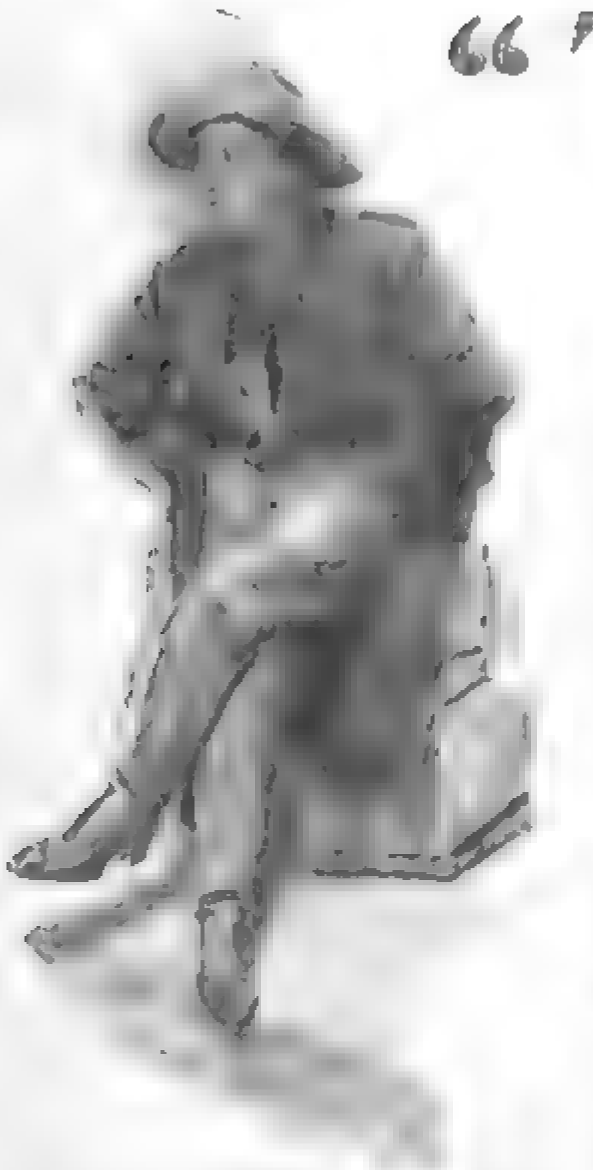
In 1800 there were in England 223 offenses punishable by death. If a man stole property from a house or store, valued at more than five shillings, or property valued at more than one shilling from the person, or anything at all from a bleaching-ground, he was hanged. If he falsely pretended to be a Greenwich pensioner, or injured a county bridge, or cut down a young tree, he was hanged. If convicted of any of the numerous acts construed as high treason he not only was hanged, but cut down alive and his bowels taken out and burned before his face. A woman guilty of high or even petit treason was burned alive, as was Catharine Hayes in 1726. In the trial of one accused of a crime the prosecuting attorney and the presiding judge were allowed to indulge in the most revolting abuse. Coke, the revered author of Coke upon Littleton, as prosecuting attorney at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh addressed him before the jury as: "Thou viper, thou thief, thou traitor! Thou art thyself a spider of hell!" Judge Jeffreys once told a jury that a woman on trial before them for larceny was guilty of the seven deadly sins. A bewildered prisoner was unable even to read his indictment, which was framed in barbarous law Latin and Norman French.

(Concluded on Page 58)

"TEX" By ELEANOR GATES

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

A Guileless Panhandler and an Inspired Press-Agent


So I Piled My Valises, One on Top of the Other, and Sit Down

SAY! More things can happen to a feller in ten minutes in little old New York than'd break loose in a three-ring circus performance down my way. And I'd no more'n hit the main boulevard of said city, my back still feelin' warm from the good old Texas sunshine, but my nose stickin' onto my face like a pink icicle—account of havin' to walk agin a regular Peary blow-out up from the ferry—when things begun happenin' to me.

First off, I come blamed nigh bein' put behind the crisscross. It was like this: I stopped on the nigh side of Broadway, my wide hat a-flappin' in my eyes and a telescope valise a-hangin' from each of my reachers. I had to stop because there was a string of automobiles goin' by like so many darned shiny grand pianos on wheels. Wal, I stayed on the edge of the sidewalk, and I stayed and I stayed. The string didn't let up, so I piled my valises, one on top of the other, and sit down. Pretty soon, up comes a gent wearin' a conductor's cap and one of them stylish Prince Albert coats—blue, with two rows of double-eagles down the front and a black razor-strop around it. He had a Piute warclub hitched to the belt on his pistol side and a tin badge on his upper left-hand corner.

"Move on, young man, move on," he says to me, kinda spleeny.

"Wal, Sheriff," I answers—it was the club and the badge that'd put me next, you savvy—"I'm just a-waitin' till the procession gits by. You bet, I ain't a-hankerin' to slip onto my countenance and be a human chucklog. Just to look at them honk-buggies makes me as nervous as crumbs in the bed. They've got a polish on 'em like a coffin."

"Come! Come!" he goes on, a little more coaxy. "Don't you see you're blockin' this crossin'?"

Wal, I looked round. There was about a hunderd people behind me all bunched together like steers at a gate. I turned to the Sheriff. "Wal, don't that go to show?" I argues. "Here's other folks that ain't trained to sidestep nineteen kinds of death a-comin'."

"Wal, what do you know about that!" He was so tickled that his Kaiser William wiggled at both ends.

"Wal, I've just told you what I know about it," I says; "and I ain't a-goin' to chaw my cabbage twicet."

"Now, look here, my friend," he begun again, "don't resist a officer. If you do I'll have to run you in." And with that he pulled a tin punkin whistle outen a pocket and lifted it towards his mouth.

The minute I seen his hand I felt plumb ashamed of myself. I stood up. "Now, I want to apologize," I says, pointing to his white mitten. "Wouldn't a-said a cross word for a pretty if I'd a-knowed you was started for a funeral."

Then he hawhawed and slapped me on the back. "Oh, you're all right," he says. "Who are you, anyhow, and where are you from?"

"My name is William T. Griffin," I answers, "and I'm from Clarendon, Texas. The T stands for my native state, and the boys down home usually call me Tex. And now I wisht you'd tell me where there's a two-dollar-a-day roost in this neighborhood."

"Shore," he says. And he turned me half-way round and pointed.

It was comin' twilight by now, and everybody was lightin' up. And just as the Sheriff stuck out his finger, a roof clost by sprouted a big red coffee pot a-boilin' yaller steam. A second afterward, here on another roof was a young lady with her skirt a-blowin' as natural as life. Talk about set pieces! Why, our magnificent display of fireworks at the Amarillo Fourth of July celebration last year would a-showed up beside 'em like a Christmas candle in a torchlight parade.

One set piece was mighty fine. To my mind, it was the best of the lot. There was some letters in the middle of it, and round the letters in a circle went two snakes, one tryin' to ketch the other by the tail. "By thunder, it's lucky my pardner, Tank Miller, ain't here," I says, laughin'. "What kind of a place is that?" Asked it offhand, you savvy. Didn't think nothin' would come of it.

"It's a theayter," answers the Sheriff, "and a dandy."

"Wal, I like any kind of a performance with animals in it," I says. "And mebbe in this show the hind snake actually swallers number first." With that I grabbed up my boots and underflannels in one gauntlet and my et cetteries with the other.

"So long, Tex," says the Sheriff. "The buildin' with the flag on it is your hotel." Then he blowed his whistle and the procession come to a stop. The crowd was on all four sides of me by now. But I broke cover, took Broadway in two jumps and made off at a lope.

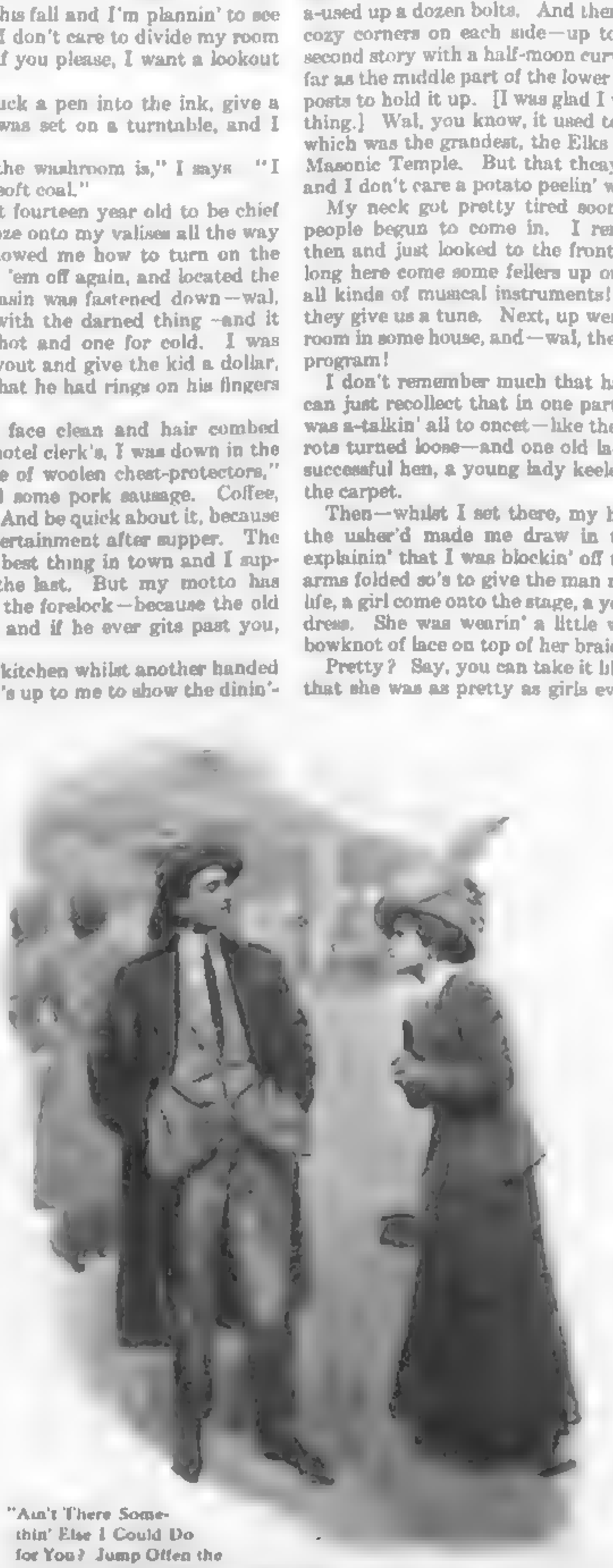
"My friend," I says to the clerk at the hotel—he was young, and combed his hair like he was scared—"I sold a thousand nine-dollar hogs this fall and I'm plannin' to see New York in style. Now, I don't care to divide my room with any other feller and, if you please, I want a lookout onto a county road."

"All right, sir!" He stuck a pen into the ink, give a whirl to a big book that was set on a turntable, and I made some turkey tracks.

Then, "Tell me where the washroom is," I says. "I want to git rid of a coat of soft coal."

He called up a kid about fourteen year old to be chief guide—a polite kid that froze onto my valises all the way up in the elevator, and showed me how to turn on the lights in my room and turn 'em off again, and located the washbasin for me. The basin was fastened down—wal, who'd want to run away with the darned thing—and it had two spigots, one for hot and one for cold. I was mighty tickled with the layout and give the kid a dollar, and he went away yellin' that he had rings on his fingers and bells on his toes.

Ten minutes afterward, face clean and hair combed back almost as bad as the hotel clerk's, I was down in the feedery. "Give me a plate of woolen chest-protectors," I says to the waiter, "and some pork sausage. Coffee, a-course, and a saucer pie. And be quick about it, because I'm a-goin' to that zoo entertainment after supper. The Sheriff whistled it was the best thing in town and I suppose I oughta leave it to the last. But my motto has allus been: Take Time by the forelock—because the old gent's head is bald behind and if he ever gits past you, why, he's gone."


"Ain't There Somethin' Else I Could Do for You? Jump Offen the Roof of a High Buildin', or Some Such a Little Thing as That?"

That waiter skun for the kitchen whilst another handed me a napkin. Thinks I: It's up to me to show the dinin'-room that the Panhandle knows what a napkin is for. So I shook it out and tucked it into my collar before I irrigated my holler. Pretty soon here come the flapjacks, six of 'em, the color of a mustard plaster, and a blamed sight hotter. They didn't last no longer, neither. In a jiffy the sausage and coffee was in the same place, too, and I'd et my apple-turnover. Then I was out and off, headed you know where.

There wasn't many people goin' into the theayter when I got there. It seems I was some early. But it looked lucky that I was, because out in front, hoppin' around like a chicken on a hot stove, was a gent singin' out that he had tickets. I drawed him to one side and we talked business. I'd made up my mind when I first seen him that he was offerin' seats at cut-rate prices, and that's what he as good as admitted. I give him three plunks, shook his paw, and made a beeline for the door.

There was a surprise party waitin' for me inside. I expected to see a big hall with cages in a circle like in a animal tent, and mebbe just a platform and some rows of chairs. Nothin' like it. A young feller in a soldier's uniform took me down to the first seat on the left of the aisle, fourth row back—a green-plush seat, by jingo! as good as you'd find in any chaircar, and without no tidy pinned to the back. But it wasn't any too big for me, and I overflowed into the next, and had to stretch one leg out into the runway, or I'd a-cramped shore.

Wal, I spent all of thirty minutes admirin' the shebang before folks begun to come much. I might as well admit the corn—it was the best place of the kind I'd ever saw. The hull thing was green plush, with a twenty-foot curtain of the same wallin' off one side—that curtain must a-used up a dozen bolts. And there was four of them little cozy corners on each side—up toward the front—and a second story with a half-moon curve to it that stuck out as far as the middle part of the lower floor and didn't have no posts to hold it up. [I was glad I wasn't under the darned thing.] Wal, you know, it used to be a question with me which was the grandest, the Elks Hall down home, or the Masonic Temple. But that theayter had 'em both beat, and I don't care a potato peelin' who hears me say it.

My neck got pretty tired soon and I was glad when people begun to come in. I remembered my manners then and just looked to the front and sides. But before long here come some fellers up outen the cellar, carryin' all kinds of musical instruments! Then, do, re, mi, and they give us a tune. Next, up went the curtain showin' a room in some house, and—wal, there wasn't a snake on the program!

I don't remember much that happened in the play. I can just recollect that in one part of it, where six people was a-talkin' all to oncet—like there was forty-'leven parrots turned loose—and one old lady was a-cacklin' like a successful hen, a young lady keeled over and had a fit on the carpet.

Then—whilst I set there, my hat betwixt my knees—the usher'd made me draw in that one foot by now, explainin' that I was blockin' off the row ahead—and my arms folded so's to give the man next me a chance for his life, a girl come onto the stage, a young, slim girl in a black dress. She was wearin' a little white apron and a nifty bowknot of lace on top of her braids.

Pretty? Say, you can take it like grand jury testimony that she was as pretty as girls ever git—brown hair and brown eyes, with the same soft pink in her cheeks that you see on the clouds at sunup sometimes in the Southwest, and the quick, light step of a fine-bred horse, and a pert way of turnin' her little head like a quail.

When she was gone I took a peep over at the program belongin' to the man next me. There it was in black and white—Miss Sue Deane. Sue! Sue! Say, ain't that the cutest girl's name a man ever heard?

I didn't go out to stretch myself between spasms—you bet your sweet life I didn't. I was afraid I'd miss somethin'. Never stirred till the curtain went down the third time and everybody got up and put on their bonnets. By then I was in a kinda daze. But I hadn't forgot what I wanted to do. I took a stand out in front. And there I waited. I wanted to see the little brown quail again.

I didn't, though. She never showed up, nor the rest of the folks in the play neither. "Guess the actors and actresses live upstairs," I says to a man that was shuttin' the outside doors.

"Oh, no," he answers. "They go out the back way." And he give me a funny look.

That didn't bother me none. I'd found out what I wanted to. And next mornin', after eatin' a couple of dishes of ground peanut shells with flour-water over 'em, I had a quiet chin with the hotel clerk. Then I hired one of them red automobiles that's got a clock-jigger hung to one side. I'd come to New York to see the town. But that ain't why I was a-scootin' down Broadway. No, ma'am. I had a brand-new idear, and the place where I landed up was a tailor's. I'd never had a ambition to put on dudey clothes before. But now I picked out a stylish suit for the daytime, and for nights one like what I'd saw in the cozy corners and on the stage—the kind that shows two square feet of shirt. And the order was: Hustle, Francis, hustle!

Then I scooted back up to the theayter and bought the same seat I had the night before—bought it for three nights, hand-runnin', mind you. Got it cheap, too, buyin' it that-a-way—dollar less a time than I paid the hop-sing gent. But right here was where I made a whale of a mistake. Because as I left the peephole where you pass in your spondulix, the feller inside give me a look-over that I didn't like. And when I showed up not quite so early that night, the hull outfit was on to me. Half a dozen times just after the curtain went outen sight in the ceilin', a usher come down past me and eyed me clost. I begun to wonder if there wasn't a law agin goin' more'n oncet to the same show. I felt darned guilty of somethin'.

Then Sue Deane come in. She hadn't changed her dress, was wearin' the same outfit—apron, topknot and all. Plain and neat was good enough for that sensible little girl.

After that I was plumb unconscious. The play just kinda sung itself in my ears, and the fiddles mixed in along with the singin', and the voices of the folks around me was like the murmurin' of a crick.

Gee whiz! what a come-down afterwards! On my way out, a tall gent—all shoulders and no legs, like a buffalo—come up to me and put his hand on my arm. "I beg your pardon," he says; "I'd like a word with you."

"Tickled to accommodate you," I answered, and I throwed in a smile for good measure.

"You seem to like the show," he remarks, watchin' me from under his doctor's hat.

"It's a fine show." Say, my face got so hot that if I'd a-had on a celluloid collar I'd a-set myself on fire.

"And there's fellers that want a copy of it," he goes on. "Oh, I'm wise. You was here last night and you've got tickets for two nights more. You're takin' down this play in shorthand."

"Shorthand," I repeats, and took a look at both my paws. It was blind-man's-buff to me.

"Yas, shorthand," he says. "And I know who you're a-piratin' for. Your make-up is good, but it won't go. If you don't want trouble keep away." And off he walked.

Wal, I stood around for a while, first on one hoof, then on the other. I don't like to have no man put things so flat to me. But I guessed there was somethin' I oughta find out about. And it was as plain as daylight that if I didn't look out I'd be gittin' free pasture—which'd spoil that new idear of mine. So I hiked.

I didn't need to see that show again, you savvy. The show wasn't a-helpin' me to git nowhere. And my new duds'd be finished next day by noon. If I was ever a-goin' to make headway, I'd better git a start. Out I trotted and around the block.

I went straight up to the first brass-button gent I seen. "Constable," I says—I figgered he was a constable, bein' he was on a branch road—"where's the back door of the Forrest Theayter?"

He jerked a thumb.

Wal, sir, the minute she come through it I knowed her. There wasn't no mistakin' that slim little figger steppin' out so kinda brisk. But she was dressed different—no Mother Hubbard, though, and no sunbonnet, you bet. But a suit as dark as mine, and a hat with mallard wings on it, and a wide collar exactly like a kid's, with a bunch of white stuff under her cunnin' chin—stuff as thin and glisteny as the cobwebs you see of a Texas mornin' swingin' from the tops of the grammer-grass.

Took all them things in as I walked along clost behind her. I reckon I oughta be ashamed to own up that I was follerin' a girl I'd never been knocked down to. But I ain't. No, ma'am! Because, Wal —— Anyhow, there's just one thing I'd like to ask: Which do you figger gits a man nailed down tightest—fallin' in love or a Oregon boot?

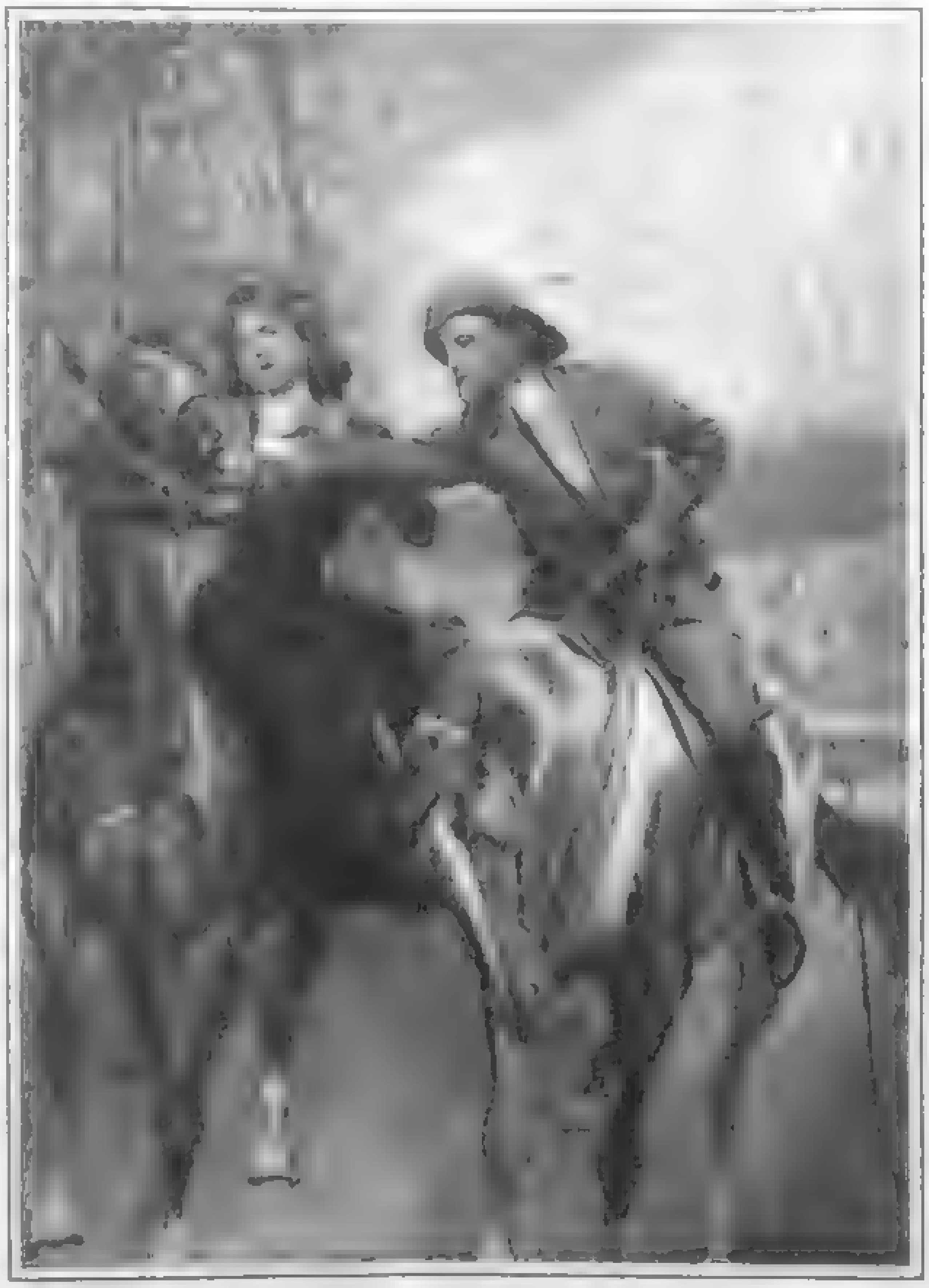
She went and she went and she went. Pretty soon here was some wide steps ahead. She turned of a sudden and run up 'em, put a key in the door, turned it—and Texas Griffin was left out where the horses walk.

I took a good look at the house. By thunder! She lived in a brownstone mansion! "Wal, that settles you, Tex," I says. She was the daughter of a millionaire, and I might a-guessed it!

But just as I was turnin' away, with only shoe-leather between my heart and the sidewalk, I seen a sign in the big front window. It said: Furnished Rooms to Rent.

"Wal, now that's mighty neighborly of Miss Sue's folks," I says.

Next day, fifteen minutes after I got my new suit on, I was countin' the front steps of that brownstone mansion.



I Leaned 'Way Over and Ketched the Flyin' Rein

I knocked. Nobody come to the door. I knocked some more. Same luck. Then I seen a handle stickin' outen the side of the house, and I says to myself: "I'll take a chance." So I pulled, and here come a lady.

As it turned out she was the landlady, a nice, motherly, middle-aged woman. She put me straight about the house not belongin' to the Deane family. Say! I was learnin' things them days—learnin' so fast that my jaw ached most of the time, just a-laughin' at what a blamed fool I used to was. And I guess I got a awful case of know-it-all. Wal, if I needed a lesson —— But to continue: I moved into the brownstone that same afternoon, with a new trunk which had my old valises inside it, also my low-vest suit, and preëmptied a room upstairs.

"How long you goin' to stay in New York?" says the landlady when I drawed out my cash wad.

"Wal, now, ma'am, you got me," I answers. "Because ——" Then, bein' she was so friendly like, why, I thought I'd kinda feel my way. "How long," I says, "does it take to persuade a young lady that's in a theayter to give up her job for keeps?"

"Oh," says the landlady smilin', "I see!"

"And to prove that I'm on the square," I adds, "I can give you for reference, Judge Brewer and Dan Molloy of the Farmer's National, Amarillo."

That night, when Miss Sue come home from the theayter, the landlady was sittin' in the parlor talkin' to me. I had on the low-vest suit, and my shirtfront was a-shinin' like the blank side of a oil can. The door into the hall was part open. Miss Sue popped in her little head. I stood up. "Oh! excuse me!" she says, eyes big and wonderin'. I made a bow. Then the landlady chips in. "Miss Deane," she says, "let me introduce Mr. William T. Griffin."

Miss Sue she smiled. Now, I'd never saw her smile in the play, and I was took clean by surprise. It was like a blaze of sunshine. And all her dimples jumped into place.

"Won't you come in?" I says, battin' my eyes.

"A wood fire!" she says, and come in. She looked a little paler than she did on the stage and just a speck thin—like she'd been on grass. She was carryin' a big black purse. When she sit down in front of the hearth she put out first one pretty hand toward the flames, then the other. "I didn't know there was a real fireplace in this room!" Almost a whisper, you savvy.

"A fire's company," I says.

"It reminds me of the sittin'-room at home," she goes on, speakin' low again.

"Mr. Griffin is from the West, too," says the landlady. Then she bustled away. I found out Miss Sue was from Indiana—they call that West in New York—and she'd left home just a year before to go on the stage.

"Have you saw the play at the Forrest?" she asked.

"Two times. And you're the best thing in it."

She blushed awful pretty. "Oh, thank you!" she says. "But my part is only a bit." And she looked kinda wistful.

"Whatever you call it," I says, "it hit me about right. In that first part, where you come in and say, 'Madam, shall the car wait?' and so on, why, everybody listens to you. And all the time you're so quiet and ladylike. That's what I like. Now, there's that young woman that cries all over the floor. She makes too much noise to suit me."

"She can't help it," says Miss Sue.

"She don't want to," I come back. "I seen that from the way she dressed. Maybe I'm puttin' it strong, but down my way, nice women don't wear them kind of clothes, and I can't get used to 'em."

She give a little laugh and glanced up at me. "It was lucky I wasn't cast for the heavy," she says.

I didn't know what she meant, but I says: "Wal, yas," like that. Just then the bell rung and in come a waiter with a tin valise of hot grub from a eatin'-house near by. "I allus like to have a snack between 'leven and twelve," I says to Miss Sue, whilst the waiter jerked a table in front of the fire and begun to set it.

She got up. "You're expectin' some one," she says, lookin' at the two plates. "I must be goin'."

"Oh, please don't," I says. "I—I did expect a friend, but I got a telegram from him late this evenin'. He's been called back to Texas. And—gosh! I don't know what I'm a-goin' to do with all this chicken, and fruit and stuff! There's shore a hull lot more'n I can git away with."

Wal, she agreed to stay. And I put on more wood, and we et and talked about the West.

She was considerable tickled when I told her I hailed from the Panhandle. "Because I've read so much about them big Texas ranches," she says. "And you own one!"

"Wal, somethin' of a ranch," I answers. "About forty-five hunderd acres."

"Are you a cowboy?" she went on, pretty eyes shinin'.

"Wal, you might say that. I punched cows six years."

She dropped her fork and clapped her hands. "It seems too good to be true!" she cries out, all excitement.

"Oh, pshaw!"

"I've only saw cowboys on the stage, wearin' them woolly things ——"

"Chaps."

"Yas; and wide hats with leather bands."

"I got one."

"And I never thought I'd meet a real cowboy."

"Miss Sue," I says, "I never thought I'd meet a real actress." With that we shook hands.

When the waiter was gone we pulled our chairs around facin' the fire, and she told me what a hard tug she'd had. "I tramped up and down Broadway for months," she says, "and it was always 'Come next week,' or, 'Come week after next'—and me with a flat purse. Oh, there ain't so much in this New York fight, after all, for a girl that likes a—a home."

Say! I wanted to lean over and take her hand then and tell her that I loved her more'n anybody else in the hull world, and that she needn't ever tramp no more, but marry me and spend a month of honeymoon in New York and then go south to a new home. But when I went to put out my fist and open my mouth, wal, I couldn't, that's all

Ain't it hell the way a little bit of a girl can scare a man deef, dumb and paralyzed?

Just before I told her good-night I managed to git enough spunk together to hint that I wouldn't mind seein' the show again, only the manager he didn't want me to come no more, and I didn't like to kick up a rumpus. And I give her the hull story of what happened between me and the heavy-shouldered gent

"That isn't the manager," she says. "It's Mr. Loders Wal, I'll tell him you're not a pirate, but a friend of mine."

"Will you?" I says. "And I hope I am, Miss Sue And would you mind if I was to walk home with you tomorrow evenin'? I don't think it's exactly safe for you to come all that way alone."

"Why—why, I'd like to have you," she says. Then, as she put out her hand: "Mr. Griffin, you ain't like most of the men I meet."

"I'll improve," I answers.

The next night I went to the theayter. Mr. Loders knowed me straight off—even if I was disguised in my low vest—and come up to me, grinnin'. The polecat! Smooth as glare ice, he was; glad to see me; nice weather; come again. But if ever I git my two hands on him!

She walked home with me after the show, turnin' her little head to glance up at me every now and then as we went along. And we had supper in front of the fire again. After supper, I told her how blamed lonesome I was before I met her; and how lonesome it was for me on the ranch.

"Ain't you got a sister or a brother?" she says.

"Neither one."

"Father nor mother?"

"Nope."

"Why—why don't you git married?"

"Wal, Miss Sue," I answers, "I'm a-thinkin' some along them lines."

Wal, for the next two or three days, instead of gittin' out and seein' what there was to see, I spent my time in that parlor, just watchin' for the little girl to go in and out You know, actresses don't work daytimes—only two afternoons a week. Sundays they don't have nothin' to do, neither daytime nor night. So she and me went for a walk in Central Park, along sidewalks as crooked as a cow-path, and she fed peanuts to a one-eyed squirrel Honest, I didn't know whether I was on my hands or my feet! I only knowed the sun was shinin' on the snow-patches, and the birds was twitterin' and alongside of me was a-bobbin' that little mallard hat.

Do you wonder that what come afterward was such a knock-down swipe in the face?

Whilst we was in the Park she showed me the bridle-path, and let it out that she was wild about horseback ridin'—had rid some in Indiana, you savvy. "For a hull year," she says, "I've just dreamed of canterin' along this windin' brown trail."

"Down on my ranch," I told her, "there's a fresh bronc for every hour in the day."

"My!" she says.

Then and there I made up my mind to give her a little surprise. So Monday night, at the theayter, I asked that Loders if he knowed of a good livery-stable—just a plain sale, feed and boardin'-stable was what'd suit me—where there was saddle-horses for rent. Yas, he knowed one; kept his own mustang there. He seemed mighty interested and give me the street and number on the spot.

So after the show I told Sue. "You know that little dream of yourn?" I says. Wal, sir, she got tears in her eyes she was so glad. "Oh, you're a awful kind, thoughtful feller," she says. "How can I thank you?"

I reached out, then, and took her hand. And she let me hold it. Happy? I was just crazy happy. And I told her as much. And she said—wal, doggone it, I ain't a-goin' to tell what she said!

I named the next mornin' for our ride. But she explained she couldn't go because what would she wear? So we settled on Wednesday instead. And early Wednesday before eight was early for her—here she come downstairs in a dark-blue ridin' suit. "The costumer fitted me exactly," she says. On her head was a little round fur cap She looked mighty cute!

When we got to the livery stable, here was Loders. He had on a pair of them breeches that English fellers wear (And me just in my everyday suit and wide hat) "I'd give Miss Deane that brown pony if I was you," he says to the livery-stable keeper.

"And the gent?"

"That pinto's all right."

I liked the pinto. He was a rangey cuss, with a dished face, and he had the X I T'S brand on his nigh quarter But the brown—nixey! He had a nervous way with him, and a rollin' eye, and a Roman nose. You can't count on that kind.

"Think you can manage the little sucker?" I says to Sue

She was dead shore of it

Then she was bound and determined to ride sideways. "You know," I told her, "I ain't much stuck on side-saddles. I wouldn't put one on a horse I had feelin's for. Young ladies ride clothes-pin fashion down my way." But she had on a sidesaddle suit, so the sidesaddle had to go. They give me something they called a saddle, but it looked like a leather table-tidy that'd got wet and swelled

Loders hung round us every minute. It worried me some. What if he's in love with her? I says to myself. What chance'd I stand?

But I was tickled to see she didn't much like his bein' there. "Why is that man here?" she asked.

I explained about his horse.

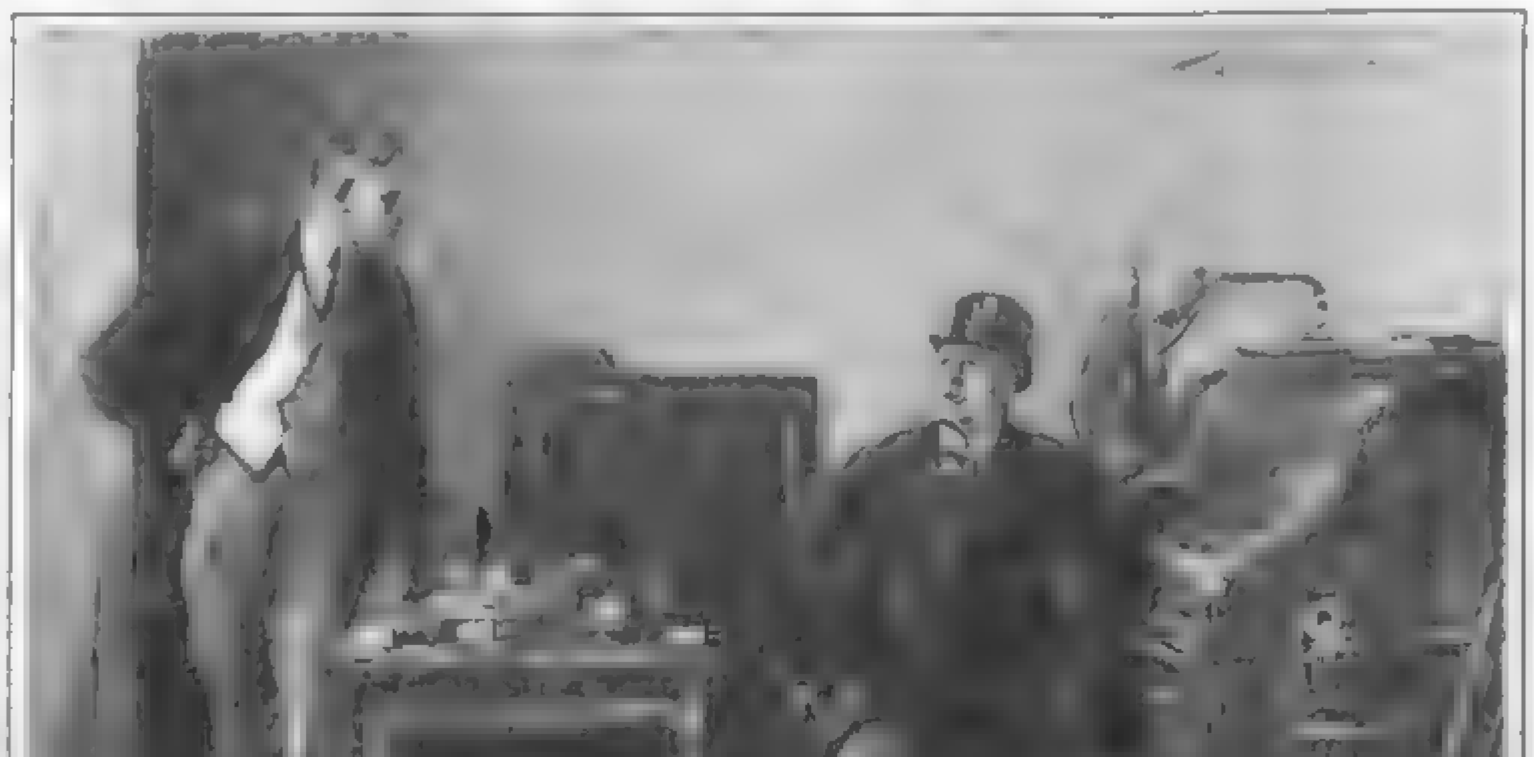
I led the brown all the way to the Park, him a-waltzin' around some. But when he hit the horseback trail he got real quiet, and me and Sue rode along side by side at a

(Continued on Page 52)

EASY MONEY

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"We Knew From the First You Were Lying. You Couldn't Tell the Truth if You Tried"

MR. SHREYER still sat in the adjoining office. He had lighted a cigar and picked up a file of Wall Street news bulletins. Their comments on the antics in Crystal common seemed to afford the reader both interest and amusement. He glanced through them casually, flipping over the pages with an easy hand; but as their news was either already known to him or dully ignorant in its views this reading failed to hold him long. Presently he laid down the file and picked up a mining report, piled with others on the table. Its photographs of headgear, stamp-mills, prospects, shaft-housing, development work and the like engaged him a while, but the dry fiction of its printed matter availed even less than the news bureau report to while away the time. Thus, after an interval Mr. Shreyer found himself studying the pattern of the wall-paper, and when this palled upon his mind he got up and stared idly from the window. It opened on a white-washed court whose flags had yet to be swept clean of the apple cores, scraps of paper, orange peel and other flotsam and jetsam tossed into it during the day by the tenants in the offices above. So, after a few minutes of absorbed staring Mr. Shreyer removed himself from the window, sighed impatiently and turned back to the table. On it lay a pamphlet that looked familiar, and in the same idle manner he ruffled over the pages. Then it dawned on him he was reading a work of his own. It was the last annual report of the Crystal Refineries Company, and with the discovery passed all of Shreyer's desire to spend his time with light literature.

"Damn!" he said, and was just rising to depart indignantly when the door opened and Derwent hurriedly entered

"Where's Hyde?" he demanded, with no apology for having kept his patron waiting. "Hasn't he come in yet?"

Mr. Shreyer, with some irritability in his voice, answered that he hadn't seen him. "You must be rather busy," he drawled, a well-defined meaning in his voice. It was that he had begun to resent cooling his heels in loneliness.

But Derwent was in no mood to heed Shreyer's likes or dislikes. "What do you want, anyway?" he demanded, his civility now worn to tatters

A slight lifting of the eyebrows denoted Shreyer's feeling at the question. "I? Oh, nothing at all," he answered with a negligent, careless air. "I just came in for a chat. To talk things over, you know." Then he smiled. "I thought, perhaps, of buying a little more Crystal. Buy, you understand. The price, I should say, is tempting." Then he tossed his cigar stub into a near-by cuspidor. "Now is the real time to buy," said he.

Derwent, who had gone as far as the door, turned.

"I heard you say buy!" said he evenly. "If you have any orders for us, however, you can, in the future, send by telephone—or, better still, write them."

"Eh?" said Shreyer, peering at him.

Derwent nodded fixedly. "Don't you come, yourself!" he added bluntly.

Shreyer, in accord with his usual manner, had begun to smile. But in the smile was nothing very pleasant. "You're still open for business, aren't you?" he inquired with such suavity as he could muster. "Eh?"

Derwent, after a pause, nodded slowly. "Yes," he answered, and there was a clearness in his words now the other could not mistake—"Yes, but it's not the sort of business you'd like to offer. No!" he added, stopping Shreyer before he could speak. "I'll be frank with you, my friend. You never gave any one a piece of business that hadn't a string tied to it Now you've made a fool of me," he went on evenly, regardless of the pink that was rising slowly in Shreyer's face—"you've made a fool of me and my partner. You got me to help you fool and swindle my customers. It was not a very clever trick, though it worked. Probably you relied on its crudity to help fool and swindle these men. However," Derwent added, "it's the last time you'll swindle any one if I can put out a hand to stop it."

Shreyer's cheeks, now puffed up to their utmost, suddenly collapsed. "Sir!" he exploded.

Then there came into Shreyer's mind a thought—a suggestion—something explicit, bred of his long familiarity with the ways and doings of Wall Street. "Oh, I see!" he cried, his voice now openly mocking; "so you got to buying Crystal, did you? You took my tip, eh, and went to buying on your own account? Well! Well!" exclaimed Mr. Shreyer, and threw back his head and laughed with malicious mirth

It all seemed very merry, all most pleasing to the gentleman. It seemed to restore him again to his habitual geniality and good humor. "Well! Well! And so you two young men went and bought—bought like all the others!"

Derwent waited till the little gale of amusement slowly died away.

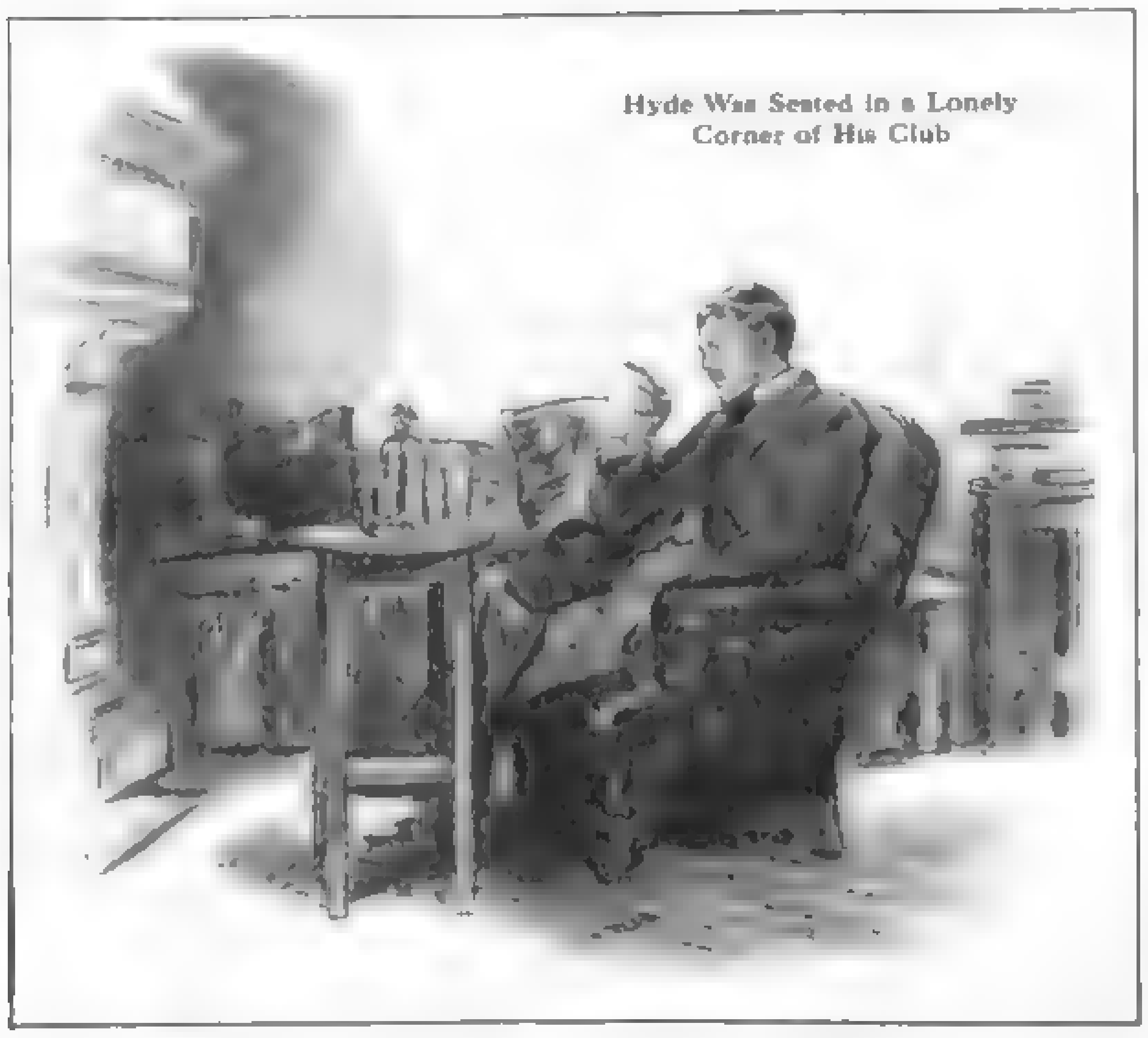
"No, Shreyer," he answered calmly, "we sold—sold, you understand. We knew from the first you were lying You couldn't tell the truth if you tried."

"Sir!" Shreyer again exploded.

But by now Derwent had had enough. "You'll have to excuse me now," he responded curtly. "I have no more time to give you."

Then he turned his back on Shreyer and strode into the outer offices

There he found Beeks putting on his hat and coat, preparing to leave for the day



Hyde Was Seated in a Lonely Corner of His Club

"Where's Mr. Hyde?" he demanded in the same hurried manner as he had asked the question of Shreyer. "Hasn't he telephoned?"

Beeks, still a little sulky, answered that he hadn't heard from the board member since the market's close. Derwent, more hurriedly than ever now, walked over to Miss Grimper's desk. "See if you can locate Mr. Hyde," he ordered tersely. As he turned away Shreyer came down the room, his face composed, though, perhaps, it was a little pinker than usual.

"I bid you good-day!" said he.

"Oh, good-day!" Derwent answered casually, and, going into his office, slammed the door behind him.

Miss Grimper, however, was unable to locate the missing member of the firm. Hyde had left the board; one of the doormen had seen him go out. Afterward she tried a number of other places in the district, but at none of these had Hyde been seen. So, baffled, at last she rang in Derwent's extension and told him the board member was not to be found at the moment.

"All right," answered Derwent in a tired voice. "If he comes in tell him I wish to see him at once."

But that Hyde had not returned was unusual. Instead of reporting in person he had sent a boy with his summary of transactions at the close. Then he had gone uptown and, at the moment Derwent was searching for him, Mr. Hyde was seated in a lonely corner of his club, a glass in front of him, and staring into the fireplace.

"Unh-hh-h!" he was saying to himself softly, so as not to be overheard.

One by one the corps of clerks and office-boys in Hyde & Derwent's put on their coats and hats and departed. But Derwent still sat waiting. Crouched down in his chair, his hands in his pockets, he sat waiting—just waiting. There was nothing else he could do. When Hyde came in—if he ever did—they must think of some way to handle Parsons. Of course, the man knew nothing; it was only a suspicion that had made him bluster and threaten. All the same, it would never do to let him spread his suspicions broadcast. They must silence him somehow. If it got to the ears of the board the governing committee might ask to see the books. There was only one thing to be done—the books must be fixed that night.

Derwent pulled out his watch. "Four-fifty-five!" he remarked in dull astonishment. The way time had dragged with him it had seemed to be much later. He held up his watch to his ear to make sure it was still running, and there came then a timid rap on the door. "Oh, come in!" he called alertly, sure that here was Hyde at last.

But it was not Hyde. It was Miss Grimper instead. Opening the door, she smiled nervously, gave her pompadour another jab, and clasped her hands together.

"Could I see you now, right away?" she faltered with an agitated simper.

Derwent sat back, frowning in disappointment. "Well?" he demanded brusquely.

"Oh, Mr. Derwent," said Miss Grimper, and straightway burst into tears.

To say that Derwent was dumfounded gives scarcely the adequate state of his mind. "Here! here! . . . What's this?" he cried. He and Miss Grimper rarely came into contact, and then only in the most impersonal, casual way. Though uniformly kind and courteous he had been even a little more distant and businesslike with her than with his men employees. Considering this, the situation was one calculated to create a feeling of amazement.

"Miss Grimper—why! why! my girl!"

He got up instantly and made his way toward her.

Miss Grimper, with an effort, somewhat composed herself. "Oh, Mr. Derwent!" she cried, and raised her tearful face; "how can I say it—tell you now?"

"Tell me what?" he inquired gently. "If you are in some trouble, perhaps——"

Miss Grimper again clasped her hands together. "Oh! but it isn't my trouble! Oh, no, sir. It's yours, yours—don't you understand?"

"Mine?" echoed Derwent.

The girl dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief. "Oh, I don't know how to begin. But—but——"

"But what?" he asked. His voice was controlled; to her he showed himself calm and collected, yet into his mind there had sprung again another storm of conflicting fears and questions. Everything was piling up against the hour. What was it Miss Grimper, too, had to tell? With his fists clenched he waited.

"I was sore on—on—sore on you," she faltered plaintively. "It was because I had some money up on Crystal——"

"Humph!" thought Derwent. "Crystal again!" It seemed endless.

"——on Crystal in a—a—bucketshop!" she blurted out. "I felt I was sure to win, and when I—I didn't——"

"Pshaw!" Derwent gave vent to a laugh. "Oh, you've lost a few dollars, have you?" he growled contemptuously. "Well, how much was it, now?"

Miss Grimper reddened suddenly. "It ain't that, Mr Derwent," she answered, almost abashed. "I'm not thinking of my money—only I'd lost—and Mr. Pincus was cleaned out—Mr. Parsons, too—and then I'd had Mr. Dolger on the wire. He was ruined, you know—and I—I never hear the beat of what he said over the 'phone. Just one word was all they was—and I—I'd told him, too. Me, you know—myself. I'd give him the news he was all in on the market, so that, all things said, I—I—well, I just hated you for a moment. Yes, I did, Mr. Derwent—you who was always that kind to me, too."

Derwent waited with what patience he could muster. "But you didn't come in here just to tell me this—that I'd ruined those men, and that you—well, that you hated me!"

Miss Grimper dabbed her eyes anew. "Oh, no—no, indeed, sir! Just listen now: It was that Parsons man and Riggsby. They was laying it up against you, and——"

She stopped abruptly, frightened at Derwent's sudden gesture.

"Parsons? . . . Riggsby?" The names burst impetuously from his lips. "What do you know—and what was it they said? . . . Tell me!" he ordered roughly, since Miss Grimper had paused open-mouthed at his fire.

"Why, they've got it in for you," she explained, and stopped again.

"Yes, yes!" cried Derwent all in a breath, disjointedly. "But what did you hear, and how did you hear it, anyway?"

"I rubbered," said Miss Grimper, and blushed.

And then she told. Still ashamed, fearful of what Derwent would think of her, she rehearsed what she had overheard pass between Parsons and Riggsby during her afternoon's eavesdropping on the wire. When she came to that part of it where Parsons had ordered the cashier to "bring along everything you can tote," Derwent gasped in alarm.

"What!" he cried.

Miss Grimper nodded, and instinctively Derwent sprang to the door. "Riggsby! Riggsby!" he called.

Then came the thunderclap.

"It ain't no use, Mr. Derwent," said the girl. "He went out more'n five minutes ago, and took an armful of books and things with him." Then her mouth dropped open; her eyes stuck out in wonder. "Why, Mr. Derwent!" she exclaimed

For Derwent, with a groan of utter helplessness, had dropped into the nearest chair hiding his face in his hands.

. . . .

It was past eleven o'clock, close to midnight, when Derwent reached his house. He had spent the hours searching the town high and low for some trace of the missing Hyde. Long before he had tracked him as far as his club, but from there the board member of Hyde & Derwent had made an early departure

"He went away in a cab, sir," said the man at the door, his face composed into stolidity after the manner of trained menservants. "Very early it was, sir."

Derwent, however, guessed a part of it from the man's studied expression. "Was he—he was—well, all right?" he asked hesitatingly, inwardly writhing that he had to put such a question to a menial

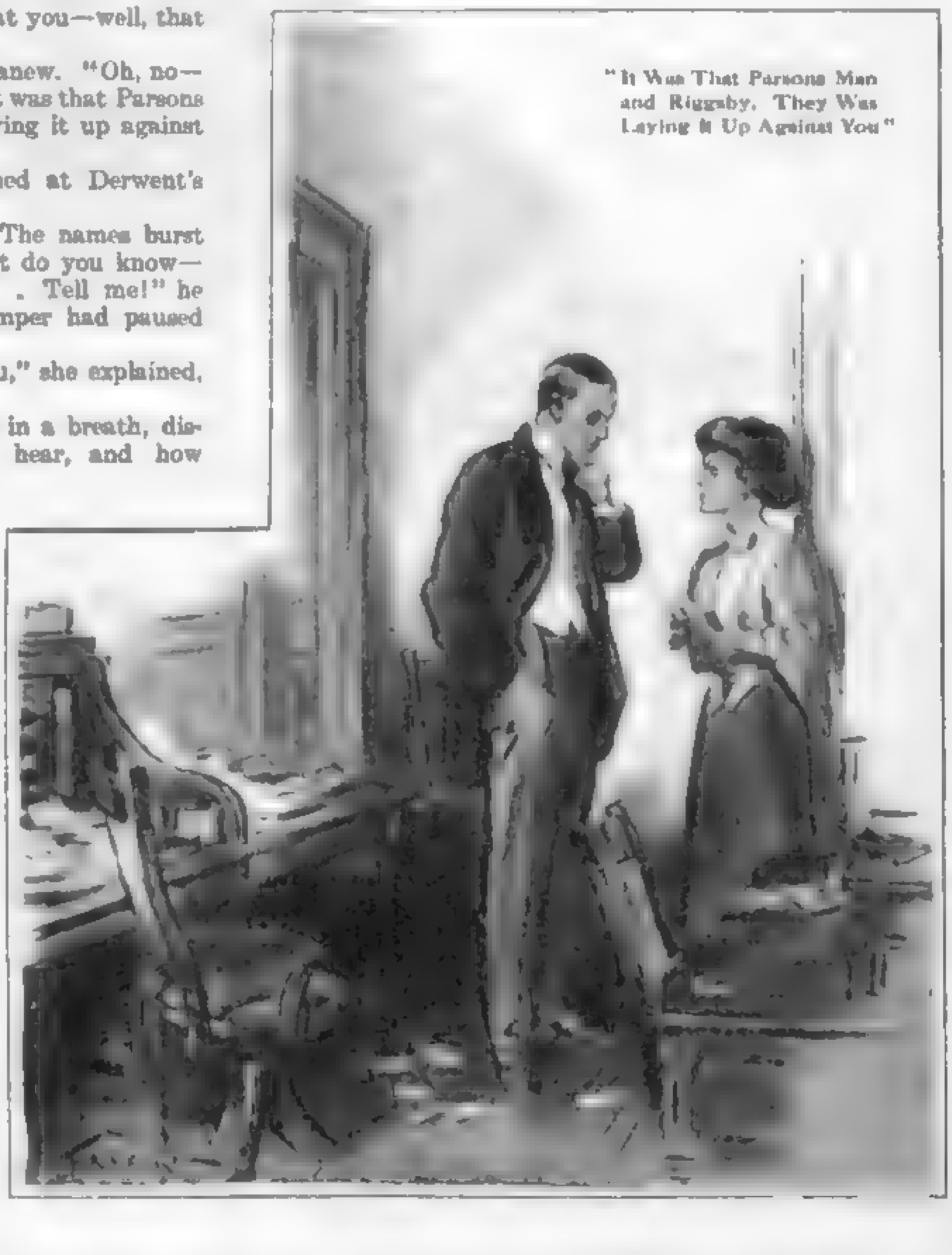
The servant, with no change of expression, answered glibly: "He seemed quite capable, sir. I think so, sir."

Still, Derwent knew. In the reaction from the strain Hyde had taken the usual method of quieting his nerves But when he would reappear no one could answer.

Rage seized on Derwent. If Parsons tried to blackmail him—that was the word, blackmail—he would fight to the last ditch. He would hang on to the money, even in the face of exposure. There was in his mind a thought, a suggestion that, perhaps, after all, the books that Riggsby had taken would show nothing of the spurious transaction, the orders that Hyde had bucketed. Or, if the books were brought up against them there might be some way by which the figures could be juggled, an explanation made. But this, too, after another thought, he knew to be hopeless. He himself had devised the firm's system of bookkeeping; it was exact and minute, with no loophole to escape from the facts. However, Hyde must be found. Between them, when he had the man sober again, they must devise some plan that would free them from their tangle. So, raging inwardly, Derwent deperately threw himself into the search for the missing man.

It all came to naught. At ten-forty-five o'clock he gave up the pursuit and turned his steps toward home. He was worn out, wearied and weak from the strain, yet still fiercely determined. Before he gave up his plunder, or even a part of it, he would fight back to the last. After his sacrifice of honor, honesty, self-respect, he was fiercely determined to hang on to that for which he had sold himself. The thought took precedence of all others.

As Derwent closed the hall door behind him and turned he was aware of a figure that stood waiting at the head of the stairs. It was Mrs. Derwent. She was in a dressing-gown—something soft and white, with a wisp of filmy



"It Was That Parsons Man and Riggsby. They Was Laying It Up Against You" lace on its edges. She had been waiting for some hours and, at the sound of the door opening, had sprung alertly to her feet. Her face was quite composed, gentle; yet it still bore a suggestion of gravity, of something he had never seen in it before. Derwent, with another effort, smoothed out his face and looked up at her.

"Hello, Alice!" he said quietly.

Mrs. Derwent, with no alteration of her face and manner, stood with one hand resting on the balustrade

"Come up, Perry," she said quietly. "I want to talk to you."

Derwent, with a sudden twinge, recalled the promise he had made that afternoon. It was that he would explain why she must not go back to see Jennie Farrar, the woman that had married Parsons. He had forgotten that. Now the remembrance struck home to him. He felt as if a weight were pressing on his breast; that he would like to free his lungs and couldn't

When he had climbed the stairs he found her waiting by a fire of cannel that blazed cheerily. He felt weak, thin-blooded, overweary, now, and he would have liked to sit by the blaze and try to forget. But there was no chance of that. As he stood there, his eyes averted, he thought it a little cruel of her to keep watching him like that, her gaze fixed on him—as he thought—accusingly. But Mrs. Derwent, as yet, knew nothing of his guilt. In Mrs. Parsons' tearful misery there had been only a vague suggestion of something out of the way—nothing that directly implicated Derwent. It had been only a confession of fear that Parsons had ruined himself—that he had lost his all in the market. The other part of it, the fact that it was in Derwent's office his ruin had occurred, Mrs. Derwent had supplied herself. Inwardly she quaked at the thought of it, though her face still preserved its calm.

"Sit down, Perry. Now tell me what happened today."

Derwent looked up doggedly. "Oh, nothing," he answered, and tried to evade what he already saw was coming. "Didn't you go to Udall's? I thought you'd have your necklace on."

Mrs. Derwent, with the same fixity of expression, slowly shook her head. "No; I didn't go. Now tell me about Parsons, please."

"Oh, Parsons?" He shrugged himself and stared dully at the fire. "There's very little to tell."

"No; but you promised me," she persisted, though in the same unaltered voice. "Is he utterly ruined?"

Derwent moved restlessly, his eyes still averted. "Why do you want to bother about him? Tell me why you didn't get your necklace."

"I don't think I'll get it at all. Aren't you going to tell me?" she responded.

"Not get it!" Derwent stared at her almost angrily. "Why not, Alice?"

She leaned back in her chair, her hands spread lightly in her lap, still quiet, still in repose, yet with her eyes still fixedly regarding him. "We can talk of that later. What I wish to know now is, what are you going to do for Parsons?"

"Parsons!" Derwent stared at her in sudden alarm. Had she been told of Parsons' demand on him? But, as her answer seemed to show, she knew nothing of that. "Haven't you told me he's lost everything?—that or nearly all?"

Derwent nodded almost sulkily, as he turned his eyes away. "Yes—but that's no reason," he answered, careless in his choice of phrases—"no reason why I should make good his losses—what he's dropped, gambling in stocks."

Mrs. Derwent, at this, thoughtfully pressed her lips together. "Gambling—yes! But you know where he lost it, don't you? It was gambling in your office—in your own place of business."

So she, at last, had grasped that other point of view. It was the one he had screened from her so long. Now that she had thought it out—now—at this stage of the proceedings, he was only dully affected.

"Nonsense!" he retorted, and let fall another admission: "It's no different—my place of business—from any other brokerage office."

"I know that," answered his wife. "It's all just dawned on me. I likened it to a shop the other night—made a little effort to jest and laugh it off. But I'd begun even then to suspect—to think out what kind of a shop it was. It's a gambling shop. You might as well be dealing cards to those customers of yours."

Derwent nodded sullenly. "All right. Now you know and so that's settled."

Mrs. Derwent stirred lightly. "But it isn't settled, Perry. I wish to know what you're going to do about it?"

"I? Why, nothing. Keep on running it, of course."

"In the same way?" she demanded

"Oh, come, Alice!" he protested almost irritably. "We've got to live, haven't we? There's no other way it can be run."

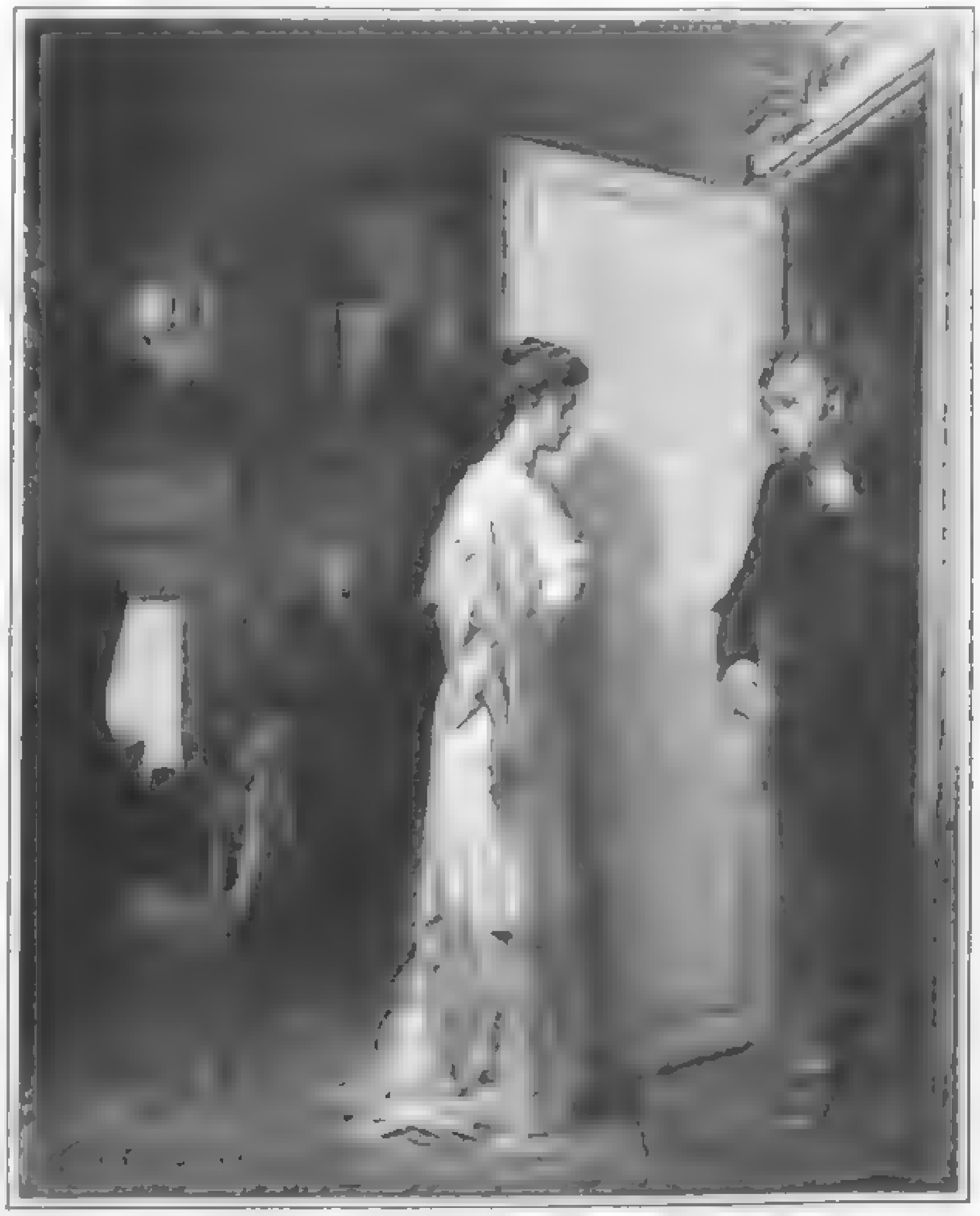
"You mean that you've got to keep on running a gambling house?"

Again Derwent showed his irritation. "Oh, you don't understand. It isn't really a gambling house. It's perfectly lawful."

Mrs. Derwent grasped his meaning fully, though it did nothing to change her mind. "I know; but all the same it's gambling. Perhaps it is lawful; but I, for one, don't purpose to live in just that sort of way. At least," she added, "when it means the ruin of other men"—she might have said, as well, his ruin, too—"the ruin of other men, perhaps the breaking up of their homes."

Derwent laughed jarringly. "Oh, you mean Parsons, of course! You needn't waste any sympathy over him. What if he'd tried to break us up?" he demanded viciously and, the next instant, could have bitten out his tongue for saying it.

"Break us up!" exclaimed Mrs. Derwent with rounded eyes. "What do you mean by that, Perry?"



"Begging Pardon, Madam, but it's the Telephone. Mr. Hyde is Asking for the Master"

"Nothing! nothing!" Derwent got up awkwardly and leaned over the blazing hearth. He turned his back and affected to warm his hands. Mrs. Derwent got up, too.

"Then something more has happened—something besides Parsons' ruin. . . . I wish to know what it is!" she demanded, no longer gently.

"Oh, nothing, I tell you. He just turned ugly when he found he was wiped out."

"Ugly?" Mrs. Derwent reached out and took Derwent by the arm. "Look at me, Perry! Did he accuse you of anything—any—dishonesty?"

Her husband tried to turn away his eyes, to free his arm from her grip; but she still clung to him. "Answer me, Perry!"

"Well," said Derwent, uneasy and in a rumbling voice, "he accused us of . . . Oh, I'm not going to talk about it!" he cried abruptly.

Mrs. Derwent only clung to him a little tighter. "Yes, you are, Perry. I've got to know. He accused you of—of what?" More inflamed and sullen than before, Derwent only shrugged himself. "No, but you've got to tell me," she insisted, her face white. "I'll have to have the truth, even though you won't give it to me."

"And what if I don't choose to tell you?" he asked petulantly, knowing he only made matters worse with every evasion, every effort to hide it all from her.

"Then," said Mrs. Derwent, and wet her lips—"Then you'd force me to the indignity of asking Jennie Farrar. But I've got to know!"

"Oh!" Derwent winced as if she had struck him. "You'd do that——"

Mrs. Derwent held him with her eyes for a moment and then turned away. "No, I couldn't do that," she admitted. "But won't you tell me?"

So Derwent told, his voice low and rumbling. "He said we'd cheated him, swindled him out of his money."

At that a deep, sighing breath escaped his wife, a gasp of pain.

"I don't believe it!" she cried, and gasped again. "Oh, I don't believe it—that you'd take his money like—like that!" Then she caught his arm once more. "You'll not let any one make such an accusation. You're going to defend yourself, aren't you—show that it isn't the truth. You'll fight him back, won't you?"

Derwent, with his mouth grimly compressed, slowly nodded. "He won't get the money without a fight. You may be sure of that!"

But this was not what Mrs. Derwent meant. "I'm not thinking of the money. It's your reputation that most concerns me."

That, too, was a blow in the face. He tried to hide it from her, but his wife's eyes now were too scrutinous for that. "Perry!" she exclaimed as he turned away. "Then you did ——!" The sentence was left unfinished, but what she meant he knew clearly.

"Oh, that's what he says," he answered, making another poor effort at evasion. "But he'll have to prove it first. Anyway," he added lamely, "he'd have lost his money just the same. What we did is going on all the time—only he happened to catch us at it. In other brokerage offices, I mean."

"Then you have done something! You admit it!"

There was no getting away from her. "Don't you blame me—I didn't do it!" he began, and then checked himself. After a pause he looked down and began picking at his fingers. "No; I won't blame it all on Hyde. He did it, but I knew he had. I'm to blame, I suppose, just as much as he is—and it doesn't amount to a great deal, after all We just bucketed his orders—his and the other customers'."

"Bucketed? And what does that mean?"

So he explained it as clearly as he could. "As I've said before," he added, and again lamely, "it's done time and time again in Wall Street. It's only betting that your customer's guessed wrong."

"But what happens," she inquired after a pause, "if you are found out?"

Evasion no longer availed; he saw that. If he were to tell her any more he might as well stick to the truth—make a clean breast of it. So he related the circumstances one by one, hiding only that first detail of how he and Hyde had helped to trick and cozen their own customers. Even now that seemed a little too raw to confess. It was more than even he could face. But the woman, alert now, her mind working keenly, wrenched out of him even that last damaging admission.

"But you made money—a great deal, you told me—whereas they only lost. Why, Perry!"

He thought for a moment and, with his brow moist in the discomfort of the ordeal, hit upon an answer that seemed at the first analysis to be safe. "Oh, we guessed Shreyer was lying, and—oh, well, it just happened that our customers didn't."

"And you let them be fooled? You stood by and saw them lose? No!" she cried, the truth breaking in on her. "You stood and took it from them—you and Hyde! That's it, isn't it?"

She had it all now, the story of deceit and of trickery and dishonor. Drained dry of it Derwent put back his head and stared at her. He wondered what she would do, now that she had the full measure of his meanness. Of course, after that she could no longer respect him, nor could he hope to respect himself. But the situation was more immediate than that, even. It was what she would do about it—now.

She was not the kind, of course, to try heroics—to strike a high and tragic pose; nor was she the sort to fall back upon a woman's recourse of tears. Had she done so it would have, perhaps, been easier to handle her. Instead, she stood and gazed at him—not with contempt or harshness, but with a sort of wonder that he should have been guilty of the vulgarity and petty trickery to which he had just confessed. That he had smirched himself in such a way seemed, to her, to be incredible.

Her silence angered him. "You needn't look at me like that!" he grumbled. "I haven't done anything so rotten. I've told you before it's what's going on everywhere. And besides!" he cried irritably, "you know nothing about the

(Continued on Page 44)

Sir Arthur Pinero—Playwright

By CHARLES FROHMAN

PEOPLE are always curious to know what the playwrights are personally like who have written the plays that have pleased them. It is a natural curiosity. When a first-night audience cries "Author, Author," after the third act or the big scene of the evening's bill, it is not so much that the audience wishes an immediate explanation—though often such a demand would be quite justifiable—but because nearly all of us do our thinking by contrasts or comparisons. We have a natural wish to know how much of the work can be seen in the workman—whether his face or form or manner suggests the play he has written. The custom is repeatedly condemned by most writers on the theater. But it is a kind of public curiosity that is just as human as the successful effort to stifle it would be divine. Besides, to illustrate a new play, which is another fresh speculation on life by the sight of the writer—I was going to say the speculator—is just as pleasurable and reasonable as to illustrate a new book with the frontispiece portrait of the author.

But it is also just as deceiving. I do not know how it may be in the case of books, but there is almost never any additional clew to a play to be had by seeing the playwright. In fact, the playwright is apt to look just the opposite of his play. The serious visage of William Collier is a mask that covers the face of one of the wittiest comedians on the English-speaking stage. The scholarly, thoughtful countenance of William Gillette, giving him always the look of a man who has just come from a complete immersion in ponderous books, is really the face of one of the merriest companions one could find in a lifetime. There is the sweetness of a gentle philosopher and the tenderness of a child in the face of J. M. Barrie, but in his speech and manner there is the shyness and diffidence of one who could never be expected to confide his philosophy or tenderness to the public at large. The plays of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero are seemingly the works of an austere, trenchant, slightly cynical observer of the world and its ways. One's first impression of him is of a cold, analytical, rather austere personality. As a matter of fact, the man is a great lover of fun, a simple, genial gentleman, kindly, courteous, considerate.

A Notable Dinner in Hanover Square

IT WAS about three months before Arthur Wing Pinero was made Sir Arthur Pinero that I was a guest at his little house at 14 Hanover Square, London. On the night I speak of there also sat at his table J. M. Barrie, John Galsworthy, Alfred Sutro and Granville Barker. That little party gave me my first full impression of Pinero, the simple, retiring, almost shy man, in contrast to the Pinero of many famous plays, known throughout the four corners of the world as one of the greatest of living masters of stage technic.

If anything, it was the quiet, even bashful Barrie, who, sitting next to him at the table, saved Pinero from seeming the simplest big man I had ever met.

The mention of the two men in the same breath is inevitable to any one who knows either. Pinero—perhaps the most skillful of all writers in dramatic and comedy technic, whose plays are so flawlessly put together and so rich in stage directions that merely to read them is a liberal education in acting—is a great admirer of Barrie, who is, perhaps, the greatest of living imaginative writers, and who never knows which end of his play to begin with—whether to start at the end and write backward or in the middle and write both ways.

It is with the utmost precision and only after a solid year or two of reflection that Pinero will take up a pen to lay the foundation of a play. Then the work proceeds with all the deliberation and deftness of a superb architect laying the groundwork of a building that, once sketched out in the flat, must inevitably rise in but one way. Pinero's plays are like perfectly woven tapestries—except that unlike tapestries they read brilliantly whichever side is looked at. Or they are like perfectly proportioned mosaics, each word precisely placed in each sentence, each speech deftly thought out, exquisitely chiseled and always contributing to the whole; each act a combination of cumulative scenes, and the whole moving, like the inevitable march of Fate, to a conclusion that is about as easy to deny as the total sum of a correctly added column of figures.

Barrie, on the other hand, is just as apt to start writing a play by beginning at the third act. Then, when by writing through the third and fourth acts he has reached the fifth and is nearly ready to commence the first, he thinks it great fun to decide suddenly that the third act shall be the first. That is the difference between the two men. They are like two architects—the one first sees his building as a drawing in the flat, which when finished in all the multiplicity of its details will rise inevitably as it was originally planned; the other first sees his building as a completed structure and then works inwardly from that picture to the gradual arrangement of details.

Sir Arthur's Tribute to Barrie

THUS, having everything that Barrie has not, there is much in Barrie's equipment that Pinero is without; yet Pinero's admiration for Barrie, the playwright, is only second, and just barely second, to his fondness for Barrie, the man. Not many outside of their mutual friends know of this queer liking that these two men, so utterly unlike, have for each other. It has shown itself very recently on both sides of the Atlantic, and yet, even in this expression of a deep affection, so deft is Pinero, so perfect his manipulation of the means at hand, that even playgoers who have repeatedly seen his latest play, Mid-Channel, have to be told before they realize that it contains one of the prettiest tributes ever written to J. M. Barrie.

It occurs in one of the earliest scenes of the first act of Mid-Channel. Zoe Blundell, as played by Miss Ethel Barrymore, is speaking to the character Mrs. Pierpont. The passages go like this:

ZOE: I've been to the theater every night this week and supped out afterward. They've opened such a ripping restaurant in Jermyn Street. You haven't seen the new play at the St. Martin's, then?

MRS. PIERPONT: No.

ZOE: I'll take you. We'll make up a party. I'll tell Lenny Ferris to get seats.

ETHEL: Good business!

MRS. PIERPONT: Ethel!

ZOE: It's all about children—kiddies. There are the sweetest little tots in it. Two especially—a tiny, round-eyed boy and a mite of a girl with straw-colored hair—you feel you must clamber on the stage and hug them. You feel you *must!*

MRS. PIERPONT: Aren't there any grown-ups?

ZOE: Oh, yes; they bore me.

ETHEL: I was reading the story to you, Mother——

ZOE: The story's no account—it's the kiddies. The man who wrote the thing must be awfully fond of children. I wonder whether he has any little 'uns. If he hasn't it's of no consequence to him; he can imagine them. What a jolly gift! Fancy! To have the power of imagining children—bringing them to life! Just by shutting the door and sitting down at your writing-table and saying to your brain: "Now, then; I'm ready for them——!"

The St. Martin's Theater that Pinero speaks of in the above speech is now known as the Duke of York's, and the sweet little tots that he so much admires are the children of Peter Pan—because it is Barrie who is so awfully fond of children and who of all living men has the most amazing gift of imagining them into life.

Yet, admiring Barrie as he does, Pinero has an equal fondness for the German stage, especially for the manner with which in every detail the Germans put on Shakespearean plays. The thoroughness of the German mind, as it is revealed in the theater, has a great fascination for him. I suppose it is this fondness for a copious, German-like detail that is seen in the wonderfully full and unmistakably clear stage directions that distinguish his manuscripts from the plays of any other writer. If with a good cast you take a Pinero comedy and strictly follow its stage directions and its stage business in producing it, interpolating as little as possible of your own ideas, you will evolve the most spirited and genuinely humorous performance possible to that comedy. Pinero might take any of his plays—he has each one privately printed, not typewritten, before it is performed—and mail it to an intelligent stage manager in Australia, with no directions other than those contained on the printed pages, and if that stage manager has a capable company he can give just as perfect a performance of the play as if Pinero himself were present directing the rehearsals.

If he had not developed into a great playwright I think Sir Arthur Wing Pinero would have become one of the world's greatest mathematicians. As it is, he is of a mathematically exact turn of mind in his work and in his simplest conversations. He is a great lover of French actors, especially of Guitry, and of the French nation in general; and, of course, from this people come the greatest of modern mathematical minds. Dramatic style of technic in playwriting with Pinero, as with a skillful mathematician, is achieving the greatest possible amount of power, represented in thought or in dramatic effect, by the use of the fewest number of symbols. I don't think I have ever cut out a single line from all the Pinero texts I have ever staged—and that because I could not afford to do so. His manuscripts are constructed with a most copious attention to details of speech and of action, but always it is a thrifty copiousness, with never a thought or a word too little or too much.

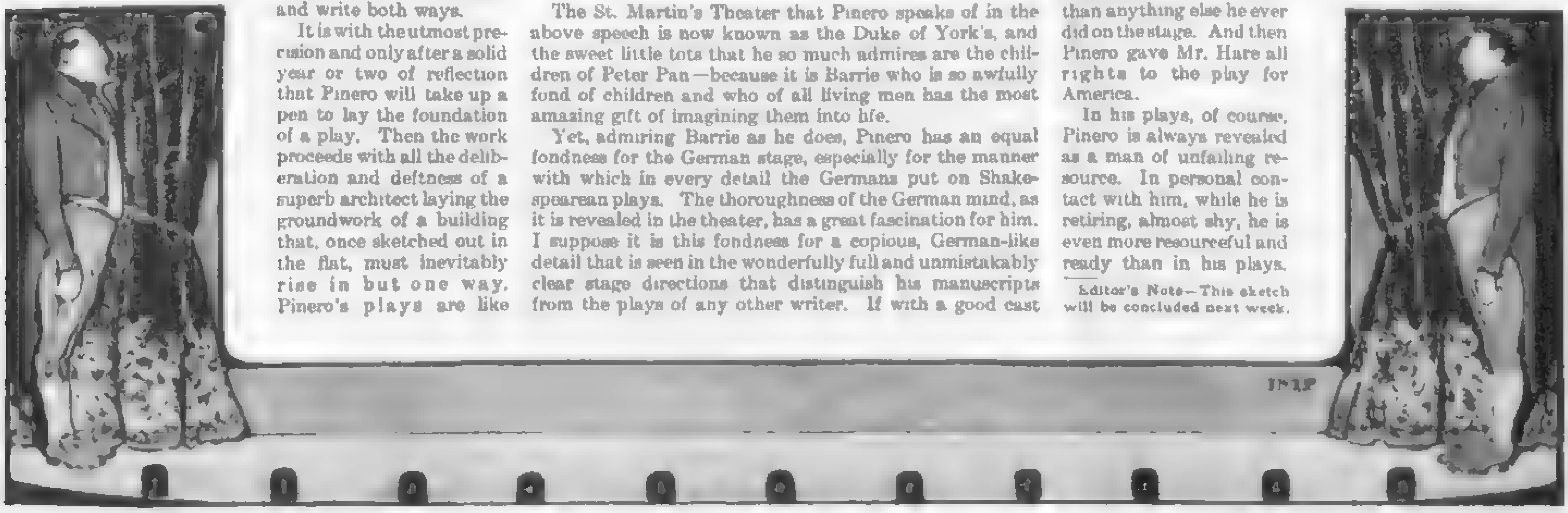
But Sir Arthur Wing Pinero began his career neither as a playwright nor as a mathematician, but as an actor. He got his first part, a very small one, in Sir Henry Irving's company, and from this he went to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and later to John Hare. His personal fondness for this coterie of friends has always been particularly warm, as it must have been delightfully comforting to him personally through all the years. For a long time Pinero was a familiar figure at the opening nights of Irving's productions at the Lyceum Theater.

The Writing of The Gay Lord Quex

FOR all Pinero's thriftiness of means as a workman—his love of obtaining the most striking effects by spending the fewest number of words—in his relations with friends he is a man of unusual liberality of speech and deed. When Mr. and Mrs. Kendal asked him to lend them his play, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, for a limited tour in America, Pinero knew as well as they that, while the play would draw splendidly, its American tour would mean a great financial loss to him, but he quickly and gladly gave his friends all rights to the play for what I think was their last American season. People who really know Arthur Wing Pinero know a man of a large outlook on life, a free hand and an abundant generosity, characteristic of a personality given to continuous expression. Once, when John Hare came to Pinero for a play, the playwright listened to him, said little, promised less and seemingly hoped for nothing. But in the seclusion of his study he was soon busy, not with pen and ink, but in quiet thought, evolving a wonderful drama of every-day English life. When he had thought it all out he reduced his ideas to manuscript and called the play The Gay Lord Quex. It quickly brought him renewed fame and Mr. Hare a great personal success—possibly suiting that actor better than anything else he ever did on the stage. And then Pinero gave Mr. Hare all rights to the play for America.

In his plays, of course, Pinero is always revealed as a man of unfailing resource. In personal contact with him, while he is retiring, almost shy, he is even more resourceful and ready than in his plays.

Editor's Note—This sketch will be concluded next week.



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 26, 1910

How Innocent is the Bystander?

PHILADELPHIA is the latest city at this writing to take its turn with extensive civic disorders incidental to a street-car strike. At one time or another nearly every American city has gone through the same experience. If one has so far escaped, probably its turn will come next

At each city's turn the same thing is said about it—that the public is an innocent bystander, not interested in either side of the quarrel, but suffering all its losses and inconvenience. This standard description seems to us inadequate. The "public" outnumbers strikers and stockholders a hundred to one, or a thousand to one; yet it walks and sees rioting over and over again as often as strikes occur.

A good while ago Mr. Howells said that our strike-riots were like the private wars which Guelf and Ghibelline fought out in the streets of mediæval Italian cities. Only a few persons did the fighting then; but pretty nearly everybody else inclined either to the faction of the Pope or to that of the Emperor. Who can doubt that after a brisk sword-play in Florence or Sienna many an unmilitant citizen rubbed his hands and observed, chuckling: "Well, thank goodness, half a dozen of those blasted Guelfs got their gizzards split, anyway!" So our street fights reflect a great body of rage and prejudice which surrounds the capital-and-labor question and secretly wills that the fight go on.

The rioting is often done by persons who are not strikers at all; and you have only to drop in at the club to learn what persons who are not stockholders would like to see done to the strikers. The way out is to diminish the wrath and prejudice, not to increase them.

The Suppression of Gambling

FIFTY-EIGHT race tracks, it is said, have been put out of business as gambling joints by reformatory statutes of recent years, and acts soon to come into force will suppress a number of others. Lotteries have been stamped out by law, while as a result of legislation the number of bucketshops and the volume of "trades" handled by them have greatly decreased.

Much effort was necessary to accomplish this. Sometimes—as in the case of New York's race-track law—the opposition was so formidable that it nearly wrecked a political party. All of which certainly shows a preponderating mass of public opinion against gambling. This mass of opinion has already brought rather important results, but it has never been able to get itself properly focused upon such items as the following, which we quote from the columns of a conservative financial journal of recent date:

"One of the weakest spots—of the stock market—was the position of an amateur plunger who was finally brought to the dust last week. It seems incredible, but he is reported to have been carrying five hundred thousand shares—nearly fifty million dollars' worth—of Steel

In that case, the gentleman referred to as merely an amateur plunger doubtless borrowed from the banks thirty million dollars or more with which to carry on his gaming transactions—and we still talk gravely about discouraging gambling. It was this operation and others like it which high financial authorities in London and Paris Sir Edward Holden and M. Leroy-Beaulieu, for example were earnestly discussing, in the middle of February, with a view to extracting their significance in relation to the industries of the United States and the world's finances

Mr. Morgan's Seven Billions

WHEN General Grant returned from his tour of the world an enterprising reporter managed to meet his ship in the bay and obtain an interview. It was an excellent news story and a great many papers bought it. Each described the scene as "our special correspondent" clambered aboard. A statistical person estimated that there must have been nearly enough special correspondents on deck to sink the ship. In fact, there was only one, and he weighed a hundred and seventeen pounds.

When Mr. Morgan bought Mr. Ryan's stock in a life-insurance company, not long ago, various papers figured up anew how much wealth Mr. Morgan controlled. The most industrious got a total of seven billions—a fifteenth or so of all the wealth in the country.

Of course, Morgan controls no wealth except that in his pocket. He is consulted about the administration of much property, but that administration is already hedged about with restrictions which society, for its own protection, has imposed. It is the Interstate Commerce Commission, or the Public Service Commission, or the Insurance Commissioner more often than it is Mr. Morgan that says what shall be done under certain circumstances. Even when there are no statutory limitations he does not what he would like to, but only what the circumstances will permit.

We are not so much obsessed by a notion of the power of very rich men as we used to be a dozen years ago. Then it was rather generally believed that the country could not regulate big business enterprises because Mr. Rockefeller wouldn't let it. We know better now. Whether Mr. Morgan is a director in ten companies or a thousand is immaterial. The important thing is to keep on insisting that, regarding every one of the companies, the public must have the first say as to how it shall be conducted.

The Case of Russia

NOW and then hopeful glimmers appear in the Russian darkness, but they seem to grow less, as sparks from a dying fire, rather than kindlings of a rising light. Not many people have put forth, within a like length of time, a greater effort for freedom than the Russians did, but they could not shake off the Cossacks.

A hundred and fifty years ago, in what may have been a flash of political insight, Rosseau wrote: "The Russians will never be truly civilized because they were taken in hand too early. Peter had the genius of imitation—not the true genius which creates all from nothing." He meant, of course, that a system of civilization for which they were not prepared, imposed upon them from without, had really hindered and distorted rather than helped the true growth of the Russians. The Aztecs, gradually developing their own civilization, might presently have produced a Homer if left to themselves; but the Spaniards with their so-called superior system simply destroyed the plant. Compare India's development, under the hands of enlightened England, with that of "benighted" but free Japan.

Not that the comparison is absolutely conclusive, but it supplies an interesting commentary upon the White Man's Burden and the whole smug theory that for a more advanced nation to take charge of a less advanced one and impose a "superior" alien system upon it with a club is an act of philanthropy and necessarily benefits mankind. There is at least an even chance, for example, that the United States is hindering genuine civilization in the Philippines.

Begin at the Top

ONE twenty-eight-hundred-dollar-a-year superintendent and four eighteen-dollar-a-week clerks, we believe, have been the proved villains, so far, in the several-million-dollar sugar-duty frauds.

It is not charged that any of these villains originated the fraud or obtained a dollar of the millions that were filched from the Government. They were employed by a great and rich concern, and we wish to remark that nine subordinate employees out of ten, especially of a great concern, will scarcely think of questioning the boss' right to determine the moral conditions under which the business shall be conducted. That is his affair, not theirs. If he wishes to swindle the Government they feel that it is he, not they, who does the swindling. Essentially they are not doing it, for they neither will it nor profit by it. They are merely holding their jobs; and in acquiescing in the boss' fraud in order to hold their jobs they are as honest and respectable as the rest of us.

There are exceptions, of course—humble employees who will throw up their jobs and face a none too indulgent world empty-handed—except for wife and children—rather than enter a false weight according to the custom of the shop; just as there are stenographers who will resign rather than follow the boss' instructions to say that he is out when he isn't.

But they are the exceptions. Prosecuting subordinate employees may meet a legal requirement of the case, but it doesn't touch or go near the moral requirement. If the Government gets us further than that it will have achieved merely a ghastly farce.

A Different German Example

PERSONS interested in sociology understand the temptation to hold up Germany as a shining example; but it is one that may be overindulged. Many public matters are better managed there than here—hence arises a conclusion that all public matters are better managed, and that Germany is politically more advanced.

It is useful to remember, then, that the predominant German State, Prussia, hasn't yet got around to the rather elemental point of permitting ordinary citizens to vote—or, at least, to vote effectively. Under the electoral system which even Bismarck denounced they may go through the forms of voting, but half a dozen votes of the first and second class may outweigh hundreds of the third class—the commonalty.

The Government recently vouchsafed a reform which carefully retained the evils of the old system. Unable to express themselves by ballots the people naturally resorted to rioting and the Government to bayonets—which won handily for the time being. After a thorough bayoneting the Chancellor is reported to have said that "to democratize parliament has always resulted in making the people's political sense coarse and superficial." Keeping a people's political sense refined and deep by shooting is certainly not a new or advanced governmental policy.

Inspection of Grain

"WHY is it," asks a farmer's journal, "that the same corn from Central Illinois grades No. 4 at Chicago and No. 3 at New Orleans?"

The price paid for grain depends, of course, upon its grade. Each of the big terminal markets has its own organization for inspecting and grading. That at Chicago, at least, has usually been one of the pawns of machine politics. Much of the buying of the actual grain is done by the powerful elevator interests at the terminal markets, which are also exporters of the grain to Europe. Farmers often complain that their grain is graded too low. On the other hand, loud complaints of our grading are often heard from European buyers.

Senator McCumber has introduced a bill for uniform Federal inspection and grading of grain. Such inspection would, no doubt, command confidence at home and respect abroad. That grain growers who have given the matter attention are heartily in favor of it is, we think, beyond question. Yet we read that the boards of trade have representatives at Washington opposing the bill.

They say it would be paternalistic—which means merely that they can't think of anything else to call it.

To whom would uniform, impartial Federal inspection be less profitable than the present arrangement? Not to grain growers certainly, nor to consumers of grain. Whom do these boards of trade, posing as public bodies, really represent?

That Roosevelt Bugbear

ALMOST always practical jokes are in bad taste. To drop a cat on a dozing gentleman's bald head, or tie a cord across the church steps before choir-meeting adjourns, produces funny situations; but a humane person will consider the feelings of the performers.

Therefore, while we can't help laughing, we must censure the great Republican newspaper which recently asked fellow-editors over the country to name their first choice for next President. Of course, a strong majority instantly arose and shouted "Roosevelt." We suppose no unprejudiced citizen of the United States, having even a cursory acquaintance with political affairs, would have doubted for a moment what the major answer would be, or that, if the poll had been extended among mere non-journalistic voters, the majority would have been greater. This setting it down in cold, black figures is a good deal like putting a bent pin in the chair.

Roosevelt's popularity today is like Cleveland's in 1892. Both are explained by the country's instinctive affection for a man who is bigger than his party. Both men's independence of the organization inspired public confidence. The same may be said of Hughes, Folk and others who have enjoyed popular support in large measure. There is little doubt as to how a great majority of the people regard both party organizations. They are convenient agencies for hiring halls, posting handbills and calling the meeting to order. The most successful politicians, in a big way, are those who view them in this janitor-like light.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Dictator of Baseball

ALL great men have their fads and foibles, else they would not be great men.

Surveying that sentence critically, it seems entirely bromidic and absolutely unnecessary. Still, one must start a story by saying something, must one not? Unless, perchance, one happens to be a *littérateur*, when the invariable custom is to start a story by saying nothing.

However, this is not a literary compendium. It is a narrative that is cluttered with and hampered by facts. Bearing this in mind, it seems incredible that this tale should have been begun in that casual manner, for what is in consideration concerning the great man of whom I shall reverently speak is neither a fad nor a foible. It is an obsession. Wherefore, having elucidated this matter, let us proceed in a dignified and scholarly manner.

Our hero is none other than Ban Johnson, president of the American League of Baseball Clubs, and his obsession is pink underwear. Nor would this be worthy of remark were Mr. Johnson a small man, but Nature has so constructed him that to shroud his manly form according to the dictates of his inner self he requires about all the pink underwear there is. Indeed, rumor has it that one mill at Amsterdam, New York, works full time supplying his inordinate demand. When arrayed, Mr. Johnson resembles a Turner impression of a strawstack in the setting sun, painted on an evening when Turner was more impressionistically strabismic than usual.

From this we may gather that Mr. Johnson has a tender, romantic streak concealed about him. It must be that he is a poet—not laboring at it much, perhaps, but still a poet. Few of his associates have realized this, but it is true, and is easily susceptible of proof. Many a poet is born to blush unseen, as a poet who didn't says, and there it is irrefragable and irrefutable: Blush—pink—unseen—pshaw!—it's too easy.

The conception the friends and associates of Mr. Johnson have, and the great baseball public, is that when he is performing his specialty of looking wise no man on earth could be as wise as he looks. And if, so be, Johnson has little knowledge of the subject in hand and is waiting for information, he looks wiser than when he knows more. When he knows nothing of the subject in hand he pulls a look of wisdom that would set Solomon back to playing with his A, B, C blocks.

No Man on Earth Could be as Wise as He Looks

Johnson came from Athens, Ohio, haloed in history as the home of General Grosvenor, to Cincinnati years ago, and became baseball reporter on the old Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. He looked wise then, and for some unknown reason his colleagues in the baseball reporting business called him "Rubber Skull." Presently, in the course of his literary labors, Johnson deemed it necessary to throw a few harpoons into John T. Brush, then owner of the Cincinnati Reds. His aim was good. It wasn't long before Brush looked like a porcupine, and talked like a lost soul with its tail caught in the crack of the door.

When Pride Went Before a Fall

COMISKEY was managing the Reds for the Brush, and he was Johnson's friend. Comiskey bought the St. Paul Club in the Western League and comiskeyed Brush into taking Johnson as president of the Western League, although Brush owned the Indianapolis club in the same organization. Perhaps it wasn't so hard, for this took Johnson out of Cincinnati. Johnson was elected. Johnson was smart enough to know that Comiskey was and is a baseball genius, and he did what he was told by Comiskey. Comiskey wanted to expand, and he put a club in Chicago. This brought on a baseball war and resulted in the formation of the American League, with clubs in St. Louis, Philadelphia, New York and so on. It was a hard fight between the National League and the new American, and it was finally compromised by the signing of the National Agreement, which was, in effect, a treaty of peace which made Johnson's American equal in importance to the older National League and made Johnson one of the biggest baseball men in the country.

Under this agreement, which now includes thirty-nine leagues, three hundred and thirty-six clubs and eight thousand players on reserve lists, they formed the Court of Last Appeal in baseball, known as the National Commission. It consists of the presidents of the two big leagues and a third man chosen by them, who is chairman. They have all the baseball power there is. Johnson was on the job when the commission was formed and he chose for the third member, August Herrmann, of Cincinnati August Herrmann is a politician with a mad desire to be chairman or president of everything in sight. He is a joiner, loves titles, and is never so happy as when he is covered with badges. Let him but have the medals, and he cares not who does the work and has the power

Johnson was skillful. He invented a new title for Herrmann every few days and ran things his own way. Then he quarreled with Comiskey. It was this way: Johnson and Comiskey were in a party that went hunting up in the big woods on the Flambeau. Johnson had a new gun and a new hunting vest, big enough to be used as a tent in a pinch, with the bow-window exposure filled with pockets for shells. He was proud of his gun and proud of his vest. He boasted about his prowess all the way out.

They breakfasted at Abe's at Fifield, about half after five in the morning. Here Johnson, looking wise enough, made what Comiskey afterward said was the greatest fox pass of his busy life. He left that vest hanging in the hall while he devastated the ham and eggs. Two of the party took the loaded shells out of Johnson's vest and replaced them with shells that contained no shot—blanks. Usually there is a wild scramble to get on the front seat of the first wagon, for the man who sits there generally can get a dozen or so partridges on the way in to camp. That morning Johnson was accorded the place without protest.

Partridges were plentiful. They whirred up in great numbers. Johnson shot twenty or thirty times, but did not get a bird. He thought he wasn't used to the new gun, and the others were very sympathetic. Next morning he was still excusing himself and went out with no company but a guide. He shot several times and did not stir a feather. Then he put up a piece of paper on a tree, walked within ten feet of it and let it have both barrels There was nothing but wads in the shells. He went into camp, pale, distraught, chagrined, and left that night. He blamed Comiskey, who didn't do it, and they became enemies

After a time they shook hands and decided to forget it Johnson had been fishing and he sent Comiskey a fine bass. Fifteen minutes after Comiskey had the bass—it was a day on which the White Sox, Comiskey's team, were fighting desperately for the pennant—Johnson sent notice suspending Holmes for three days, Holmes the left fielder who was such a tower of strength to Comiskey.

"What does he want me to do?" yelled Comiskey, "play the bass in left field?"

The fight was renewed. Comiskey was out in the open and on the warpath, and Johnson manœuvering from safe distances. Johnson lost control of Herrmann, his be-badged National Commissioner, and it looked as if the American League would be wrecked. Then they patched things up "for the good of the game," and Comiskey fell in behind Johnson once more. It was decided to put Herrmann on the commission again, the understanding being that Johnson would vote for him if Herrmann would do as Johnson wanted. Thus, Johnson became the dictator

Whenever you find a company of baseball men who know the game and its politics you will find harsh critics of Johnson and his methods, and warm defenders. Johnson is a politician. He never gets out with an axe or a baseball bat and fights. He never tackles an open foe. He gets his results by politics, and he has more results to his personal credit than any of the others. He compels good behavior by umpires and players in his league, for which he deserves well of the baseball public. His organization is well conducted and his politics has attained everything wanted by his league. He is loyal to his league, and is the biggest figure in present-day baseball.

Peters in the Majority

THE late John R. East was at one time elected to the Indiana Legislature on the tariff issue

In one of his campaign speeches he said: "Fellow-citizens: The fact is, this tariff is nothing more than a question of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and I want to tell you right here that there's a blamed sight more Peters than Pauls in this country."

An Editorial Enigma

SOME years ago a Washington correspondent, who was in charge of the bureau of one of the big New York papers, left the office early one night to play whist—or something like—at the house of a friend.

Nothing was doing when he left, but soon afterward the cyclone came along and wrecked a good part of St. Louis. As Washington is five hours nearer St. Louis than New York the managing editor of his paper, who wanted to get a reporter there as soon as possible, sent the correspondent a rush telegram which read: "Go to St. Louis at once."

Nobody knew where the correspondent was, and after trying to find him for several hours, the message was taken to his room and pinned on his mirror.

The correspondent arrived about four A. M. He had heard nothing of the St. Louis cyclone. So he puzzled over the telegram for some time and then wired to the home office: "What shall I do when I get there?"

Not That Kind of Papa

A CERTAIN ensign in the Navy had an overwhelming desire to marry the daughter of a rear-admiral, who was noted in the service as a frank, not to say harsh, man

The ensign went, with much trepidation, into the office of the man he desired to make his father-in-law

"So you want to marry my daughter?" inquired the rear-admiral in deep chest tones.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what are you going to support a wife on, with nothing but the pay of an ensign?"

"Well, Admiral, if I am not mistaken, you were married when you were an ensign."

"Yes, young man, I was, but I lived off my father-in-law, and I'll be damned if you are going to do that."

A Very Dry County

THE landlord of a village hotel in a prohibition county in Indiana is very deaf

The other day a drummer, who was at the hotel, walked up to the desk where the landlord was standing and asked: "Landlord, can you sell me a stamp?"

The landlord weighed the matter thoughtfully. Then he replied: "No, sir. I'd like to help you, but the durned drys is watchin' me so clus I had to cut it out."

The Hall of Fame

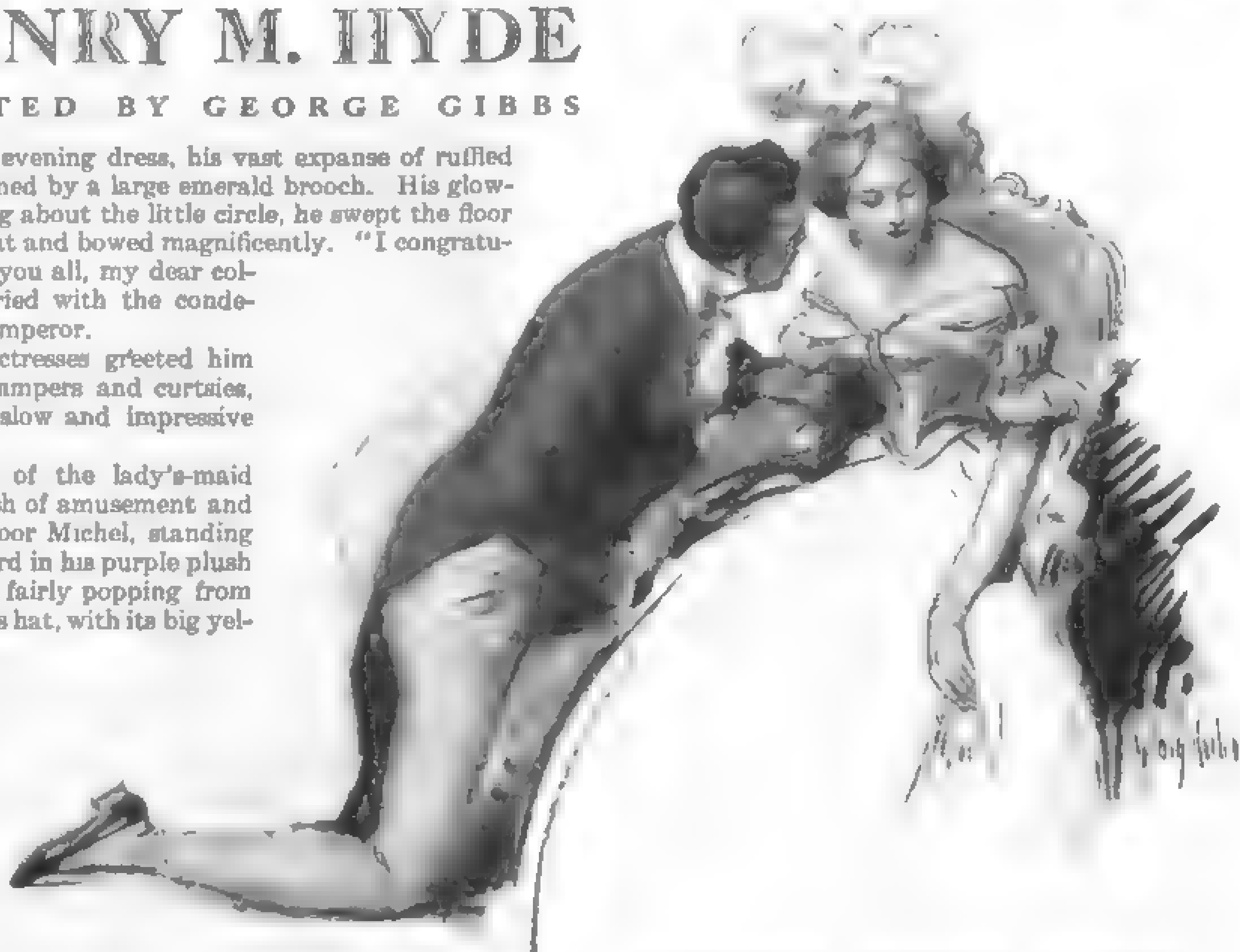
¶ Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, has three fads: dollar cigars, copper mines and Oregon apples.

¶ They tried to make a joke of the fondness of Vice-President Fairbanks for buttermilk, but it wasn't a joke It was a Vice-Presidential trend, for Vice-President Sherman drinks a couple of quarts of it every day.

THE TRIUMPH OF DUMAS

By HENRY M. HYDE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



"Ah, Marie, Had I but the Right to Protect You!"

AN ACTOR in the costume of an antique court flunky turned from the wings and came back into the greenroom, waving his hands in excitement. "Magnificent!" he cried. "Every inch filled! A blaze of uniforms and jewels! All the royalties! The Duc d'Orléans! The Duchesse de Berry! The whole court!" Then, dropping his hands and his voice at the same time, he asked dubiously: "Will the play score, think you?"

A young woman in the plain black-and-white gown of a servingmaid rose from the damask-covered chair on which she had been sitting and glanced at herself in the pier-glass. "The play seems well enough," she said languidly. "For my part, I consider that what is needed is an actress of greater beauty"—a second glance in the mirror under stern, set brows—"and more tragic power in the rôle of the Duchesse de Guise."

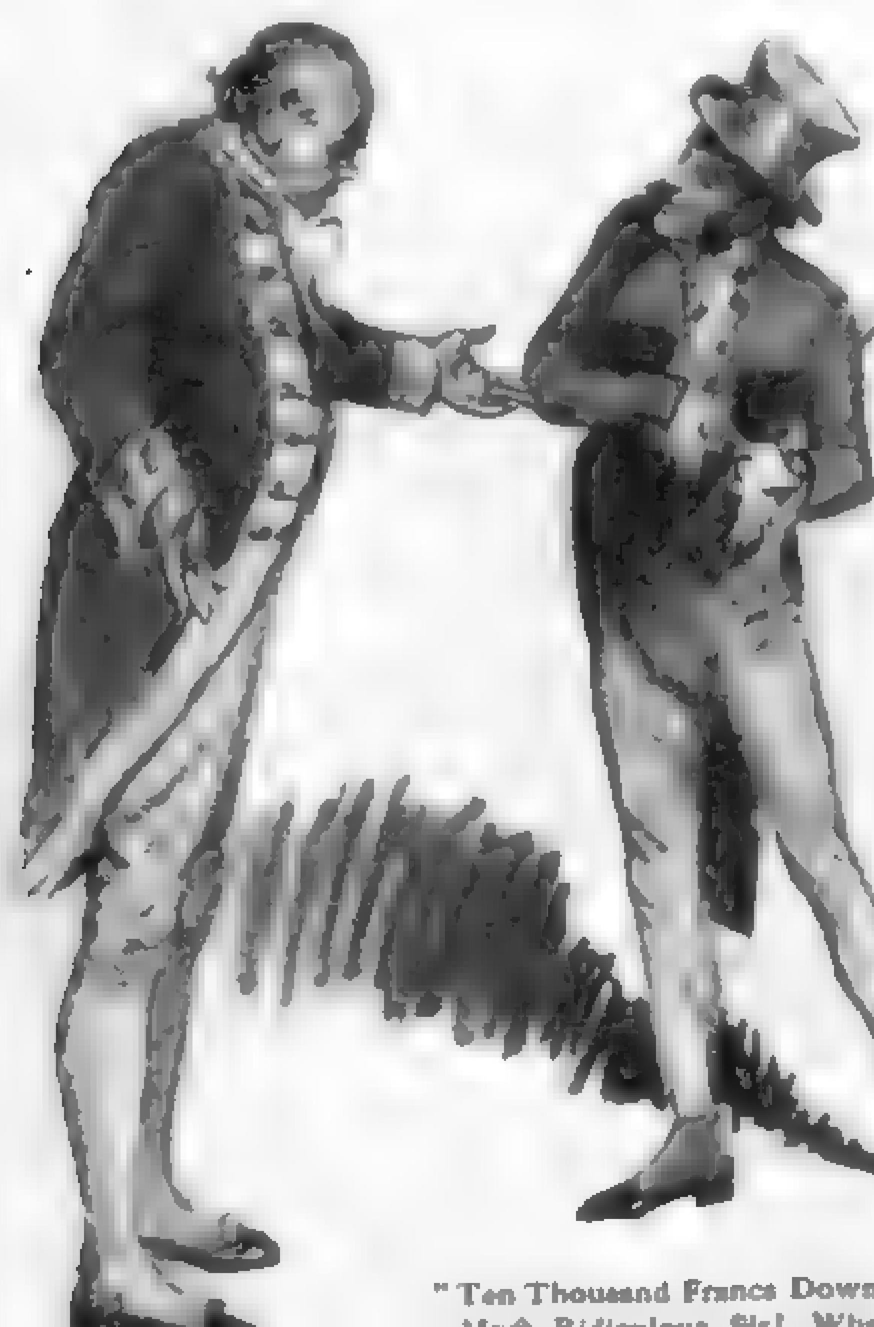
The four other people waiting their cues in the greenroom exchanged quick smiles of derision.

"In my opinion," impressively said the actor who had first spoken, "all the leading parts are abominably cast." Nods and murmurs marked unanimous assent. A tall, dark man, wearing the leather jerkin of a bowman, struck the table with an emphatic knuckle. "Exactly so!" he growled in a deep voice. "The Comte Saint Megrim, for instance! One would imagine that for that part, on which everything depends, the committee would have chosen a man of some height and presence"—the broad shoulders were thrown back and the big chest expanded, while the right hand went up to twirl the sweeping brown mustache—"with an olive skin and, preferably, 'something in the way of a military mustache."

While he still surveyed himself complacently in the glass, amidst the shrugs and smiles of his companions, a page hurried through the room, carrying a huge pasteboard box almost as large as himself. He left the box on one of the couches and went out without a word. The actress in the maid's costume bent over to examine the box

"There is no card on it," she said as the others gathered close about. "Let us see," she went on, untying the wide, crimson ribbon and taking off the cover. "Ah!" From the box she lifted a splendid crown of laurel wrought in silver. "Now, whom can this be for?" Each of her companions stepped forward expectantly. "Ah! Here's a card." Bending over she read aloud the inscription: "To M. Alexandre Dumas, from an ardent admirer." With an eloquent shrug she dropped the crown back in the box and replaced the cover, while the others fell back with gestures of disgust. "The vanity of these dramatic authors and their friends!" she cried pettishly.

From the body of the house came the sound of a hubbub. Faintly heard were cries of "Bravo!" "Author!" and "Dumas!" As if in answer Dumas and his servant, Michel, entered the greenroom. Dumas was gorgeous in a black-velvet evening dress, his vast expanse of ruffled shirtfront fastened by a large emerald brooch. His glowing eyes running about the little circle, he swept the floor with his high hat and bowed magnificently. "I congratulate and thank you all, my dear colleagues!" he cried with the condescension of an emperor.



"Ten Thousand Francs Down? Most Ridiculous, Sir! What You Ask is Quite Impossible!"

The three actresses greeted him with affected simpers and curtsies, the men with slow and impressive bows.

In the eyes of the lady's-maid he caught a flash of amusement and turned to see poor Michel, standing stiff and awkward in his purple plush livery, his eyes fairly popping from his head, and his hat, with its big yellow pompon, still in place.

"Take off your hat, blockhead," he ordered As Michel hastily obeyed, uncovering a mass of tousled red hair, the voice of the callboy sounded from the wings: "All on for the court scene!"

"Our cue. We shall do our best to save you, Monsieur," simpered the lady's-maid as they departed

Dumas was himself about to turn to the wings when the door opened and a queer, withered little man, in dandified evening dress, came trotting across the room to throw his arms about the tall, slender figure of the young dramatist.

"Your turn tonight, my dear Dumas!" he said in his squeaky little voice. Quitting the embrace, he trotted to the wings and peered out for an instant at the house. Then, with a wizened smile and a gay gesture, he beckoned Dumas to approach.

"Last night, when my play was on, my dear Dumas," he said triumphantly, "you pointed out to me a man asleep in one of the boxes. Look here, now! Your play can put people to sleep, also!"

Dumas barely lifted his eyes to the aperture, then looked down playfully at his small companion. "My dear De Freycint," he laughed, "that is the same man. He hasn't waked up yet!"

When De Freycint entered the doorkeeper of the greenroom had called Michel outside. Now the servant returned in a state of some excitement and, calling his master aside whispered to him in a shrill undertone: "Master, that rascally jeweler's assistant is outside. He demands either five thousand francs or the return of the silver laurel wreath."

"Bah! Tell him to come back after the third act. He shall have the wreath immediately it has been presented to me. And, Michel"—as the servant turned to leave the greenroom—"let me know who occupies the little box to the right of the stage."

De Freycint came mincing back from the wings and threw his arms for the second time about the long black-velvet coat. "My dear Dumas, it is a triumph!" he cried, his voice muffled by the ruffled shirtfront. "The most brilliant audience the Française ever held sits spellbound. And that with the city in a turmoil! As I came by there was a mob in the Place de la Bastille and they were throwing up barricades in the Rue De l'Echelle. Outside the very theater a rabble is gathered."

Over the vivid face of Dumas came a sudden and heavy shadow. He sank back into a chair and rested his chin on his hands in an attitude of dejection. "A triumph, you say, De Freycint?" he repeated in a melancholy tone. "And she to whom my geese have always been swans lies at home in her poor lodgings, ill, unable to hear the name of her son on the lips of all these people! Ah! To miss the loving pride that would shine in her dear eyes—that is a poor triumph!"

"Your mother is ill, poor chap? Not serious, I trust?"

"The doctor tells me it is a trifle, a slight dizziness, followed by coma. I left her sleeping. The attack was brought on, I fear, by her anxiety in my behalf. Ah! But think how ready we are, for any light caprice of youth, to leave a mother while she lives. Then, one day, comes the awful and inevitable hour when she has to leave us; and when it is too late we weep and reproach ourselves for all the neglect and indifference that parted us needlessly from the guardian angel now gone forever!"

From the body of the house came a fresh tumult of applause. Shrill shouts of "Author! Author!" sounded above the roar. Baron Taylor, manager of the Française, rushed into the greenroom in a state of great excitement. "Come, Monsieur Dumas, come! The people demand it! They are ready to storm the stage!"

As Dumas sprang up, his big black eyes blazing, a ruddy color in his olive cheeks, Michel threw open the greenroom door and ushered in an old gentleman and a young girl. Dumas turned to receive them, and Baron Taylor, with a gesture of desperation, hurried off into the wings. One hand thrust into the bosom of his coat, Dumas greeted his visitors with a magnificent bow, speaking at the same time in a quick aside to Michel: "Run quickly and find how my mother gets on."

The old gentleman, in the costume of a previous generation, hair in a pigtail, lace ruffles at wrists and throat, strutted pompously forward. "Is this you, after all, our good-for-nothing young cousin," he said condescendingly, "determined to put us all in the wrong? You remember my little Marie, eh, young Dumas?"

The young girl, in a clinging white gown, lifted her blue eyes for an instant to the ardent face of the dramatist, then looked down, blushing like a rose of Killarney. Dumas led her, unresisting, to the great chair in the center of the room and bent over and kissed her hand. Then he turned defiantly to her father. "There are some things, my good Uncle Devoilaine," he said, "that a man never forgets."

Devoilaine snapped his fingers imperiously. "Nothing sentimental now, if you please, young man. That sort of thing was over, five years ago." Then, as Dumas looked down, for the instant abashed, the old man went on more cordially: "But you—you're making a great splash with your plays and your novels—you young beggar, you!"

With the careless air of an American billionaire Dumas pulled a great roll of banknotes from his waistcoat pocket. "Beggar, my good uncle! Look at this, if you please! One, two, four—five thousand francs! Which is what is left of the sum advanced on my play by Lafitte, the banker."

A curious expression of greed and astonishment came into the wrinkled face of the old man. "Well, I'll be damned!" he cried, throwing up both hands. "Now, if you'll only be thrifty, Cousin Dumas!"

"It was seven thousand francs in the first place," Dumas went on, smiling. "In an attack of thrift, when the money was put into my hands I went to the keeper of a restaurant and compounded with him for breakfasts and dinners for a whole year. I paid him two thousand good francs to cover the cost. Five days afterward the wretch went into bankruptcy and his place was closed. So"—with an airy wave of the hand—"that for thrift, my good uncle!"

Then, as he stole a glance at Mademoiselle Devoilaine, a new light of resolution came into his face. "Come, my dear uncle," he cried, seizing the old man by the hand and leading him across the room, "you mustn't miss any of this masterpiece of mine. I'll seat you in the wings where you can see stage and audience at once." Returning he found De Freycint in an attitude of admiration, anxiously waiting an introduction. But Dumas was relentless. "You'll be tired of the greenroom, I'm sure," he said, graciously ushering him to the door. "Pray occupy my stage box."

As De Freycint departed Dumas held out both hands appealingly to Mademoiselle Devoilaine. "Marie!" he whispered.

The girl looked up and about her in apparent alarm at finding herself deserted. "Monsieur Dumas," she faltered, rising and resting one hand on the side of her chair

"Your father asked me if I remembered. It is you who have forgotten."

The girl looked him full in the face. Then, as her eyes dropped, he saw that the tears were gathering. Instantly he held her in his arms. "Have you forgotten how we pledged ourselves across the running water?" he whispered tenderly. "Have you forgotten the first kiss with which we sealed our love?"

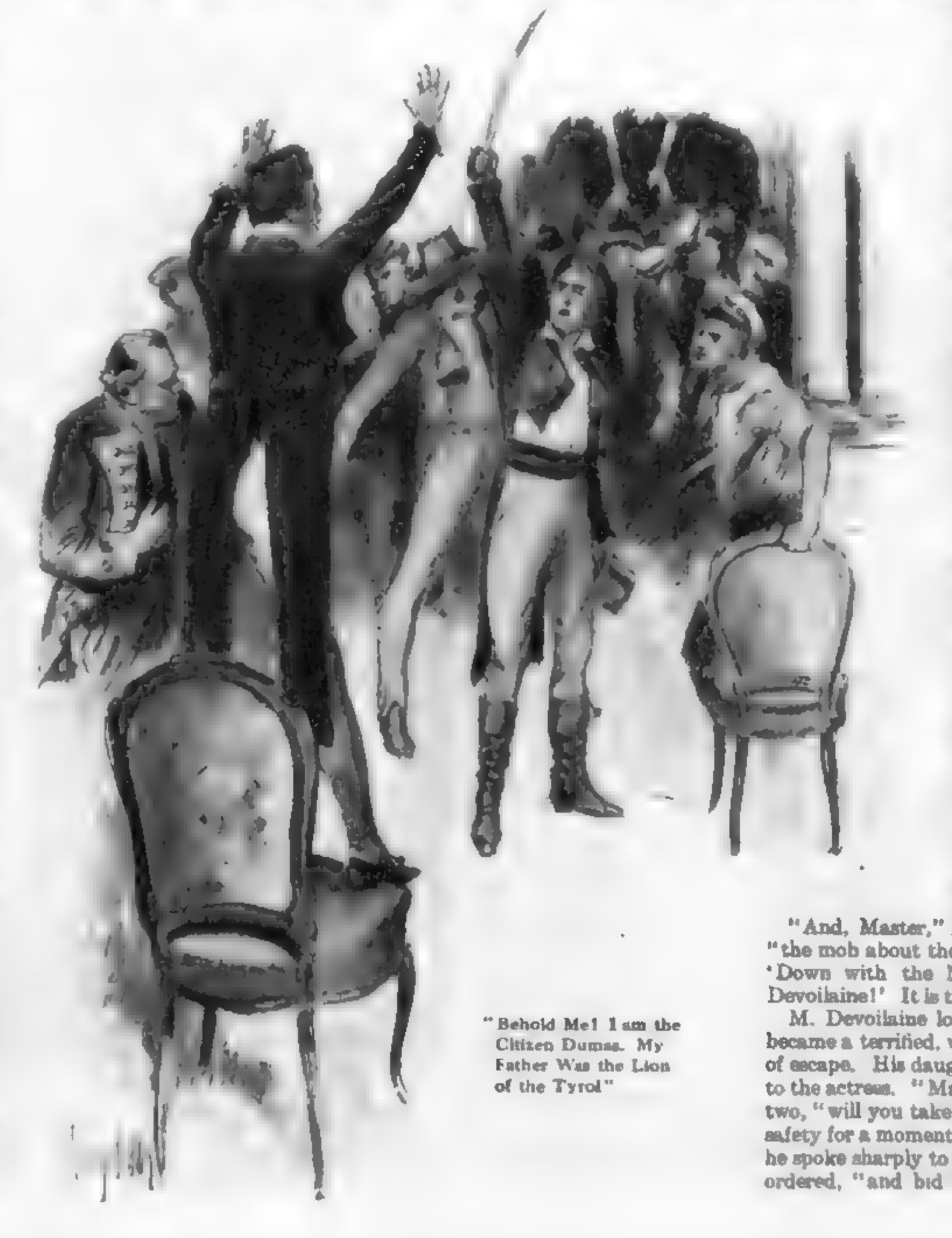
Gently she released herself from his embrace, but still stood close to him, her hand on his sleeve, and looked up appealingly into his face. "Be fair, Alexandre," she begged; "be generous. We were but children then."

"Now that I am a man I find that my love has grown with my stature," he declared. "But you, Marie?"

Mademoiselle Devoilaine dropped down into the chair. "Because you are a man," she said, looking up, "you cannot understand how helpless a young girl is. You know my father—how stern, how relentless is his ambition?"

"My poor Marie," whispered Dumas, bending over to kiss her hand.

"The past five years have been full of terror to me. Now that my father is at the head of the royal treasury it is worse than ever. Paris is furious at the latest tax he has imposed. Last night a mob gathered before our house and cried: 'Down with Devoilaine!' The rabble tried to stop our horses as we drove up to the theater. I live in a nightmare!"



"Behold Me! I am the Citizen Dumas. My Father Was the Lion of the Tyrol"

"Ah, Marie, had I but the right to protect you!" cried Dumas, dropping on one knee beside her chair.

"How happy we were in the old days at Villars-Cotterets! Every night I pray to the Virgin to bring them back again. How I love the old village! But now everything is changed."

"All but me, Marie!"

"Ah, Alexandre, you are changed most of all!"

The click of a door brought Dumas hurriedly to his feet. Michel stood in the entrance. "Master," he gasped, "Baron Ferrier, of the Odéon, waits. He wants you to sign a contract to write a play for his theater. There are others, also."

"Bah!" snapped Dumas. "I sent you on a different errand. How fares my mother, rascal?"

"She still sleeps, Master. Her rest is unbroken."

"That is well. The moment she wakens I shall go to her. Do you keep close watch."

"Yes, Master. And Baron Ferrier?"

"Oh, I appoint you my man of business, good Michel," answered Dumas, with a careless wave of the hand. "Sign Ferrier's contract. Sign them all. Only, drive hard bargains. Insist on large advance payments. You know how to sell fresh artichokes when they are the first on the market? Very well! Our artichokes are large and fresh—they are first on the market. Be merciless!"

As Michel lumbered out he turned again to the girl. "You see, Marie?" he said grandiloquently, "I shall be rich. I shall make huge sums of money and a great name. If your father is ambitious I shall be able to satisfy him. And then"—he dropped again to his knee and took the girl's hand—"and then, Marie?" he whispered tenderly.

Marie Devoilaine looked at him, hesitated and turned away her eyes. "Oh, it all frightens me!" she cried under her breath. "I'm afraid of the city, of the great crowds. The air of the court is poison. And yet, Alexandre——" She put one little hand on his coat-sleeve and looked at him timidly. A fresh storm of applause came from the body of the theater. Those who cried "Author!" were shriller and more insistent. The girl half sprang up in alarm, then sank back into her chair. Dumas rose, straightened himself proudly and took one step toward the wings. Then he turned again, tenderly, to Marie. "I'm afraid of all this noise and excitement," she went on hurriedly. "I'm afraid of the mob. I'm only a little coward, Alexandre. I'm afraid even of you!"

"Come!" he cried, bending over to take her hand. "I will take you anywhere—I will do anything to make you happy!"

The girl sprang up, trembling. "You will, Alexandre? You'll give up all this glory and glitter? Paris, and the theater, and your great career? You'll give it all up and come and be happy and good with me in a cottage? Ah, Alexandre!"

Her hands were on his shoulders, her face lifted to his, when Baron Taylor, at the head of a group of panting and excited actors, rushed into the greenroom. "You must come at once, Monsieur Dumas!" cried the director, seizing him by the arm. "The house is in a turmoil! The people will no longer be denied!"

For an instant Dumas hesitated. Then, as a louder burst of cheers reached his ears, he bowed low to Marie Devoilaine. "But for a moment, Mademoiselle," he said. "Forgive me!"

As he turned to go on to the stage, towering proudly above the plump figure of the director, Marie Devoilaine sank down into the chair, as white and broken as a clipped lily. At the same instant Michel, marvelous in his purple plush livery, entered the greenroom from without. He was followed by a little group of men in evening dress, who worried him as terriers do a bone. In the front was the small dandy, Baron Ferrier, manager of the Odéon.

"Ten thousand francs down? Most ridiculous, sir!" the little man snapped angrily. "What you ask is quite impossible!"

"Very well!" said Michel, with an imitative wave of the hand. "Perhaps some of these other gentlemen will be glad to pay for the privilege of having the next play by Monsieur Dumas? You would like it for the Porte Saint Martin? Well, since Baron Ferrier"—he started to make an entry on the bit of paper in his hand, but Ferrier hastily interrupted.

"I'll pay, then," he said. "But it is robbery. And I must have the manuscript in three months' time."

Michel glanced anxiously about the room. "Where is Monsieur Dumas?" he asked aloud. From the theater came hoarse cheers and cries of "Bravo!" "Listen," he said, "how they cheer my master! Our prices are going up fast. Come, now, hurry. Who pays five thousand advance for our third play? Give me your names and the money down, and we'll send a contract to each of you."

The noise in the theater stopped abruptly. Michel hurried his negotiations with the managers. As he put down the last name and drove them reluctantly out of the room Dumas appeared in the wings, head thrown back, black eyes ablaze. Behind him was a grinning stagehand carrying the laurel wreath of silver. Old Devoilaine came pompously forward to greet him. "A triumph, my young cousin, a triumph!" he cried enthusiastically.

Bowing his thanks, Dumas caught sight of Michel, who stood expectantly, a sheaf of papers in his hand. "Is my mother worse?" he asked hoarsely, a look of anxious alarm on his face

"She still sleeps. But I have agreed for three plays and two novels to be done within three months from date. Here is five thousand francs advance money—with fifteen thousand more to be paid when the contracts are delivered."

"Excellently sold fresh artichokes," Dumas answered, his face beaming again. With a lordly gesture he thrust the papers into one pocket and the uncounted banknotes into another. "Now the gardener must bestir himself." Turning to observe the impression on M. Devoilaine, his eyes fell on Marie, who still sat as he had left her in the great chair, her eyes cast down, the picture of girlish despair

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" he cried, stepping forward. "Will you not also congratulate me?"

She rose and curtsied, her head still bent, her eyes cast down. "Monsieur," she said in a low tone, "I congratulate you with all my heart."

"And since turn about is fair play," broke in her pompous little father, "you may as well congratulate her, M. Dumas. Just this evening I have told my daughter of the great honor in store for her. I have arranged a marriage for her with the Comte Vincent de Périgord. You are of the family, so to speak, and I let you into the great secret first of all."

The girl sank down again into the chair, beside which old Devoilaine stood smiling and rubbing his hands. Dumas stared for a moment, breathless. Then, as he stepped forward to speak he was stopped by the sound of a deep voice from the wings. They turned to see a splendid woman in a court gown of crimson, her black hair crowned with a coronet.

"Is this M. Dumas?" she asked. The dramatist bowed. With a sweeping gesture she threw her white arms about his reluctant shoulders. "Then you must embrace me!" she cried. "Tonight I have been your Duchesse de Guise. What genius you have! Yes! And you do understand women!"

Embarrassed for once, Dumas was vastly relieved when Michel plucked him by the sleeve. "Master, the jeweler's assistant!" the servant whispered.

With a shrug and a shake of the head he turned to the silver wreath of laurel which stood against the wall. "Let him take it," he said. M. Devoilaine tittered. His daughter had turned her back on the scene. A quick flash came into Dumas' eyes and he pulled a bundle of banknotes from his pocket. "No. Pay the dog!" He handed the money to the servant. "We will send the wreath as an engagement present to Mademoiselle Devoilaine!"

"And, Master," Michel went on in a frightened voice, "the mob about the theater grows dangerous. It shouts: 'Down with the Neapolitan woman!' and 'Death to Devoilaine!' It is trying to storm the house!"

M. Devoilaine lost, on the word, his pomposity. He became a terrified, white-faced old man looking for a way of escape. His daughter clung to his arm. Dumas turned to the actress. "Madame Dorval," he said, indicating the two, "will you take this lady and gentleman to a place of safety for a moment?" They went out into the wings and he spoke sharply to Michel. "Throw open the doors," he ordered, "and bid the mob come into the greenroom."

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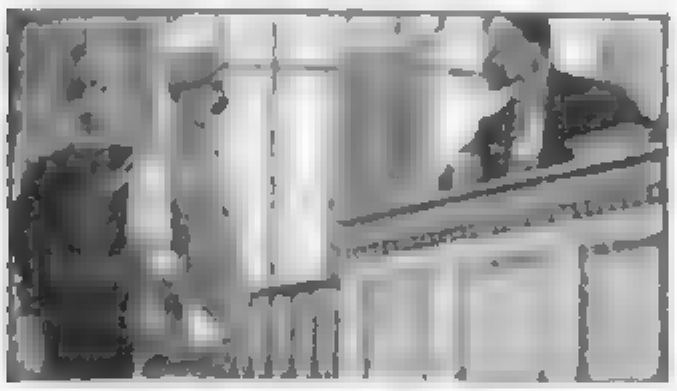

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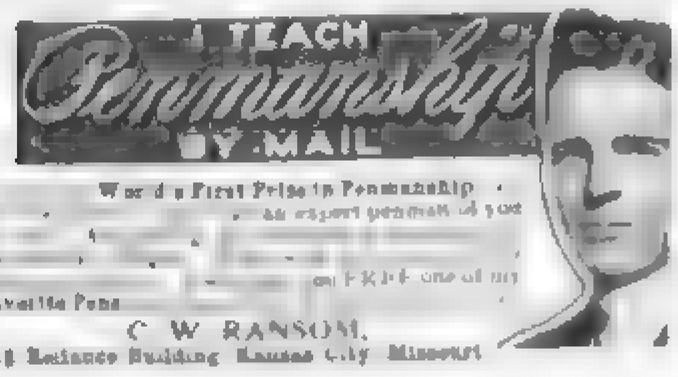

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Then, as Michel started, he summoned a couple of stagehands and sent them flying on quick errands.

Through the door, which Michel left open behind him, came the cries of the approaching mob. It swept into the greenroom in a ragged wave, a couple of well-dressed young men in front, a crowd of boys and men pressing behind. "Vive la République!" cried one. "Down with Devolaine!" was the battle-cry of another. Some of them brandished clubs and ugly pieces of iron pipe. All were gesticulating angrily and talking in hoarse, wrathful voices. As they spread out into the big greenroom, from the high walls of which the portraits of a score of great actors and actresses looked down, there came an instant's hush. Standing in the middle of the room, directly opposite the entrance, Dumas straightened his tall young figure to its full height and took quick advantage of the momentary silence. "Citizens! I salute you!" he shouted, waving his right hand in a fine gesture.

A little man of delicate appearance, the blood running from a fresh cut on his forehead, sprang forward brandishing a rusty sword. "We demand that the theaters be closed!" he cried. "Murder is being done in the streets! This is no time for amusements!" A low, uncertain murmur of assent began, which threatened to swell into a tidal wave of noise and fury.

"Well, my last act is almost over," said Dumas, quite to himself, as he sprang on to a chair. The men in front stopped to look as he straightened up and raised both his hands, the palms outward, in an appeal for silence. "Citizens!" he cried in his deepest voice, "behold me! I am the Citizen Dumas. My father was the Lion of the Tyrol in the grand army of the First Republic!" There was a little stir of approval, followed again by silence. "This morning I was myself dismissed from his Majesty's Bureau of Forests because they declared me a republican!" A voice in the rear of the crowd cried "Bravo!" "You may judge where my sympathies lie! Citizens, you are engaged in serious business! I think I see how I may aid you! You need serious weapons! Jacques!" he called.

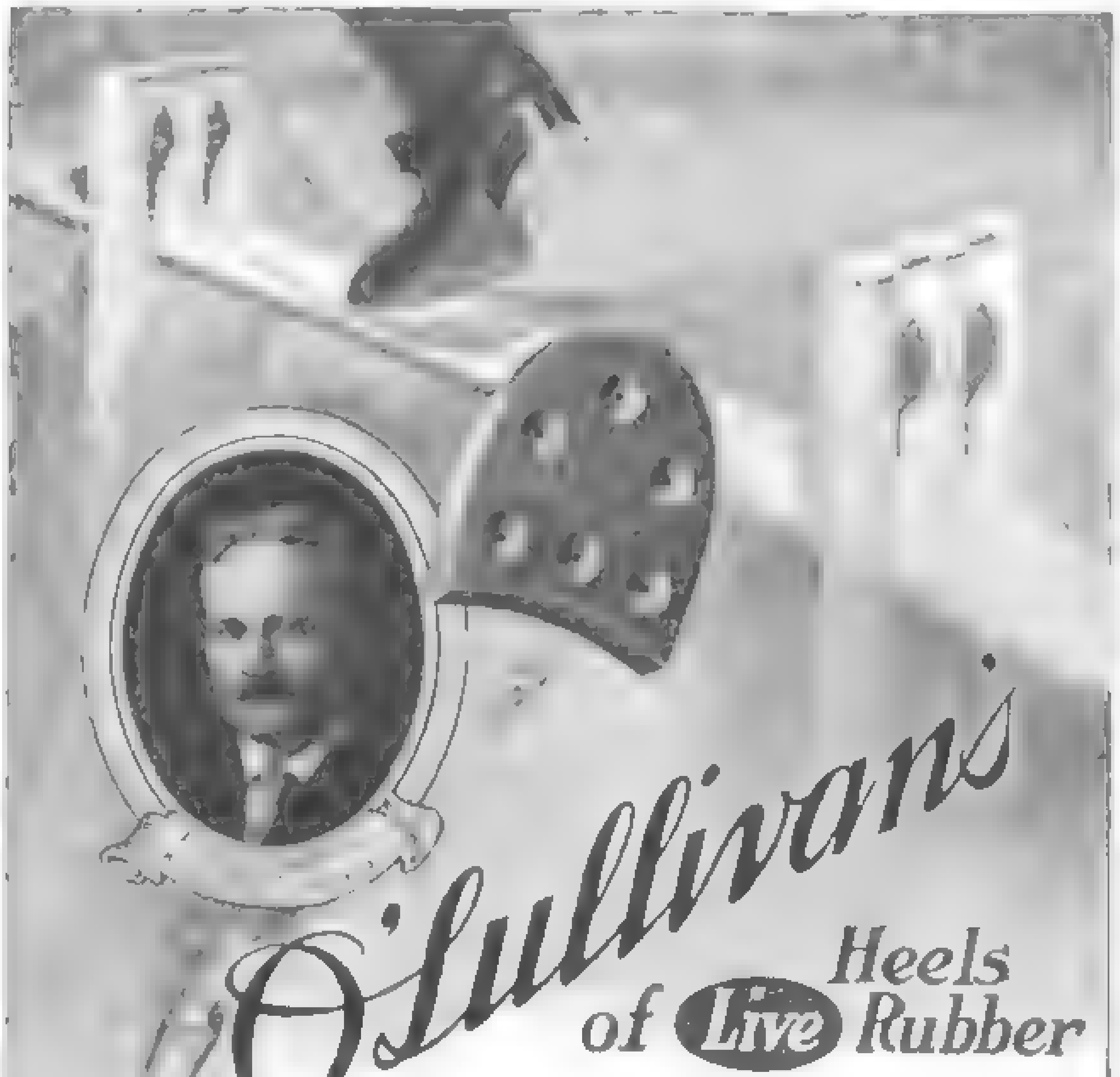
Half a dozen stagehands, their arms full of muskets, forced their way from the wings to the chair on which the speaker was standing. One of them carried, also, a long red coat and a helmet from which dangled a tri-colored plume. "Here," sounded the voice of Dumas. "Let your leader put on this uniform. And here is a gun for every man." The mob pushed forward about the musket-bearers, each man seizing his weapon. From his high perch, with lifted hands, Dumas again stilled the tumult for an instant. "You will know where to find ammunition!" he cried. "And now, away to the Arc de Triomphe and drill! Drill, that you may be ready for eventualities!"

Springing down, he ran to the outer door and, bowing profoundly, started the nearest man out. The rest followed in a ragged line, muskets on shoulder. Most of them saluted awkwardly as they passed out. Last of all came the wounded leader, proudly wearing the martial helmet and the scarlet coat.

While Dumas had been haranguing the mob the curtain had dropped on the last act of Henri III amidst a final thundering volley of applause. Now, as Dumas turned to the empty greenroom, Baron Taylor appeared in the wings, escorting a distinguished company. In front Dumas recognized the Duc d'Orléans and the Duchesse de Berry. They were surrounded by a gay group of ladies and gentlemen, including several aides and officers in uniform. The dramatist stood silent, bowing profoundly.

"M. Dumas, you have justified yourself," said the Duke with royal graciousness. "Your triumph is complete!"

"The approval of your Highness is my complete vindication," the young man answered, again bowing. The Duchesse de Berry stepped forward and offered her hand. By her side stood a tall, stately lady with white hair and most distinguished bearing. "May I also congratulate you?" said the Duchesse. Dumas bent to kiss the royal hand. "And present the new Racine to the Duchesse de Montpensier?" The presentation was acknowledged by a slight inclination of the aristocratic old head. "Her Highness," went on the Duchesse de Berry, "is the godmother of your old friend, Mademoiselle Devolaine."



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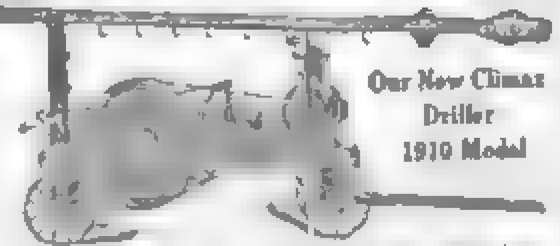
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"To whose hand, Madame," said Dumas with his most impressive obeisance, "I have the honor to aspire."

The Duchesse de Montpensier drew herself up haughtily. "One hears, Monsieur Dumas, that the engagement of Mademoiselle Devonanne to the Comte Vincent de Perigord will be announced in the court circular tomorrow," she said icily.

"Still, your Highness, I do not despair," answered Dumas, his hand on his heart. "Before now the song of a poet has proved itself more powerful than the edict of a king."

The Duchesse de Berry interrupted with a smile, tapping the dramatist playfully on the sleeve with her fan. "Tonight, Monsieur," she laughed, "your song has conquered us all. The Duke and I shall be glad to see you at the Palais Royal. We surrender at discretion."

"I humbly thank you, Madame. Do I presume too much in hoping that some day your Highness will honor my own poor castle with a visit?"

"Your castle, Monsieur Dumas!" cried the Duchesse in a tone of surprise. "And I have been thinking you only a penniless clerk! How shall we get to this castle of yours, Monsieur?"

For an instant the tall youth stood crestfallen and abashed. Then he straightened up with a smile and a shrug. "Well, to be sure, your Highness, when one stops to think of it," he said, "my castle is yet to be built." The Duchesse laughed merrily. A flash of amusement showed even on the cold face of her companion. But Dumas went on airily: "But I assure you, Madame, the King's own architect is working night and day on the plans."

The Duchesse de Berry curtsied with mocking homage. "Then I accept your invitation," she smiled. "Only be sure, Monsieur, that you do not finally locate your castle in Spain!" Dumas outmatched the lady in his low-bending bow. "One hears amusing tales of your adventures this morning, Monsieur," she went on lightly. "The Duc d'Orléans told them at the dinner-table."

"Might I but know, Madame," the artful youth replied, "the identity of the great lady who saved the day for me?"

"We are all pledged to keep her secret. Yet you have put yourself under a heavy obligation, for when the rest laughed at the bit of card you gave her, and advised her not to put her trust in poets, she declared that in time of need there was no one to whom she should appeal with greater confidence than to you, Monsieur."

"I shall make it my first point of honor to see that her confidence is not abused, your Highness."

"It may interest you to hear, Monsieur Dumas," said the Duchesse, "that De Broval, the Duke's director-general, was this afternoon removed from office." Dumas' face fell, its look expressing chagrin and regret. "What! You are not pleased? It was on your account to some extent, one hears, that the Duke removed him."

"De Broval is old and poor, your Highness, and now he is discredited. It is in princes, not in poets, Madame, that we are advised not to put our trust."

The Duchesse de Berry glanced at her stately companion, bit her lips and hastened to change the subject. "I hear with sorrow, Monsieur Dumas," she said sympathetically, "that your mother is ill and not able to share in the triumph of her son."

Dumas started. "It is my shame that for the moment I had forgotten her. Pardon me an instant, your Highness. Michel," he cried in a quick aside, "slip quietly away and find how my mother is."

There was a stir in the group which surrounded the Duc d'Orléans. It separated and the Duke himself stepped forward. "How is this, Monsieur Dumas?" he demanded in a voice of royal anger. "My aide reports that a rabble, armed with sticks and stones, gathered about the theater; that you called them in, welcomed them with a speech and sent them away armed with muskets! Is it thus you repay my kindness?"

In the silence that followed the Duke's sharp challenge the people in the greenroom gathered more closely about him. The Duchesse de Berry and her companion shrank back, looks of horror on their faces, and left Dumas standing quite alone. With all the composure in the world he bowed.

"What I have done," he said in an even voice, "need give your Highness no uneasiness. The rabble was noisy. I feared

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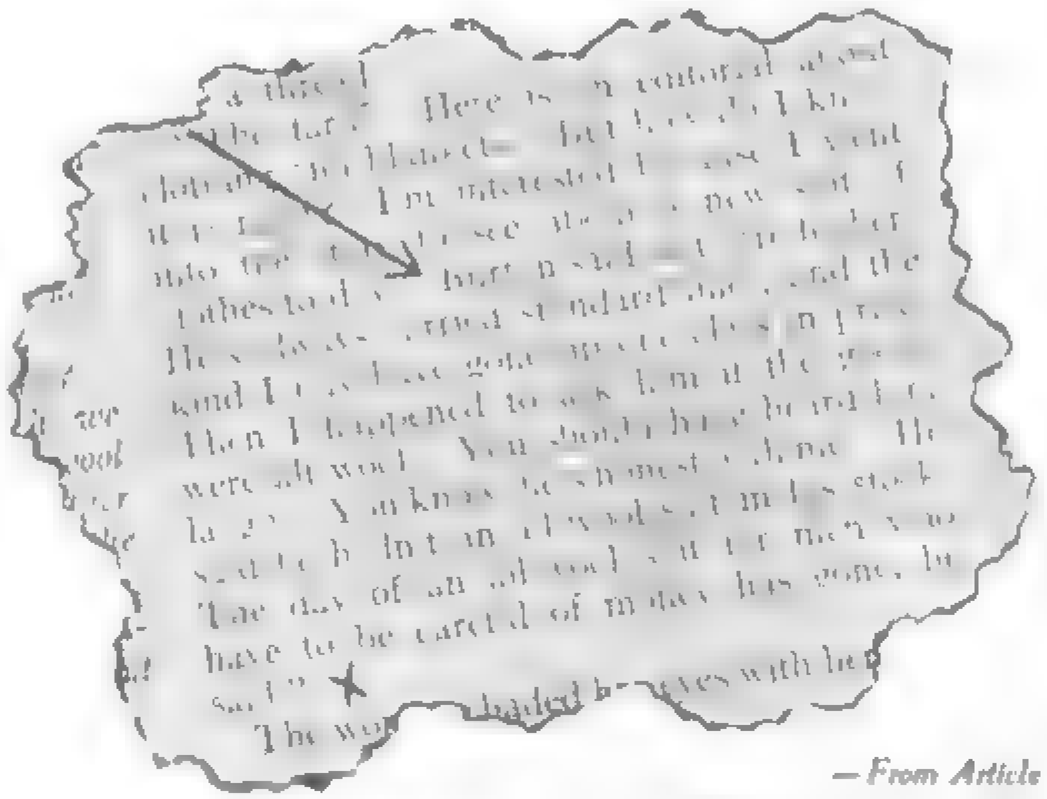

—From Article
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Everybody's Magazine, Feb. 1910

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It will tell you how to **know** genuine brass beds — the twenty-year kind — from brass-covered imitations. How to secure age-proof quality, beauty, dignity and strength in the most important piece of furniture in your home.

One test is simple: Tap the genuine — the solid brass tubing — with a pencil and **it will ring like a bell.** Tap the sham, and you know it is a sham — a paper-thin shell of brass over split iron pipe.

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ring like a bell because they are built of solid brass tubing. We make musical dinner gongs of the same good stuff. The construction is patented perfection. The designs range from simple to splendid, while the finish is "Rylamber" lacquer imported from England — twelve coats applied hot by hand. It keeps the satiny, golden surface untarnished for twenty years

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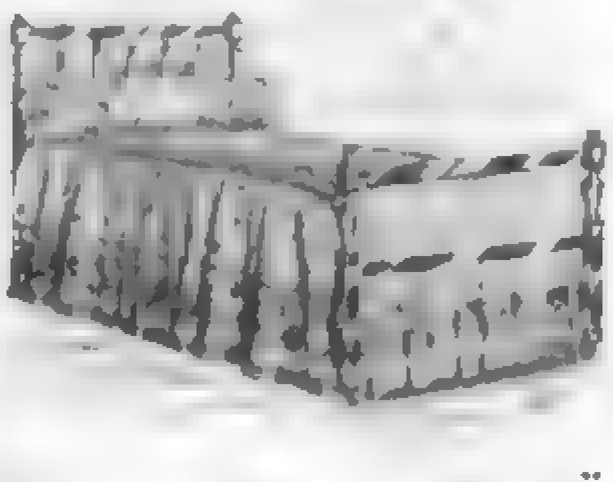

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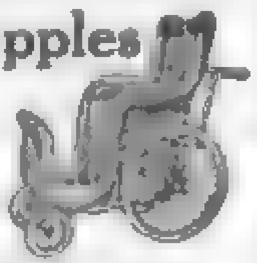

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WORTHINGTON CO., 303 Cedar St., Elyria, Ohio

that it might make some disturbance when the party of your Highness left the theater. So I called them in here to the greenroom and made them a speech. I furnished them with muskets a gun for each man and sent them away to the Arc de Triomphe to drill. But, my lord, the muskets were stage muskets only; the barrels were wooden!"

So sudden and unexpected was the change from angry tension to farcical relief that there was a moment's complete silence before general laughter, led by the Duke himself, broke the strain. The face of the aide who had made the report to the Duke grew red with chagrin under the gibes of his fellow-officers. The Duchesse de Berry hid her mirth behind her fan, and even the haughty Duchesse de Montpensier was forced to turn her back to save her dignity. Baron Taylor came to the rescue by leading from the wings a couple of footmen who bore trays covered with glasses of wine.

The Duc d'Orléans lifted his glass. "I give you Alexandre Dumas!" he cried. "This morning a clerk discharged in disgrace! Tonight a dramatist acclaimed in triumph! Yesterday unknown! Today his name on every lip!"

Dumas stood proudly, his head bowed, and the Duke was just raising his glass to drink when the door of the greenroom was thrown open and Michel rushed in. His tall hat was gone; his livery of purple plush was torn and muddy. "O Master! Master!" he cried breathlessly.

"What is it, Michel?"

"A mob is storming the Tuileries!" The wineglass fell from the hand of the Duc d'Orléans and in the sudden silence was shattered on the floor. "The Duc de Berry has been murdered in the street!" With a cry of horror the Duchesse staggered back and was caught in the arms of one of the officers.

"And my mother, Michel? My mother?"

Michel stepped forward and took Dumas by the hand. "Come, Master," he said in a broken voice, "your mother is dying."

Verse In Disguise

The Smothered Rebellion

SOME day I will rise in the might of my wrath to throttle and bring to its knees the Specter of Order that crosses my path and won't let me do as I please; some day my rebellion at Order and Law will burst into furious flame, and there will be doings as never you saw before there's an end to the game; some day I will come home and some one will say: "Don't leave your gumshoes in the hall!" and then I will start my rebellious foray and hang all the chairs on the wall; I'll take down the pictures and trample the glass and strew it all over the floor, and throw all the bric-à-brac out on the grass and nail my silk hat on the door; I'll use the hall clock as a wardrobe for clothes, and to be fantastic and queer I'll eat my meals hanging head down by my toes from arms of the brass chandelier; somebody will tell me I've tracked in some mud, time thousand nine hundred and one, and I will go mad with my eyes full of blood and webs of disorder be spun; I'll light my cigar with some priceless old lace and spill all the ashes about; I'll scatter burnt matches all over the place and jigstep and handspring and shout: "O Fiends of Disorder, wherever you stray, bring gumshoes and mud to your knees and litter this house up, for this is the day that I'm doing just as I please!"

SOME day all the pent-up disorder in me, restrained by sharp warning and word, will burst like a storm that sweeps over the sea and all of the landscape be blurred with misplaced umbrellas and rubbers and canes, with gumshoes and topcoats and hats, with out-of-place collars and glass-bottom stains, tobacco, pipes, neckties and spats; I'll tie all the doilies I find in hard knots, let her reprimand me who dares, and use cigarettes to burn unsightly spots on bureaus and tables and chairs; I'll rest my shod feet on the new davenport and drop my pipe coals on the rug, and sit with my heels on the pianoforte so cozy and restful and snug; and if any niece, sister, aunty or wife presumes to say no it will be at imminent peril of limb or of life, for all the mad anger in me will

The Howard Watch

AS SOON as a man owns a motor car he begins to take a new account of time. And as soon as a man appreciates precision in a timepiece he is in line for a HOWARD Watch.

There are 450,000 automobile owners in the United States and they are rapidly learning that there is no watch for their use like a HOWARD.

Its hard-tempered balance will not knock out of true with the jar and jolt of travel. It is unhurt by changes of temperature or the vibration of the machine. Its adjustment is permanent. Englishmen say it's the most sporting watch in the world.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each HOWARD is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (double-roller escapement) in a "Jas. Boss" or "Crescent" gold-filled case at $40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at $150.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

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"What a difference between our saw and the one we used to borrow: it cuts so much faster and easier and is always in order. We made no mistake when we bought it." It's a

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That's why it's *different.*

Simonds Saws are made of the right kind of steel, properly tempered, and the blades are "Crescent" ground. For these reasons Simonds Saws cut easy and fast and stay sharp. They are unequaled for quality and uniformity and covered by the broadest warranty

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3000 GUMMED LABELS, $1.00
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boil like a kettle, and I will send out for friends to come in and help own the soul-swelling freedom of one careless lout, who just wants to be let alone; who just wants a rest from "Please, John, don't do that!" "Oh, John, don't sit there in the breeze!" "Oh, John, you'll catch cold if you don't wear your hat!"—and we will all do as we please.

SOME day I'll invite in a lot of good souls—we'll sit and spin yarns by the score; we'll see blessed futures aglow in the coals and smoke till we can't see the door; each fellow will throw his hat just where he wills and pull up a big chair before the grate, and twice blessed the comrade who spills the biggest ash-pile on the floor; we'll bid all the Fiends of Disorder to come and help us be careless and gay; the voice of correction for once shall be dumb and there shall be no yea or nay; we'll puff till the curtains are yellow and brown; we'll scratch the mahogany chairs, and great clouds of dust come delightfully down, but we shall be all unawares; we'll try to forget there is neatness on earth, or things that are apt to be soiled; the day shall be given quite over to mirth, nor ever by warnings be spoiled; we'll—Beg pardon, Sweetheart, housecleaning today? I guess there's some ash on the floor. I'm awfully sorry—I mislaid the tray. I'll try not to spill any more. "The curtains need washing?" They look clean to me. I can't see they're dusty and brown. Well, if they must be I suppose they must be. I guess I'll be going downtown!

The Limited Brother

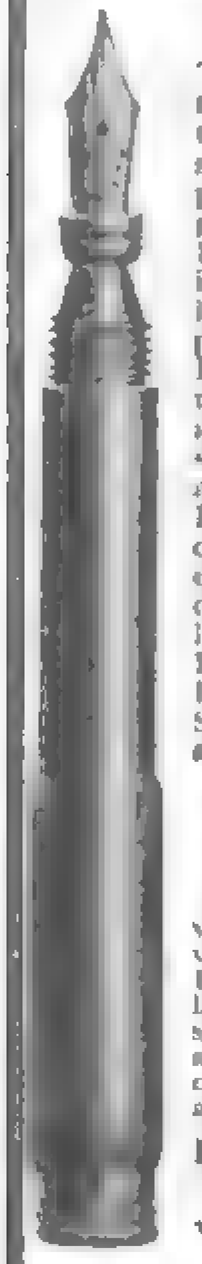
HE WAS a Hawk of the Jersey Nest and a Lark of the Azure Blue; he had buttons and pins on his coat and vest and one in his necktie, too; he had joined the Sons of the Shooting Stars, was a Knight of the Perfumed Bath; was Outer Guard of the Knights of Mars and Prince of the Flowery Path; he had honors enough to throw at birds, near all that a man could get; and the sum of them would take books of words and all of the alphabet; he was Past High Spook of the Banded Ghosts and Scribe of the Owl-Car Bunch; he was Warrior Chief of the Tribal Hosts and Guest of the Midnight Lunch; a Moose, an Elk and a Grizzly Bear, an Eagle, an Owl and a Crow, a Loyal Lion of the Flatbush Lair and a Mystic Eskimo.

HE WAS the man of the Mystic Word and the brotherly Pass and Sign; he was fettered and hoofed and horned and spurred, all up and down the line; he had signs and words for the Outer Gate, a Pass for the Sanctum deep; and whispered words to penetrate the walls of the Donjon Keep; and he had Signs for the Purple Clan and Grips for the Outer Wall, for he was a brother of every man who was brotherly at all; he had emblem pins on his flowered vests and buttons and seals and gems, with robes and jewels and feathered crests and pikestaffs and diadems; he took your hand as a Brother can and shook it with ardored vim, for he had a grip for every man who had a grip for him.

BUT woe is him, in his hour of pride, the iron has reached his soul; his vest is covered far and wide, and he hasn't a buttonhole for an emblem new, or a square of vest to pin a new badge on, and his thoughts are grim and sad and blue and his gladdest hopes are gone; he has no place in his memory for another Mystic Word; and even the twoscore words or three he knows grow dim and blurred; his fingers are twisted with grips and signs, a hundred of them or two, till not all the trigonometric lines of science will make a new, so he sits apart and he grinds his teeth at the limits of mortal men, shut out of the Bugs of the Laurel Wreath and the Grizzles of Harlem Den; and nobody knows what tears may gleam in his eyes—what grief is his that mortal weakness should end his dream to be Everything That Is!

—J. W. Foley

The PARKER
Jack-Knife SAFETY
FOUNTAIN PEN



This plain little pen has proven to be the selling phenomenon of the year. It is not very handsome, but it is all quality and pen, and it sells, for there is a good reason for it.
It is intended to be carried flat in the vest pocket like a short lead pencil, or even loose in the pants pocket with the Jack Knife and not leak. For ladies' use they are equally desirable, as they can be dropped in a shopping bag in any position, and not leak.
It is a safety pen in every sense of the word—simply constructed, without valves, piston or disappearing mechanism. Will last a lifetime.
It has all the features of the big Parker Pens, the Lucky Curve, Spearhead Ink Controller and ability.

70,000 Census Enumerators

will find in the pen a fulfilment of what fountain pens should be.
Handy and efficient for doctors, lawyers, preachers, business men, students, clerks. If you can't find a Parker dealer, I will fill your order direct upon receipt of price, as follows:

Baby Size (like illustration) with No. 1 Pen, $2.50
With No. 2 pen, $3.00; No. 3 pen, $4.00; No. 4 pen, $5.00

10 days' Free Trial
To prove the ability of the Parker pen I will allow a ten days' free trial. If you can't find a Parker dealer write to me direct

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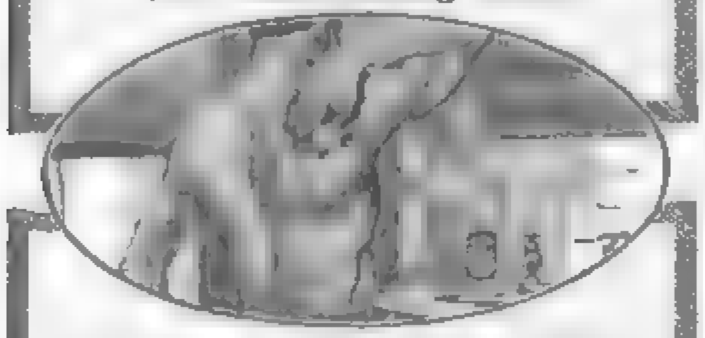
The Refreshing Bath



To have your bath invigorate, remove perspiration odors, and thoroughly cleanse, add to the water a little

Introduced 18[illegible]
C.C.Parsons Household Ammonia

[illegible] often adulterated [illegible] skin. Imitations of C. C. [illegible] Household Ammonia are mostly water. *Write for illustrated book and full particulars.*
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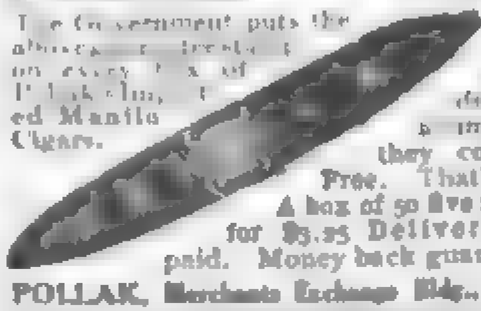
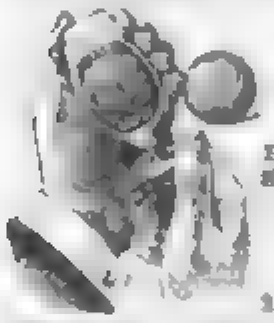
IMPORTED MANILA
CIGARS



The Government puts the [illegible] on every box of [illegible]ed Manila Cigars.

Formerly these cigars paid heavy duties same as imported. Now they come in Duty Free. That's why we sell A box of 50 five inch Perfectos for $3.25 Delivered. Charges paid. Money back guarantee
POLLAK, Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco.



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THE CLENDENING 190 W. 103 St. N. Y. Select Home-like. Economical. [illegible] and Bath $1.50 daily and up. Write for Booklet C with map of city

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will take you into the "well dressed" class; the styles are always distinctive, but never too extreme. These garments please the young man who wants some "snap" to his clothes and wants refinement in their cut and general character. The spring suits and overcoats at $15.00 to $35.00 are now shown by all the foremost clothiers.

Write for our new book of fashions.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
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Circuiteers—*Lay and Clerical*

Are wanted to place exclusive contracts with local agents to sell THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in towns with less than three thousand inhabitants.

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A good chance for money earning on a commission basis. 400 circuiteers now working. $2500.00 in cash prizes, in addition to commissions. Name the specific county you work in. Address

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whose advertising was prepared and placed by us publicly announces that,—

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May we do something for you?

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SUPERBA CRAVATS

The Two Things

that you pay for in cravats are good style and good wear, and you get the *most* of both when you buy **"Superba"** Cravats

Because they are made of the finest quality silk [illegible] wool [illegible] wear, wrinkles less and shows fewer pin holes than *any other cravat* [illegible]

Leading haberdashers show **"Superba"** Cravats in 50 [illegible] shades in 50c and $1.00 grades. If your dealer can't supply you, we will forward Cravat on receipt of price and include handsome free Booklet. Don't accept *some other*.

H. C. COHN and CO.
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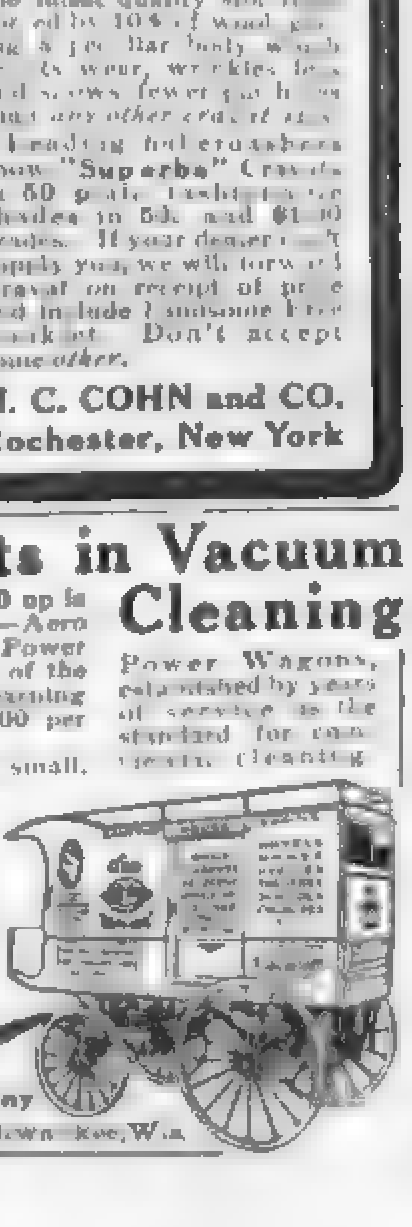
Big Profits in Vacuum Cleaning

Any city from 5000 up is a field for big profits—Aero Vacuum Cleaning Power Wagons in all parts of the United States are earning from $2,000 to $4,000 per year, steady profits.

Running expenses small. It is a business singularly without the elements of even ordinary business risks. Requires $1000 to start. Earns good profits at once. Territory still open—write to-day for free booklet and details about Aero

Power Wagons, established by years of service as the standard for commercial cleaning.

American Air Cleaning Company
220 Sycamore St. Milwaukee, Wis.



The Senator's Secretary

AFTER long and distracted effort a great moral issue has been discovered on which everybody can unite. It is economy We are all for economy—strong for it. The word has been passed to forget all these temporary endeavors to attain legislation concerning railroads and corporations and all such, and to go in for economy. The Government is spending too much money. Certainly! The remedy is to spend less. As plain as the nose on your face, and some of the noses on the faces of statesmen in Washington are pretty plain.

When you come to analyze it economy is a grand issue and its accomplishment will be a great achievement Nobody can protest against economy. Nobody can say a word against it. None of the doddering opposition can arise and exclaim against reducing expenditures, nor can any insurgent turn flipflaps up and down the center aisle about it. Also, by bringing this great reform sharply to the fore other great reforms can be left slumbering in the rear, and thus there will be two advantages, to wit: the saving of the Government's money and the saving of the Administration's face.

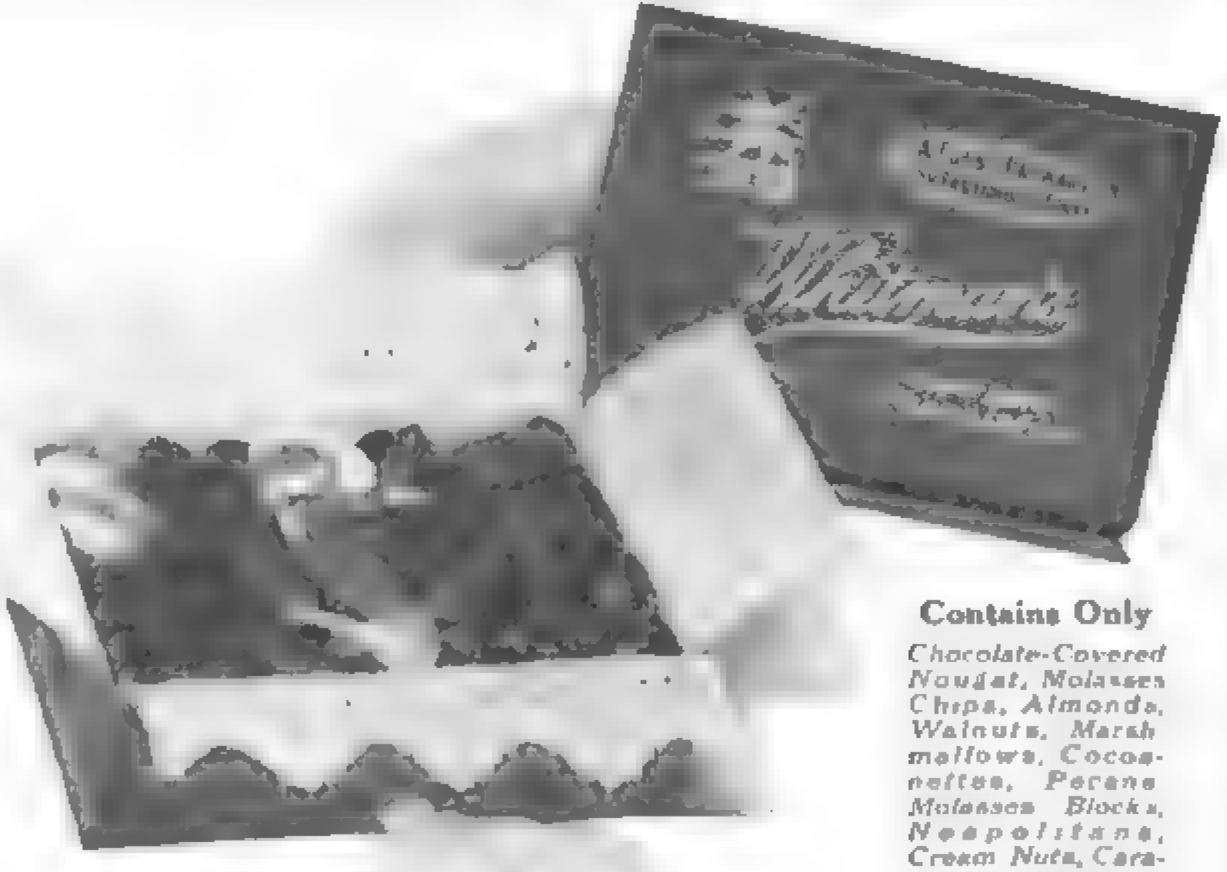
It was a triumphant moment when Nelson W. Aldrich arose in the Senate the other day and announced that if he had the running of the Government he could save some such small change as three hundred million dollars a year. Apart from the idea that a great many people have had that Mr. Aldrich has been running the Government to a considerable degree of late, there was a general satisfaction that Mr. Aldrich has finally arrived at this opinion.

Mr. Aldrich has only been in Congress some thirty years, more or less, and it certainly does do one good to see him speak out thus boldly, not on the spur of the moment, but after careful study and examination extending over the thirty years aforesaid. This is no hasty conclusion with Mr. Aldrich. He has given the matter deep thought. It would have been premature last year or the year before. This is the crucial moment. Nothing, at this particular stage, can be more important than the reduction of the expenses of the Government, and, by heck! they shall be reduced and their reduction discussed, even if a few measures recommended by the Executive and promised by Mr. Aldrich are forced to go over to another session of Congress.

Discarding the Poor Relation

There has been a suspicion in the minds of those who watch Congress that there might possibly be places where cutting could be done, but it was merely a suspicion, of course, and not worthy of consideration. There could be nothing and there was nothing concrete about the situation until Mr. Aldrich put over his Government Business Methods Commission and, in putting it over, let out that modest but well-considered statement of how much he could save.

He would be a carper, indeed, who would suggest to Mr. Aldrich that it is barely possible there might be a reduction in the expenses of the Senate. I have not the figures at hand, but I venture the assertion that there are two or three employees on the Senate rolls to every Senator, the total number of Senators being ninety-two. So, too, in the House, where the leaders are keen for economy, there are more employees than there are members, and there are almost four hundred members, at that. Such remarks as these are beside the mark. It takes a lot of employees to keep the Senate and the House going, to wait on those statesmen, and clerk for them, and bathe them, and shave them, and messenger them, and otherwise attend to their numerous wants and provide them with justly-merited comforts. Besides, in these cold civil-service days about the only places left where deserving sons and sons-in-law and nephews and nieces and poor relations of various grades can be provided for, and the burden on the statesman thus reduced, are on the House and Senate rolls. What is the use of being a Senator or a Representative unless one can cash in a



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For Fastidious Folks

Contains only the delicious hard and nut centered chocolates; no cream centers nor bonbons. Sold by none but exclusive Whitman agents, usually the leading druggist in each locality.

Every box is sealed air-tight; carries a card guaranteeing freshness, purity, *perfection*.

Half, one, two, three and five pound boxes. One dollar a pound everywhere. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if no Whitman agent is convenient.

Write for booklet "Suggestions."

The Whitman exclusive agency plan is a *real privilege*—a privilege to you because it brings [illegible] confections actually fresh from the makers; it is a privilege to the agent because it insures high class, continuous and *satisfied* trade and gives him exclusive benefit of big prestige.

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Look for the Whitman Sign—it Marks the Best Place in Town to Buy Candies.

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ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO

Enables *Anyone* to Play *Any Music* Artistically

Perhaps you are a man young or old, absorbed all day by affairs—the ANGELUS enables you to play the piano in your leisure hours whenever your mood seeks expression in music.

Perhaps you are a woman, whose accomplishments do not include the piano—the ANGELUS is a never failing source of delightful entertainment for yourself and all who come into your home.

Perhaps you have children not especially qualified for musical careers or training—they can have all the [illegible] of good music played by themselves or others upon the ANGELUS. You can have at any time an impromptu musicale, classical, operatic, popular—music for an informal dance, a perfect accompaniment for songs—an hour or hours by yourself with the masters—*all with an ANGELUS*.

The wonderful exclusive and patented devices that make ANGELUS music personal and responsive music—not in any sense mechanical—but *human*:

The Phrasing Lever
which makes the tempo absolutely subject to your own sense of expression, eliminating all suggestion of mechanism [illegible] It is the most important [illegible] Piano Player

The Melodant
which "clears" the melody and subdues the accompaniment

The Melody Buttons
and *responsive pedals*, which do for the tones what the Phrasing Lever does for the tempo affording the most delicate tonal shades and variations, from loudest to softest.

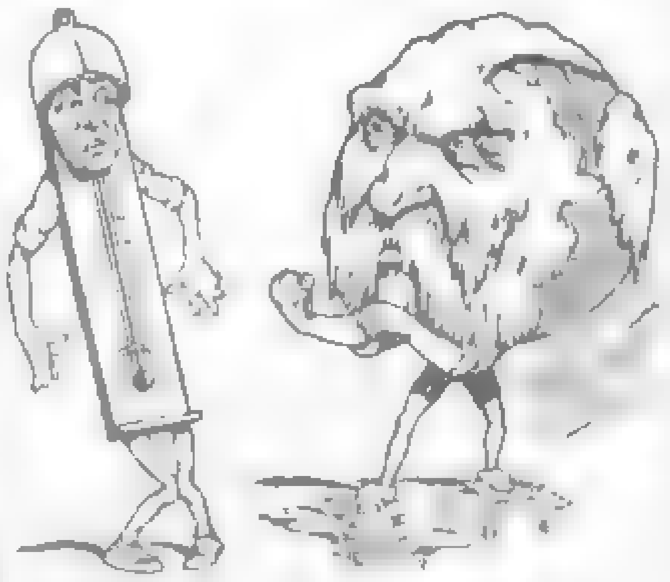
The "Artistyle" Music Rolls
which indicate so plainly that you cannot be confused, every variation in tone and tempo—yet permit you to preserve your own individuality in every measure you play.

To fully realize all that the possession of an ANGELUS would mean to you, and why your selection should *absolutely be an ANGELUS*, write for a catalog and play upon the instrument yourself at the local agency whose address we will send you

Owners of ANGELUS instruments using 58-note rolls put up in black boxes will hear something to their advantage by writing direct to us

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY, *Pioneers in the Manufacture of Piano-playing Devices.* **MERIDEN, CONN.**
Regent House Regent Street [illegible]

Steady
warmth



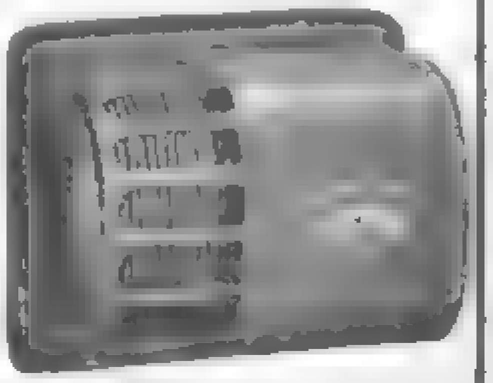
You know how the weather changes keep you busy adjusting the draft-and check-dampers of the Heater. The IDEAL Sylphon Regitherm will save you the labor—take the constant care-taking off your mind—will prevent underheating and a cold house—will avoid overheating and waste of fuel.

You can keep ALL parts of your home at a balanced, uniform temperature of 70 degrees by merely setting the indicator hand at the figure 70—the Regitherm does the work silently, steadily. No winding clockwork or electricity to give out or run down.

IDEAL SYLPHON Regitherm

will keep the entire house at any temperature between 60 and 80 degrees day or night, by turning the indicator hand to the exact degree wanted. Easily attached to any heating outfit. Will last as long as the heating outfit or the house. Has stood 150,000 movements with no sign of wear

The cost of a Regitherm is quickly repaid in precise heating comfort, lessened caretaking, and the fuel economy it effects.



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AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Write Dept. 36 CHICAGO
Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

You get
Accurate
Thinking
And
Efforts Count
When you feed brains on
Grape-Nuts
"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

little something besides salary, mileage, stationery and that skimpy twelve hundred a year allowed for a clerk?

A broader view of this matter must be taken. It is now time, and high time, to scan the Government expenses carefully, to scrimp appropriations, to pare totals, to cut down all around. We must have a business administration of our affairs in the executive departments. That is flat. Of course, the Post-Office Department, for example, which now does a business of two hundred and forty million dollars a year, and is the biggest business institution in the world, has been running along under sections of laws passed in 1835, and nobody thought much about it until Mr Aldrich produced his business-methods plan. Something must be done immediately. It is imperative. The idea of a big institution like the Post-Office Department being conducted under portions of laws passed seventy-five years ago! Preposterous, isn't it? Time to reform, I should say, and Mr. Aldrich agrees. The finest time in the world to reform all along the line, and a neat way to distract attention from other matters that may embarrass.

Everybody is enlisted. The President has made a speech or two about it. Mr Aldrich has made a speech or two about it Mr. Cannon is continually yelling with pain when appropriation bills are passed—but reviving in time to allow them to be passed, just the same. Senator Hale has mourned ceaselessly and Jim Tawney has wept bitter tears over large and various sums that he has had to hand out in his capacity as chairman of the House Appropriations Committee.

Mr. Aldrich is a newer convert to this burning issue than is Mr. Taft, for Mr Aldrich said three hundred millions could be saved, and Mr. Taft, in his speech at Newark, mentioned one hundred millions as the approximate figure. As he is a new convert Mr. Aldrich may be pardoned for his enthusiasm, and when you come to look at it two hundred millions' difference in estimates isn't much between friends The point is that we are all for it, for it to the last gaps—I meant gasp, but wrote it gaps, and I guess that is better, at that—and from this time out we are going to be economical down to the final Lincoln penny.

Economy, as I have said, is an issue on which all can unite. There isn't a man in Congress who isn't for the strictest economy in matters relating to appropriations and expenditures in every other lawmaker's district or state except his own. There isn't a patriot now sojourning in the Capitol who doesn't want the clerks weeded out and the salaries adjusted—that is, all the clerks except those credited to him. You can get a tremendous protest over any section of an appropriation bill from any person who isn't interested in that particular section. We are all for economy—for the other fellow.

Absent Faces and Vacant Chairs

Still, the bringing forward of this reform at this particular time is worthy of the people who brought it forward. It combines both constructive and destructive statesmanship—constructive in that it makes a new issue for discussion and consideration and for the news dispatches and the reading of the people, and destructive in that it holds in check some other matters that have been pressing of late and that, in the opinion of many, would not harm the G. O. P. any if they were not pressed.

After pruning the list of Administration measures so many times that it has very few members left, it has been announced definitely, it is said, that the Presidential ultimatum concerning laws that must be made at this session of Congress, in redemption of solemn party pledges, includes these items: the postal savings-bank bill, the interstate commerce law changes, the conservation measures, the anti-injunction bill, and statehood for New Mexico and Arizona. Some old familiar faces are absent. There seems to be a vacant chair or two. However, that need cause no concern. There will be other Congresses and more years to come, and what we want now more than anything else is economy. "Cut down expenses," says the President firmly. "Cut down expenses," echoes Nelson W. Aldrich. "Pare 'em," says Joseph Gurney Cannon, and when Congress adjourns there will be much pride in pointing out to the

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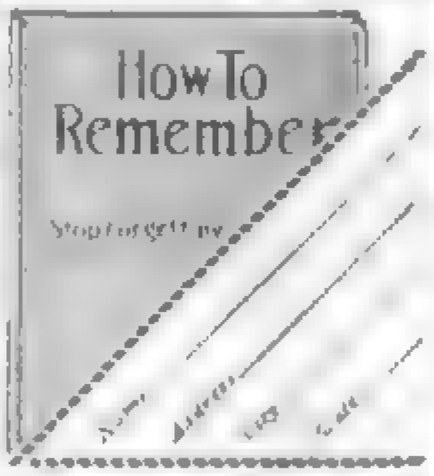

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country that the necessity of saving money is recognized and is under way, and what boots it concerning railroad bills, and Federal corporation bills, and others and sundry, if the people's money is being protected? Not a boot

At that, Mr. Aldrich has not been playing in very good luck this year. Ordinarily, any of the several schemes he has put forward to attract attention would have been sufficient to keep the eye of the public engaged. His Ballinger-Pinchot investigation, his cost-of-living investigation, were well planned. The scheme had never failed before. It used to be simple as A, B, C to start a back fire that would do the business and the holding up of legislation by the expedient of putting something else forward has worked for a century. Much to Mr. Aldrich's surprise the eye of the public wandered from these *divertissements* and remained focused on various measures that were in, but not out.

He had to come to bat with something more potent, and he came with economy. Everybody is interested in economy. Nobody likes to practice it, but nobody has any objection in the world to having everybody else practice it. And when it is announced that this Government is spending hundreds of millions needlessly the people out in the country who are needing not millions, but dollars, to spend are bound to be attracted to the proposition. I look for great results from this movement. Like as not, when the Business Methods Commission gets through it will find a way to discharge a few clerks who were put in office by statesmen now dead or out of office and, therefore, no longer have any political influence or power. Be economical and you will be happy, if you are a leader in Senate or House; also, you will have something to talk about when they get to questioning you concerning those railroad and other bills that are locked in the pigeonholes for keeps.

Taft and His Critics

There are a great many people in public life in Washington who boast they never see what is printed about them, but they all do. Our old friend, "My Attention Having Been Called," is always used when a statesman desires to protest against something in the papers. He didn't see it himself. Of course not. His attention was called—by the newsboy who left the paper at six o'clock in the morning when the statesman was standing on the steps waiting for it.

President Taft doesn't seem to be in this class. Apparently he has seen some of the things that have been printed about him and apparently, also, he doesn't like what various editors and writers have said on various occasions. Mr. Taft isn't used to criticism. Very few men are and fewer still like it, and once or twice recently Mr. Taft has spoken of some of the things that have been handed to him.

His method of dealing with his critics is different from Mr. Roosevelt's. Mr. Taft says, in effect: Now, hold on. Perhaps you do not know all about this matter. Perhaps you are criticising from an insufficient knowledge of the facts. Give me a chance. I am struggling with a big job and I am doing the best I can. Colonel Roosevelt was just as sensitive to criticism as Mr. Taft is. He didn't like it a bit. Still, he didn't try to argue about it. He called his critics scar-faced, ring-tailed, star-spangled umteumps, and banished them from his sight. Perhaps Mr. Taft will get around to that method after a time, and, from all I hear, when he does get good and mad he can express his opinions with promptness, precision and polysyllabic proficiency.

Coming back, hurriedly, to the subject of economy, there is an ancient statesman who inhabits Washington and who is worth twenty or thirty millions of dollars. Recently he went to a shoe-shining stand to get his shoes shined.

After the operation the millionaire put his hand into his pocket and took out a nickel and a quarter.

"Boy," he said, "how much does it cost to get shoes shined at this stand?"

"Ten cents, sir."

"Ten cents, eh? Well, I'm only going to give you a nickel, for I haven't any change but this nickel and this quarter, and I don't want to get the quarter broke."

It's a wonder he hasn't sixty millions instead of only thirty; but he's young yet—only a few years over eighty.

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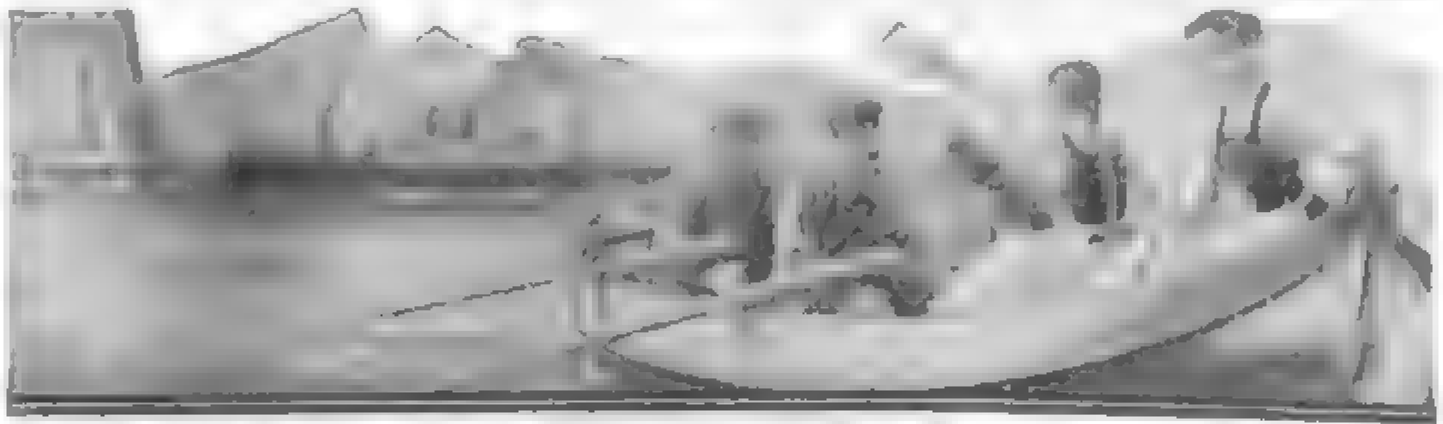

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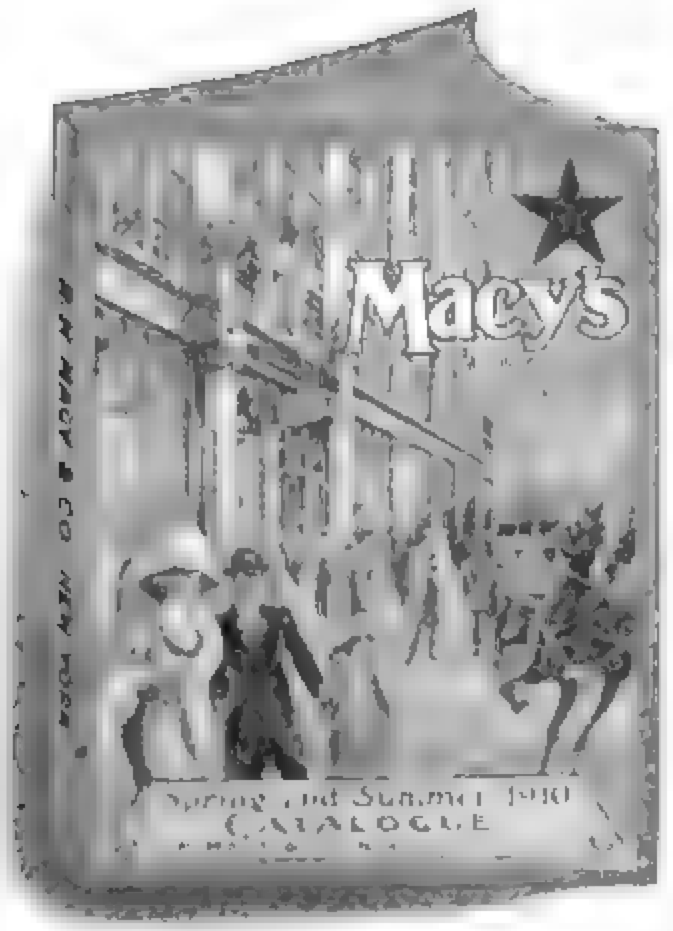

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Quick witted insight and appreciation of a liberal offer we believe will impel you to send us your NAME and ADDRESS now before you turn another page. It costs you nothing but a moment's time. In return, within a day or two, your postman will deliver to you a beautifully ILLUSTRATED FASHION BOOK, 450 pages, with the POSTAGE PREPAID.

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Sense and Nonsense

A Poor Nose for a Butcher

A COMMERCIAL traveler, who lives in Indianapolis, has a plan for beating the high prices for food charged in the city markets. He brings in each week from the country, where prices are low, such produce and meat as he can carry, thereby saving much money.

Not long ago he was in Morgantown and asked for the best meatshop. He went as directed, but did not find the cut of meat he wanted. So he asked the butcher if there wasn't another meat market in town, and, if so, what kind of a market it was.

"Well," said the butcher, leaning on his block, "I always argue if you can't say something good about a feller you better keep your mouth shut, and, besides, I wouldn't say nothin' about a competitor, nohow. If he's got any fresh beef that just come in you're safe in buyin'; but he's got one trouble and oughtn't to be selling meat—he's not a good smeller."

The Ownerless Toys

Our Uncle Bill's attic is half full of toys,
With some that are almost brand-new;
He's got things up there for most all kinds of boys
From ten years old clear down to two
And one day he gave me some books from up there
Like boys had a long time ago;
And I asked if the boy they belong to would care,
But he just sort of smiled and said no.

Sometimes we would go in his attic to play
And find such a lot of fine things,
A whole lot of picture-books all piled away
And tops that were wound up with strings.
And Uncle Bill told us to use what was there
Just as if it was ours, and we'd go,
But we'd ask if the boy they belong to would care,
And he just sort of smiled and said no.

And my! There were sleds with their runners all rust,
And five or six good pairs of skates,
Some old-fashioned toys that were covered with dust,
And fishlines and schoolbooks and slates,
Which Uncle Bill told us we fellows might share,
But always put back when we go;
And we thought that the boy they belong to might care,
But he just sort of smiled and said no.

And the boy they belong to, I guess, was away.
At least, we all thought he must be;
For all through the house they could hear us at play,
But he never came up there to see.
And we would pile everything back up with care
And ask Uncle Bill when we'd go
If the boy they belong to would know we'd been there,
But he just sort of smiled and said no.

Our Uncle Bill's attic is half full of toys,
Some old ones and some almost new;
He's got things up there for most all kinds of boys
From ten years old clear down to two.
And often when we boys go up there to play
We ask Uncle Bill when we go
If the boy they belong to will be back that day,
And he smiles sort of sad and says no

—*J. W. Foley.*

The Youth of Sixty-Five

WHEN the President sent the name of Mr. Justice Lurton to the Senate for confirmation as a member of the Supreme Court of the United States there was some talk in the Senate Judiciary Committee on the age of Mr. Lurton, which was sixty-five.

Somebody went to Senator Depew, of New York, who is a member of that committee, and said: "Senator, will Mr. Lurton be confirmed?"

"I think so," replied the Senator. "Is there any opposition?"

"I have heard some objections."

"On what grounds? Isn't he a good lawyer?"

"Yes."

"And a good judge?"

"Yes."

"And isn't he of good moral character?"

"The very highest."

"Well, then, what is the objection?"

"His age."

"His age? How old is he?"

"Why, he is sixty-five."

"Sixty-five?" said the Senator aged seventy-six. "Well, that may be an objection, but I think he will mature."

The Cautious Spender

I've made a pile of money in a little deal of late.
And now I'm going to spend it like a spending syndicate.
There's lots of things I've wanted ever since I was a kid,
But never had a cent to spare to make my maiden bid
But since that little deal in corn put millions in my purse
There's nothing under Heaven from the cradle to the hearse
I cannot have to stir my heart and satisfy my soul,
As Peary's soul was satisfied when first he got the Pole.

I'm going to get a music-box chock-full of pretty tunes
Of dainty maids and lovers all beneath all kinds of moons,
With lots of funny records full of lively vaudeville
With here and there Caruso's note, or Madam Melba's trill
I don't care what it costs me, I will only have the best,
Wherein I press the button and the record does the rest.
'Twill take the finest ever made my spirit to cajole—
The kind that Peary took along when going to the Pole.

I'm going to buy an eight-day clock that keeps the best of time,
With handsome ebon cover and a lovely silver chime,
That tells the courses of the moon and has an almanac
That tells what time of year it is inserted at the back.
A handsome piece of furniture to decorate my hall.
And much impress the visitors who'll surely come and call.
I've not decided on the clock, but guess that on the whole
'Twill be the kind that Peary took when going to the Pole.

I'm going to buy some garden things—rakes, patent plows and hoes,
And stacks on stacks of seeds to plant—verbena, lily, rose;
New labor-saving harrows that will do the work for me
When I go out upon my farm when June has come to be;
Sharp pruning-shears and spades and things, an automatic squirt
To kill the 'tater bugs that come to do your harvest hurt—
All eighteen-carat, best that's made, the finest on the roll—
In fact, the kind that Peary took when going to the Pole.

There's other things been offered me by agencies galore,
Enough, in fact, to start me off with a department store.
They try to sell me mining stocks and farms in Oklaho—
One fellow has a rabbit ranch way out in Idaho
He wants to sell me for a song—and others of his kind
A-sitting in my anteroom I almost daily find
Pineapple farms and orange groves—they offer me control—
The kind that Peary had that day when first he found the Pole.

L'Envoi

I'm going to spend my income just as fast as it comes in.
But yet I shall be careful of the way I use my tin,
And I've decided not to buy a thing not on the scroll
Of things that Peary took along when going to the Pole.

—*Wilberforce Jenkins.*

Ready in a minute

I F you realized how delicious and how nourishing Campbell's Tomato Soup is you'd never be without it.

Made from selected New Jersey tomatoes — the choicest grown anywhere — and fresh from the vines, this soup has the spiciest natural flavor you ever tasted. It is temptingly smooth and creamy. It has the rich color and fresh fragrant aroma that come from nature alone. Nowhere else do you find these qualities in such perfection as in

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Tomato Soup

Our own gardens supply the celery and parsley with which we flavor it. And you use nothing better on your table than the delicate spices, fine granulated sugar and choice creamery butter with which it is blended.

Our exclusive condensing process eliminates the water and at the same time, preserves the fine tonic properties of the ripe tomato. This cannot be done so thoroughly in any other way.

In Campbell's you get not only the most palatable and nutritious of tomato soup, but the greatest quantity for your money. You prepare it in three minutes with no fuss nor bother. And if not completely satisfied, the grocer gives back your money. The same with all Campbell's Soups. Could anything be fairer?

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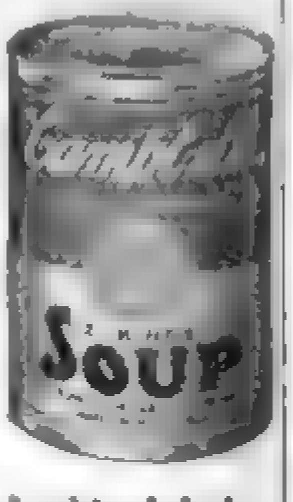
Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.



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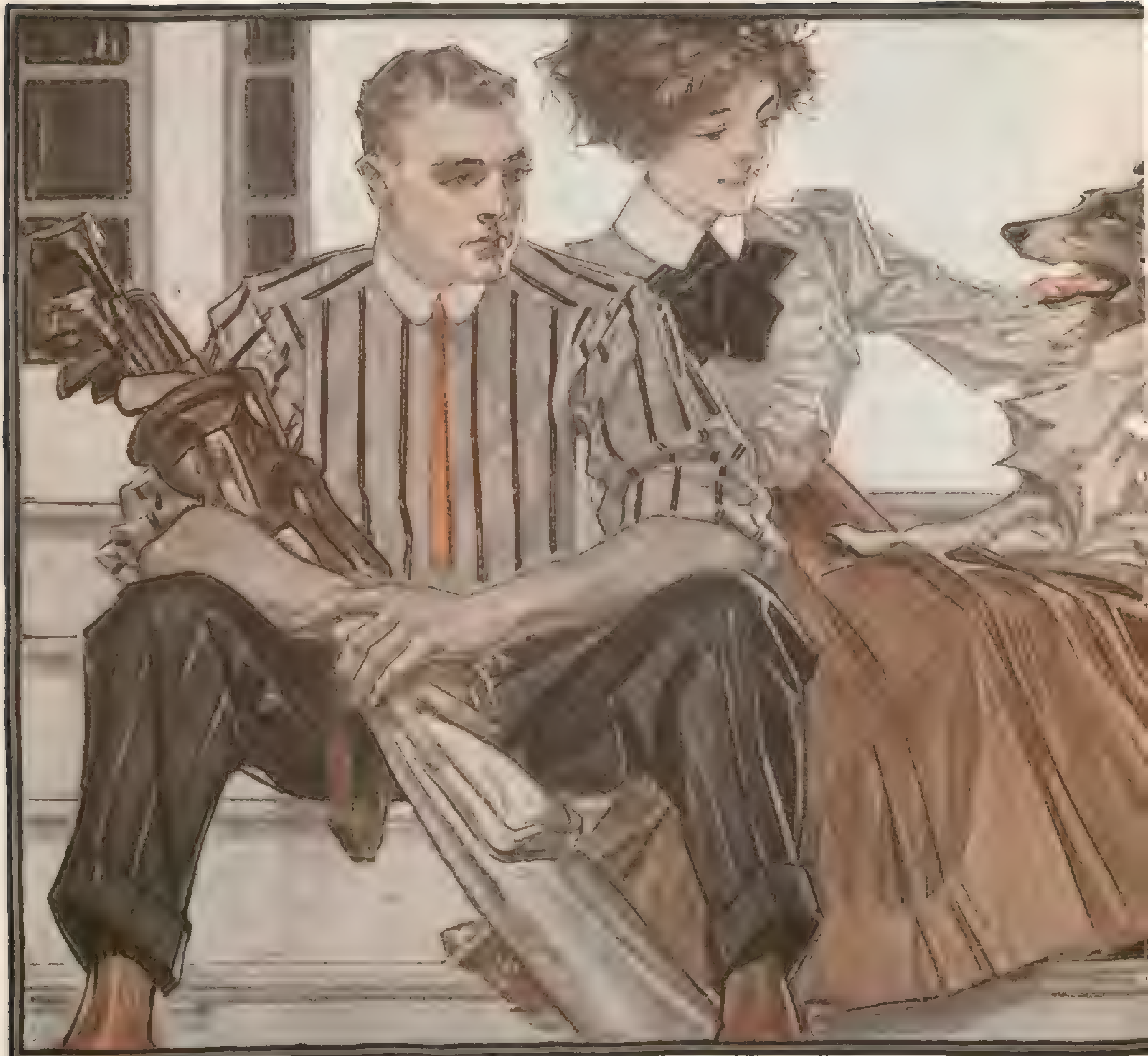
Sister, if you'd grow like me
To be a big strong man,
Eat the luscious soup you see
Inside the *Campbell* can.



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The new Arrow Collar for summer—high enough in the back for good appearance, low enough in the front for comfort, and there's room for the cravat to slide and tie in. It's the Concord with the Ara-Notch (Patented, Aug. 3, '09) and the Evanston with the usual buttonholes. *15c., 2 for 25c.* In Canada, 20 cents, 3 for 50 cents Arrow Cuffs, 25c., in Canada 35c

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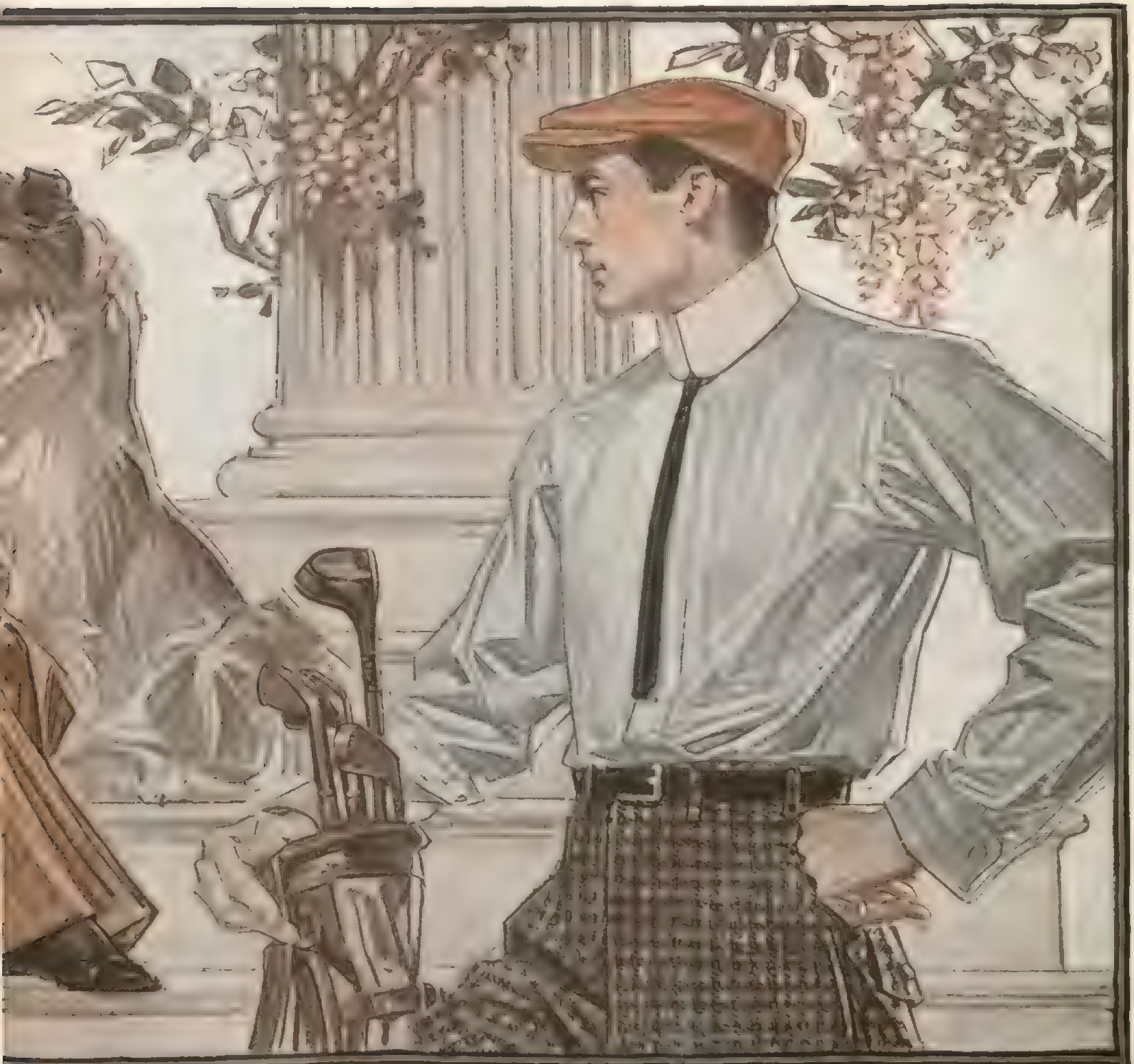

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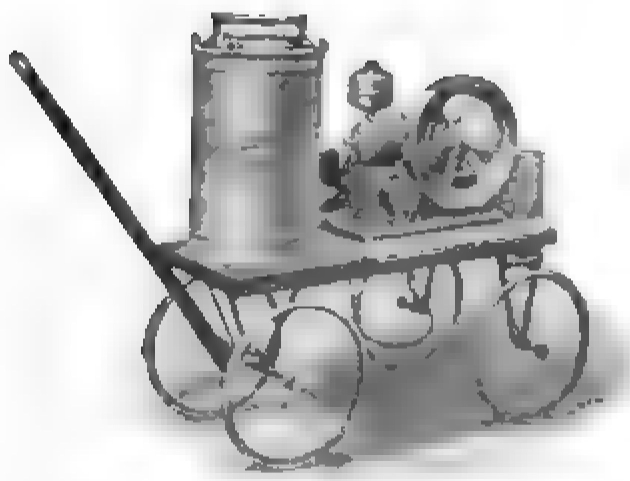

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Has earned $10 a day for others —why not for you?

There is such an immense demand for vacuum cleaning that hundreds of operators are earning **$10 a day and more** with Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners.

One machine earned $10 a day—five machines, $50 a day. You can operate as many as you please. The big wagon outfits can't beat this.

The vacuum cleaning business is easy to learn—good to follow—has no limit—and above all, is an honest, respectable business that requires practically no capital.

What others are doing, you can do.

Read what these men say who are making small fortunes right now with

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners

"In the past forty-three days my Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner has netted $477.25 an average of over $11.00 per day, doing splendid work and giving entire satisfaction to the people for whom I have worked." —*Elmer L. Hancock, Seattle, Wash.*

"My order for an additional Duntley Cleaner is good proof of the success I am having with this machine. I have made as high as $20 per day with one machine, and can easily average $1[illegible] per day." —*W. B. Johnstone, Los Angeles, Cal.*

"I have worked your Duntley Cleaner for ten days and am now ready to buy the machine. I made $65 the first six days." —*Chas. Clemme, Chicago, Ill.*

"The first Duntley Cleaner received has earned us $[illegible] and we have only put in about half the time." —*C. H. Towslee, Portland, Ore.*

A Business of your own

The vacuum cleaning business is new. It is a coming business—a profitable business. You can make a success in it—for experience is not necessary.

There is a **harvest** to be **reaped** with Duntley Cleaners in your town. You can reap this harvest by being **first** in the field.

I have started scores of men in business with Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners who have made big money. I will show you how to build up a business that should make you $10 a day or more—that will enable you to employ others and make a profit on their work.

As little as $25 will start you in a vacuum cleaning business of your own.

Let me prove this to you

I will send you a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner and give you full instructions for engaging in the vacuum cleaning business.

I will print unique and attractive advertising matter in your own name, that will get the business for you.

You can use the machine for 10 days to **prove** it will do what I claim

—To prove that you can make $10 a day.

I'll take all the risk.

You simply fill out and mail me the coupon below—but do it **now**—today.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Cut out and mail this coupon to-day

Duntley Manufacturing Co., 400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Tell me how I can make $10 or more a day with a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner.

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Town ______ *State* ______

OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Feet and How to Care for Them

IN AN industrial, military, or social sense no man is better than his feet, and no feet are better than the shoes that cover them.

Once, when in a reflective mood, the writer's venerable father casually reviewed some of the incidents of his past life. "Except that I've been very much disappointed in my children," said he, "I don't know that I could complain much about my married life. But if I had to do it all over again I don't think I'd have nerve enough to go against it.

"It wasn't so much the minister that scared me," he continued, "nor the thought of later landlords. It was the shoemaker. I had had a brand-new pair of wedding boots made for the occasion, and they hurt me so that all I remember of it is a sort of haze. After the ceremony was over they hunted for me for two hours before they found me. I was in the dark in a side room, where I had taken off my new boots and couldn't get them on again. Yet some men, they tell me, get married two or even three times. Not for your father, son."

The sins of the shoemaker seem to be visited upon the just and the unjust always at precisely the wrong time. How many weddings, how many outdoor vacations, or other occasions of peace and calm have been ruined by shoemakers, who have seized the psychological moment for doing their deeds of terror! This opportunity of the shoemaker must find some encouragement in a deep-seated tendency of human nature. Yet, after all, it is difficult to tell just why a man uses his feet most cruelly at just the time when he needs them most. There never was any more punishing foot cover than the tall hunting boot, nor anything more unsuited for walking. Perhaps that is the reason why most of us get tall hunting boots when we want to walk in comfort. Apparently it would be illogical to wear comfortable shoes at the very time when we are going to be on our feet more than we have been accustomed to, are going to walk twenty miles a day, instead of two, and are going to carry twenty or thirty pounds additional weight beyond that of our ordinary clothing. The American shoe is one of the triumphs of American civilization, and is known as such all over the world, but the boast of American intelligence has its weak spots.

The Perils of the Hunting Boot

The waterproof idea is one that, in advance, ruins a great many hunting boots. We tramp in the slushy streets with the lightest of leather in our shoes, but when we go afield, where the footing is not much worse, we insist on coarse-grained leather soaked full of oil, or, perhaps, made impermeable as rubber with some waterproof preparation. In neither case has the foot had proper care, for even a light boot, if it is impermeable, will be harmful to the foot. For woods wear in wet walking or snow the heavy-grain leather boot, worn over two or three pairs of stockings, is tolerable, but in that case the soft-soled *botte-sauvage* model, such as one finds in the Canadian woods, is better than the fashionable cruelties that are offered to us in America as hunting boots.

There is, after all, not very much recourse about it, for if you don't buy your boots ready made in the sporting-goods shops you will have to buy them of your made-to-order shoemaker, and in the latter case you are apt to fare somewhat worse, unless you know something about the theory of bootmaking yourself. Every man in the world at one time or other is going to have a pair of high hunting boots made to order—the kind whose high cost he excuses to his wife on the ground that he never will have to buy another pair. The actual truth is that he will probably need another pair before he gets this pair home, and this will be true even though they are made by a fashionable maker, the same that manufactures boots for the villain in the melodrama.

Even though you go to your fancy bootmaker wearing two or three pairs of extra socks with deliberate intent, he will make your boots too tight. He can't help that. It is his duty to see you suffer. You will have to wear half a dozen extra pairs of socks, later removing several layers of them, if you ever get him to make you a decent pair of boots for actual walking use.

Yet it is here, in the good bootmaker's shop, that this problem of outdoor shoes best may be solved. Good leather and good workmanship will save weight, and you ought not to carry an ounce of unnecessary weight on your feet, because it will be a ton by night, as you can see if you stop to figure it out. Any good bootmaker will tell you, what is the truth, that you don't need heavy-grain leather even for a practically waterproof shoe.

There will be offered to the sportsman or outdoor man today, by his shoemaker, two kinds of leather, tan or black in color, and the produce of two different forms of tanning. A great many sporting boots are made of what is called chrome leather, which is made by mineral tan. This leather is very tough and strong, and it really is practically waterproof. This truth is not all to the good, for heavy chrome leather is too waterproof—that is to say, so dense that one might as well wear rubber. It makes a very handsome boot and it can be worn in light weights.

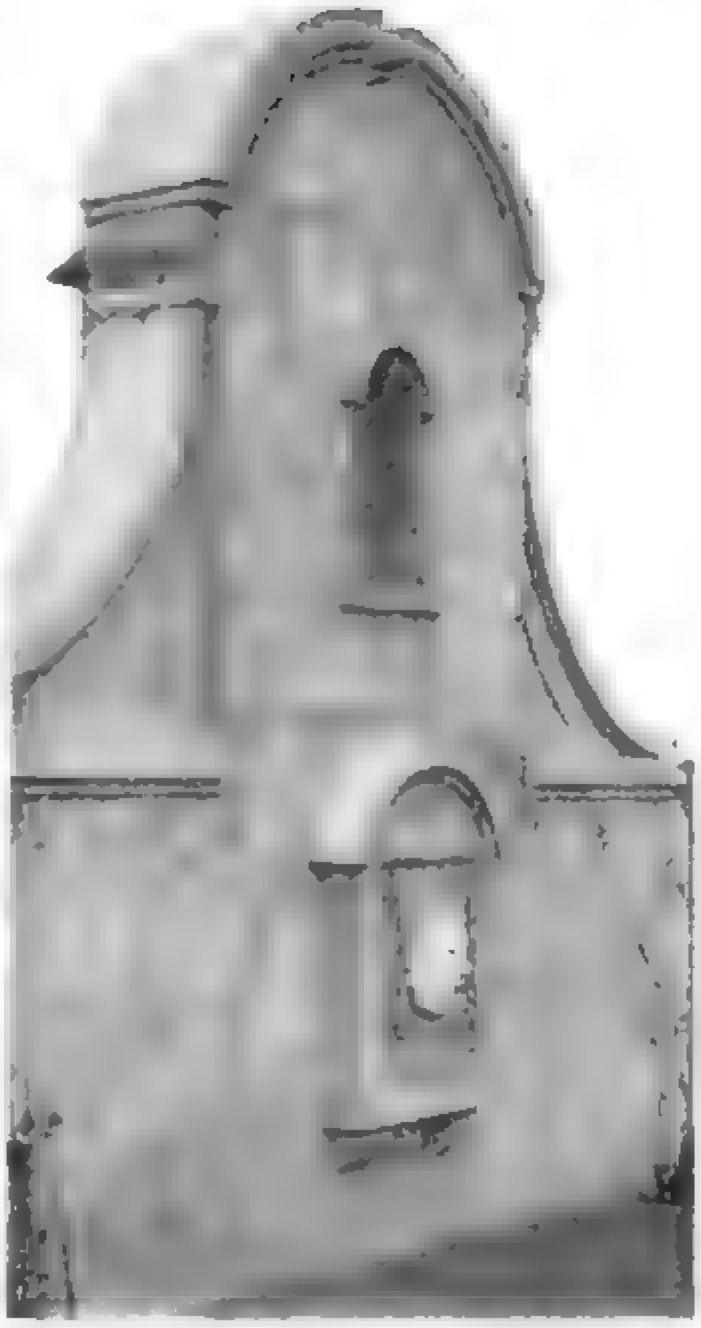
Finding Fault With Achilles

Another sort of leather, usually lighter and black in color, quite greasy to the touch, is the light French calf, which probably took a year and a half to tan. This is done by bark tan, whereas the chrome leather is more quickly made by mineral tan. A properly-made boot of French calf, lined with yet lighter calf, is heavy enough and waterproof enough. It is partially porous, but if cared for will be good enough for ordinary walking. There is no kind of leather that will very long resist snow and snow water. The Northern woodsman knows that he must soak his boots full of oil every once in a while. Oil makes boots cold and heavy. A good French calf boot is, perhaps, as serviceable, viewed from all angles, as any that can be devised for actual upland sporting walking. This was the sort of boot that the railway engineers, who were on their feet the year through, preferred when they were running the transcontinental lines.

In ordinary street wear we are content to wear low-top shoes, or even Oxfords, but when we come to go hunting we want to look like the man in the melodrama, and we go in for high tops. Here is where most of us make a mistake. A single sole on the boot is heavy enough. A few hobnails are much better than a great many hobnails. A six-inch top for a walking shoe is better than the eight-inch top, into which one can put the lower portion of his trousers. You can have them up to fourteen inches, or just below the knee, and a good many sportsmen, engineers, and the like, wear them thus to save the trouble of leggings. By doing this they get heat and weight. That is not all they get. Each inch of added top to a walking boot makes many pounds of trouble lower down, as any candid shoemaker—if there is such a thing as a candid shoemaker—will tell you; and as every thoughtful sportsman is apt to discover for himself.

The main trouble with walking boots is that they punish the Achilles tendon at the back of the heel. Your street shoe does not do this; but, by some inscrutable design of Providence, no shoemaker is able to lay out, or "pitch," a pair of high tops on the same lines as a street shoe. When you lace up your high boots you discover that your ankle has to bend somewhere, and that the leather must bend with it. In nine cases out of ten a heavy wrinkle forms on precisely the most sensitive portion of your foot, where it will hurt worst and be most disabling—the place which the mother of Achilles overlooked when she dipped her son in the invulnerating fluid.

When your shoemaker tells you to take home your doubtful pair of hunting boots because that wrinkle at the heel is going to "get better after a while," you are safe in telling him that he is a heartless prevaricator, because it never is going to get better, but only worse. The trouble is that he did not draft his pattern properly. If the top is pitched too far forward or too far back, there is trouble at one side or the other of the ankle, front or back. In all probability



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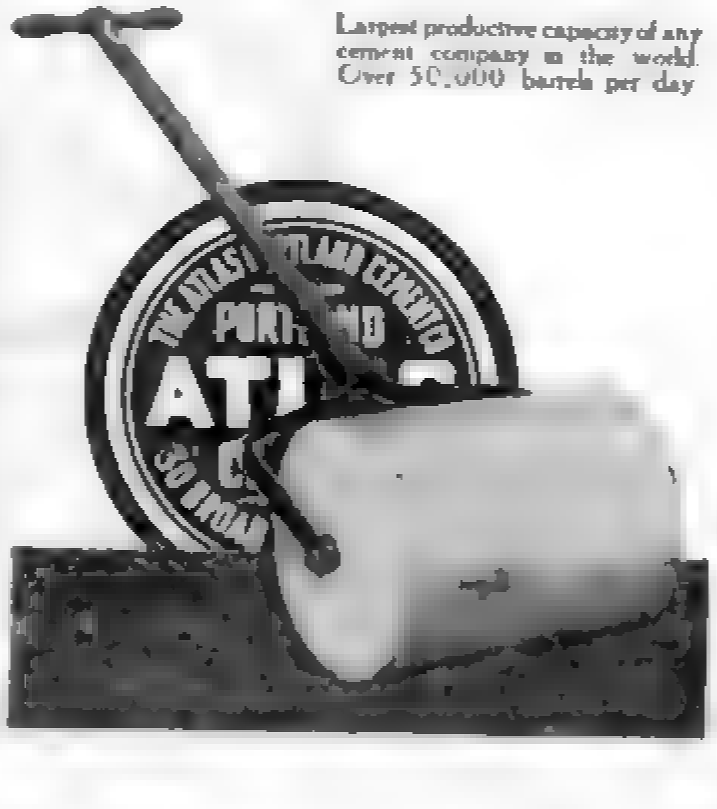

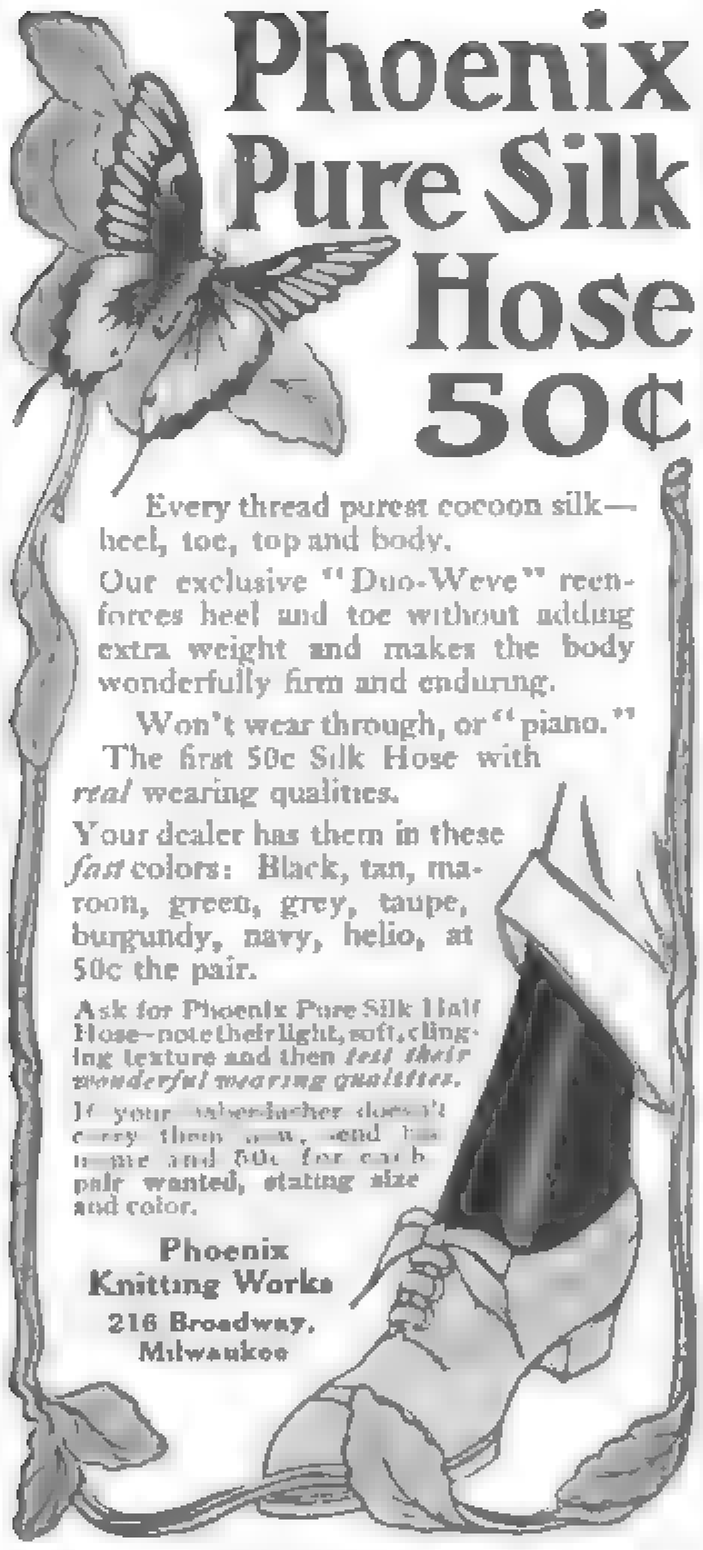

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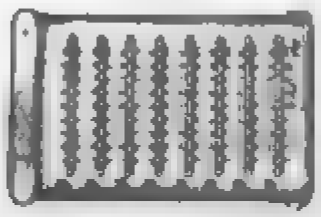

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he has charged you eighteen or twenty dollars for a pair of boots that you can never wear with comfort; because, very probably, he knows more about almost anything else in the world than he does about making real boots for walking.

Half the crack bootmakers in the country can't tell you what makes that wrinkle at the heel, or how to get rid of it. One or two may tell you the real cause, which is that the counter of the boot—the stiff leather at the back of the heel—is too high. From the top of the counter to the bend of the ankle in front the leather is apt to "break," or wrinkle. If that measurement is not long enough to accommodate your foot and two or three pairs of socks, there is going to be a continual draw forward from the top of the counter. That means the boot will get worse instead of better. You will not be very happy if you have to remedy the fault by putting down a piece of folded paper; because you have excused your twenty-dollar extravagance on the basis that this was the last pair of boots that you were ever going to buy. By padding up the heel and so raising the heel—not the whole foot—you can help matters, but only crudely.

Your shoemaker ought to have given you a fitting for these boots before he finally sewed on the soles, and any good bootmaker does this just as invariably as does your tailor. When loosely sewed to the insole the leather will wrinkle about on its natural lines. If these wrinkles show that the counter is too high up, so that it is going to crimp in on the heel tendon, a good shoemaker will rip out the whole work, pull the counter down and readjust the whole line of the shoe. The height of the counter in a good walking shoe will probably be about two inches, and a low counter is much less apt to give trouble with the heel tendon than one which is higher. Most fashionable makes have the counter very much higher. It will break your shoemaker's heart to insist on having a last made the shape of your foot. He will want to have a high, deep, narrow heel, so that your own heel will work up and down behind, and not sit tight as it ought to.

Walking on the Toes and Heel

Moreover, since he has a few so-called scientific theories which he will want to hand out to you as justification for the twenty dollars, he will chant to you his song that ninety per cent of his customers have flat feet and ought to have the arch built up by a high instep in the shoe. Don't let any shoemaker fool you in that way. The weight of your body was not intended to come in the arch of your foot, but on the heel and the ball of the foot. There should be no protuberance under the instep, because if there is you can't walk on it. Just insist on having a last made the shape of your foot. If finally you get your shoemaker to do that, you will find that your melodramatic boots will hold the heel tight without pain, and that you will be able to put your foot flat on the floor and flex your ankle either way without trouble.

If this be the case, the grief of your fashionable bootmaker over the homely look of your new footgear need not trouble you. The boot which has to be broken in, or which your foot instead of the last has to make into shape, is never going to be a success.

The ankle is the troublesome part of a hunting boot. That leather has to go somewhere, and if it does not wrinkle on the heel tendon it may draw too much in the front of the ankle, where the laces come. Some hunting boots punish here on account of the bellows tongue, which is sewed on both sides and is made of heavier leather than that of the comfortable street shoe. All of these folds of leather, which must be cared for in some way under the laces, are punishing to the foot unless the boot be made large enough to hold plenty of socks. The bellows tongue is more useful in river driving or snow wading than in ordinary sporting wear. But, of course, if one needs a high top at all one needs the bellows tongue all the way up. The maker of stock sporting boots is apt to have coarse laces and large eyelets. Your fashionable bootmaker will not put in eyelets or hooks at all, but simply punch a row of small holes on each side, very close together. You will probably find that it is wise to put in small hooks—not big ones—at about every other one of these holes from the ankle up. The remaining holes will enable you to secure adjustment after a while,

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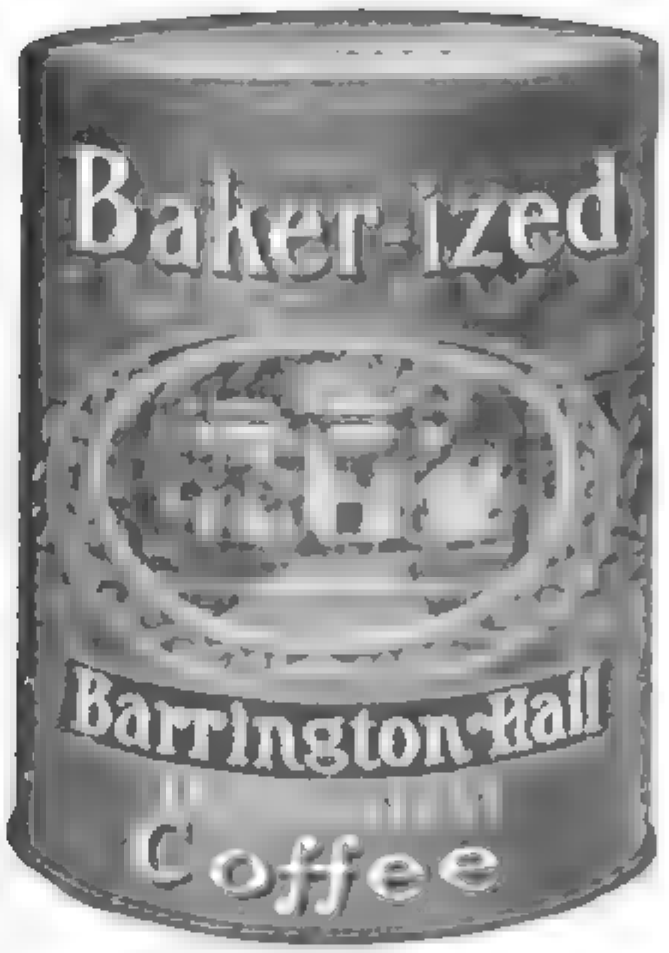

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provided you use a sensible bootlace, not a coarse thong. Real porpoise hide makes a good bootlace—and it makes a good boot, too, although most porpoise hide, nowadays, is made of horseskin stained green.

Whether you buy boots ready made or custom made, see that the counter stays around the two-inch mark for a foot about No. 8 size, and that the vamp is about four inches. A box toe will probably make the boot more comfortable. Don't have a widely-projecting sole, and don't have any freak corners left on it. Sometimes a walking boot is used when one is on horseback, and for a horse that is in any way mean, one of those wide-soled, angle-iron hunting boots is a dangerous thing to wear. The horse may start when you are getting on or off the saddle, and such a boot sole is precisely the right kind of a trap to catch in a corner of the stirrup. Hobnails also are sometimes dangerous for the riding man, and the quail hunter who is hunting on horseback, for a change, should be careful when mounting and dismounting. Just a plain, sensible boot, with a heavy single sole and no frills about it, is all you need. It will be heavy enough if made of good French calf, and if honestly made will really last you for a long time. Since you probably will insist on having the tops high and will not agree that a shoe the height of your regular street shoe, worn with leggings, is better, there seems to be no need of going into that matter. Only have the leather light as possible and the hooks as small as possible, so that the grass and twigs will not be catching in them.

For a boot that hurts at the heel there is little remedy. There is, also, the nice, round bone that sticks out on the side of the human ankle, and this was devised simply to hurt you when you wear your new hunting boots. Shoemakers have a cunning way of bringing the seam of the bellows tongue right around the point of this round bone. When you find that your new boots are so handsome that you hate to throw them away, even though they hurt you there, go hunt out a chair which has a side rail ending in a knob at the top, soak the boot, and then work it on top of this knob, bearing down with all your weight. It may stretch the leather sufficiently to make the boot easier. Probably, however, it will not.

A button hook ought not to be necessary for lacing up a hunting boot, but it is a help with a nice, fancy, new pair when the laces come close together and are not yet adjusted. With the hook one can pull out a tight lace, or take up a loose one with less trouble. Push back the tongue smoothly under the flaps before you lace.

The Remedy Uncle Sam Offers

When Uncle Sam devised the shoe for his infantry, he made it low, of good calf, with sensible, flat sole, and with no bellows tongue. It would not be a bad piece of wisdom for you to go and buy a pair of those army shoes and put in your war bag when you go out to try your new pair of fancy high boots. You will need them.

It is not unusual to see a pair of outdoor boots driven full of hobnails, but in multitude of hobs there is not much wisdom. Three or five in the heel and three or five in the ball of the shoe, pretty well out to the edge, will be enough. If you are going where there is down timber or small poles of slippery bark, you may use smaller and sharper hobs, and you should always have the shank of the shoe, under the instep, well spiked, because that is precisely the part of a shoe that will make you slip oftenest. The soft headed Hungarian nails are, perhaps, better for usual wear, if used with moderation. For mountain climbing of dangerous sort the best kind of protection is a good spike of steel, the style that is screwed into the leather. These will not come out when the shoe is wet. Any other sort of hobnail ought to be put on when the shoe is in process of making and be clinched under the insole, so that there will be no point projecting under the foot in the form of a blister or elevation, such as is usual in a great many stock-made shoes. It should be remembered that when the sole of a boot is wet the nails are more apt to be felt under the foot. It is usually a mistake, therefore, to have the middle of the sole filled up with nails.

The horseman's boot is different in theory from that of the footman. In the Boer War there was a regiment of Canadian cavalry known as Strathcona's Horse, which was supplied with a tall, tan, grain-leather boot, heavy and apparently durable. One has seen some of these boots worn by sportsmen in Canada, but they did not prove successful. The infantryman does not need weight in his footwear so much as he needs protection to the foot. The best feet in the world are to be found among those savage peoples who are much given to the moccasin. This is proof enough that the instep does not need support in a properly-treated human foot.

To use something of a paradox, your footwear will not be complete without reference also to your leggings, or even your trousers. The tight, military riding breeches that look so handsome in engravings or at hunt breakfasts are not for the footman who desires comfort afield. There must be room at the knee and, above all, plenty of length from the hip down to the knee. You cannot walk with comfort, no matter how good your shoes are, if your trousers draw over the knee. The knickerbocker is more sensible than the long trouser leg, the lower extremities of which get wet and heavy. Ankle trousers, split open, cut tapered, and buttoned, are better to put in boot-tops than the usual trousers with wider bottoms.

Protecting the Prodigal Calf

The leather puttee legging is another thing that looks handsome in a photograph or a painting. Some sportsmen have tried to wear this legging for walking, but it is not a success. As the leather is usually stiff, the bottom of the legging is apt to work down and rest on the heel tendon, accentuating any trouble you may have there from wrinkles. Moreover, the strap of the legging confines the muscles of the leg too much. It goes better if you cut two or three inches off the bottom. The simple canvas legging, which is commonly used in America, is not handsome to look at and not very durable, but it is really comfortable and practicable. A yet better form is the legging sometimes called the gaiter pattern, which is more common in England than here. This does not fasten under the foot at all and only comes down to the ankle, just below the top of the shoe. It is cut square there, but is shaped to the calf of the leg enough to stay up without straps, being usually fastened with large buttons at the side. As this legging reduces weight, and fully serves the function of protecting the space between shoe and trousers and keeps weed seeds out of the shoe, it is really the most practical form you can find, although it is not common in America. The strap under the foot is always packing up mud, which means weight.

The whole theory of the proper outdoor boot ought to be one eliminating all unnecessary weight. It should not delight in useless tops or uselessly heavy soles. Its material should be as light as possible and of the best. The form will, after all, be that preferred by each individual for himself. Most men will continue to insist on being uncomfortable when they go shooting. The only sensible footman is the Indian who wears moccasins, whether he is going walking or going to get married.

The matter of footwear is something that has been investigated by many a Government. It might well be investigated by many a captain of industry. No army is better than its feet, and no clerical force is better than its conjoint foot. Certainly no sportsman, intending to put his feet to unusual strain, is better than the shoe that he stands on. We ought to walk more as a people, for no exercise is cheaper, more wholesome, or more valuable. Automobiles do not make a wholesome race of human beings. Any breed of men ought to be strong legged and strong-footed—able to walk. That is the sort of people who do things in the world.

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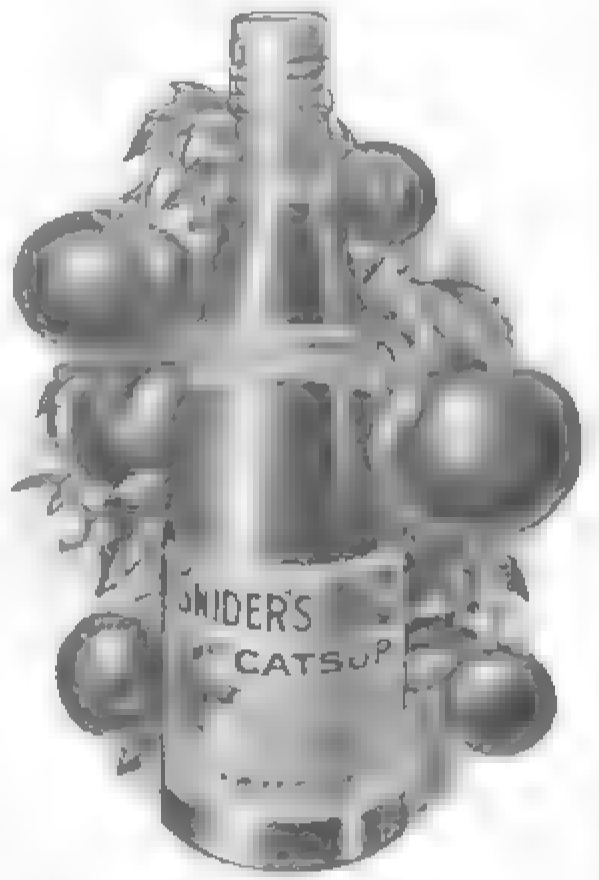

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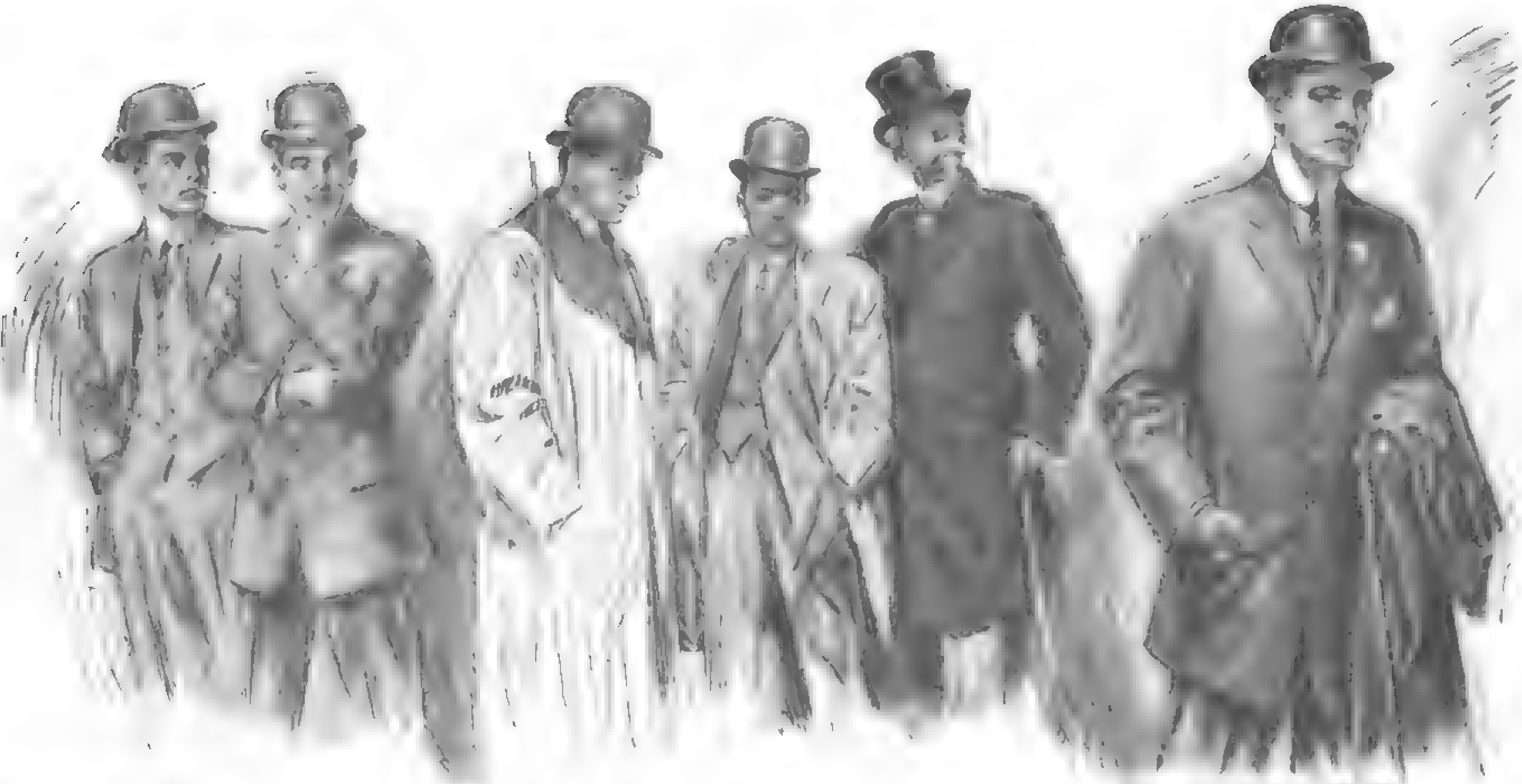

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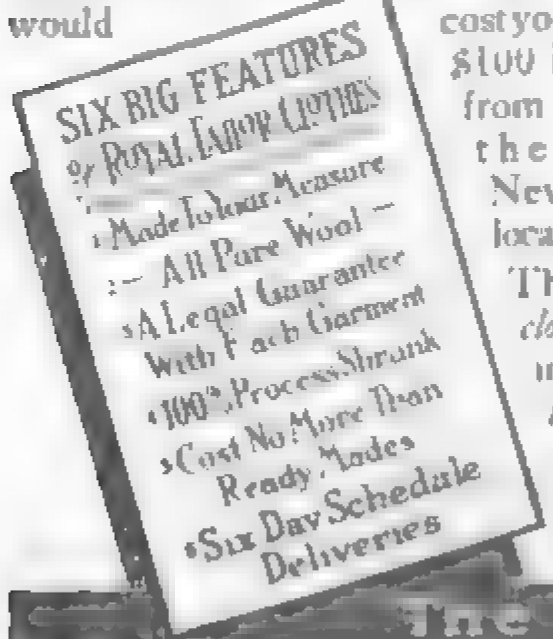

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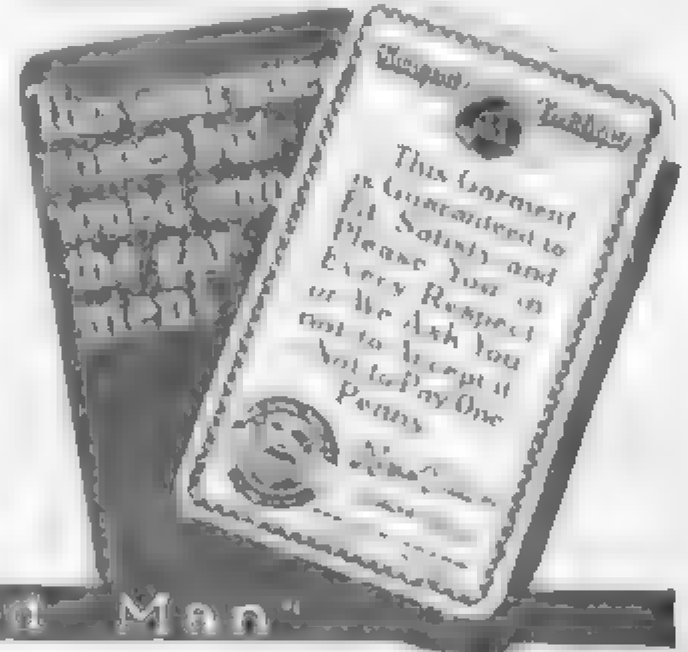

Royal Tailors
This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit, Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to Accept it Nor to Pay One Penny

"The Well Dressed Man is the Tailor-Dressed Man"

The Royal Tailors

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Over 5,000 Royal Dealers

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Latham in a Monoplane of His Own Make

To the Public:
A Personal Statement of General Interest

Until within the last year or two I have had but one enthusiasm—the manufacture of a perfect speed indicator. Now I have two—the speed indicator and the development of aerial navigation to its utmost possibilities, commercial and from the sporting standpoint. I drive an aeroplane myself.

The Warner Auto-Meter is so widely known and so generally acknowledged as the aristocrat of speed indicators—the one perfect instrument of its kind—that it does not seem to be any longer necessary to use a quantity of printers' ink in telling about it in detail. It is as well and favorably known among automobile owners as any other article of almost universal use.

So I feel that I can afford to devote some time and some money to the development of my other enthusiasm, the navigation of the air. And while we also manufacture the Warner Aero-Meter—the first aeroplane accessory—I am not actuated by any idea of direct financial return. I feel now that while making of the Warner Auto-Meter is still my vocation, I can afford to make an avocation of the aeroplane. So here is what I purpose:

For a Wider Knowledge of Aeronautics

I have always been a user of fairly large space in the magazines and newspapers and automobile journals. Inasmuch as the Warner Auto-Meter is so well known I can very profitably say all that is necessary to say about it in half the space I have been in the habit of using. So—except when lack of material may forbid—a portion of the space in the advertising of the Warner Instrument Company from now on will be devoted exclusively to the pictorial history of the development of the aeroplane.

You may call this a fad—a whim—or what you will. The fact remains that I am sincere; and if it is a whim it is at least one which will be productive of general interest and will be helpful to the advancement of science.

And I will say here that Mr. C. H. Warner, my brother, to whose inventive genius so much of the success of the Auto-Meter is due, agrees with me and takes as keen an interest in the development of aerial navigation as I do.

Beloit, Wisconsin A. P. WARNER.
(62)

The Warner Auto-Meter

Sommers in a Voisin Biplane

EASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 24)

business. If you did you'd see that no man can make money unless some one else loses it. If we hadn't got it some one else would."

It was as lame and lamentable as all the rest—true, no doubt, yet hardly calculated to make her mind more easy. "Perry! Perry!" she said softly, under her breath. "It's not that—not even that, though it seems bad enough, too. It's that you could do all this for money—just money, you know."

"We had to have it! . . . How do you suppose we're going to live? As it is, this house takes all I can make to keep it going."

"And is that why you did it—for the house, for me?" she questioned. "If that's the case the sooner we give it up the better."

"I did it for both of us!" he retorted harshly. "I'm not going to give it up, either—nor am I going to give up that money."

"But you must," she said distinctly, impressively.

Derwent wheeled on her more irritably than ever. "What! And own up to that fellow Parsons he's got us in his grip? Well, I guess not!" he cried roughly.

"But you can't keep the money you—you tricked out of him. You sha'n't do that if there's anything I can say or do."

Then she came across the hearthrug and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Perry," said Mrs. Derwent with a slow and earnest directness, "I won't touch that money—or any part of it. You've got to give it back. That's final now."

"Final?"

"Yes—quite so. Nothing can make me change my mind." Then she dropped her hand and, smiling thoughtfully, went back to her chair. "That's why I gave up the necklace today."

"Then you won't take it from me?" Derwent looked down at her, his face set and his lips again tightly pressed together.

"No. Every time I hung it around my neck I'd think of Jennie Farrar."

Derwent felt a sudden inclination to laugh. He had become almost desperate in his irritation. It was for her sake, for his wife's comfort, luxury—for the sake of giving her what she wanted, to let her keep up a show like the other women about her—that he had flung his conscience overboard. And now that he'd done it—now that he offered what she had wanted—she turned up her nose at the gift! It seemed to him a kind of comedy, something absurd and farcical, that after all his effort it should come to a pass like this. But Mrs. Derwent's thoughts had gone to a stage far beyond the trivial concern of whether or not she should have her necklace. He must return to Parsons, to Dolger, Pincus and all the others, what he had rooked out of them by his deceit. Otherwise——

Otherwise—what?

"Alice!" he cried, alarmed—startled by her voice and look. "Do you mean——?"

No; that was not what she had meant. She shook her head, her lips parted in a shadowy smile. "You know I couldn't—wouldn't, either. I'll stay with you, no matter what happens."

Derwent waited almost stupidly till she had finished. "What do you want, anyway?" he demanded, brusque in his sulkiness. "I'd like to know."

Mrs. Derwent again told him: "You know perfectly. I want you to pay it all back—every cent of it."

"But you don't understand!" He cried it out, all the more desperate now that one more admission still was left. "If we did that it might mean——" He paused, thought it over briefly and then told her. "If we did," he said sullenly, "we might have to assign—close up. We need a lot now—all we can get our hands on, in fact, to keep us going!"

Mrs. Derwent's eyes widened suddenly. "Perry!" she exclaimed. Then, after a pause, she spoke again: "But you were about to buy me that necklace—to spend thirty thousand on those pearls."

It was true. "Yes, I wanted you to have it. That was why," he said, and it was on that turned her final decision.

"Listen: I know now what you must do." She came and stood beside him, her manner determined and decisive. "You must get out of that business. I can see now what it's done to you. You must give it up—get clear of all it means."

Derwent's mouth dropped in astonishment. "What?" he demanded, drawling out the word in utter bewilderment.

"That's what I mean, Perry."

But after another stare Derwent broke forth into a laugh, one harshly derisive "Give it up! Do you think me a fool?" he inquired, and at once Mrs. Derwent shook her head.

"No; . . . but neither you nor Hyde has a head strong enough to keep clear of what's going on around you. I can see that. I've been shown it clearly by what you've owned to just now." Then she nodded. "You've got to get out of it, Perry."

But this was too whimsical altogether. "What! Give up my business—give it up like that!" he cried. "Why! how do you suppose we're going to live? It's too nonsensical to talk about—too ridiculous!"

Mrs. Derwent waited patiently till he had finished. "My money is enough—the money father left me. It will keep us going till you can find something else to do." It was true that her father had left her something, but how little it was he was well aware. But before he had another retort prepared she spoke again, gazing at him wistfully. "Won't you do it for me—for my sake?" she asked.

It was the first open plea she had made to him. The fact that it was struck home. Derwent lowered his head in thought. Afterward, when he looked up and spoke, he had managed to control his voice into its usual gentle tones.

"Let me think it over, won't you? I'll promise to consider it all. Anyway," he added, "I may have to give Parsons his money. He may force us into it. But whether he does or not I'll think about it. I promise you that."

It was a great deal, that much of a victory; yet even this failed to satisfy. "All of it, Perry. You've got to give it all back!" she persisted. "Then," she added, "settle your affairs and give up what you're doing. You're not the sort of man—you're not made—fitted for it." she appealed brokenly. "Won't you?" she asked, though as quietly as before. "Anyway, it only means doing it before you go to smash. You know that, too."

It was true, as he was aware. But with the obstinacy, the persistence, of his nature the thought of hauling down his colors before the fight was lost was unbearable; he determined to hold out. The firm was on its feet again; with a struggle they might still make good. Raising his head, his lips had already framed the word "No" he was about to say—when there came a sudden interruption. A tap sounded on the door.

"Who's that?" he asked curiously.

Without replying Mrs. Derwent crossed the room and opened the door. The manservant stood there. He was half attired, a shabby pair of slippers on his feet, and his coat-collar turned up to hide the fact that he wore no shirt or collar.

"Begging pardon, madam," said he, "but it's the telephone. Mr. Hyde is asking for the master."

"Hyde!"

Derwent, who had been listening, moved abruptly.

"Yes, sir. He would wish to speak with you particular."

But before he could reach the door Mrs. Derwent closed it, and then, with her back to the panels, stood there facing her husband.

"Wait!" she said, and raised her hand. "Before you see him—talk to Hyde, I mean—will you promise me? Will you give me your word?" Then she reached out her hands. "Will you, Perry?"

He had his eyes on her; again he was thinking deeply. "I've promised I'd think it over. Now, that's all I can tell you," he said.

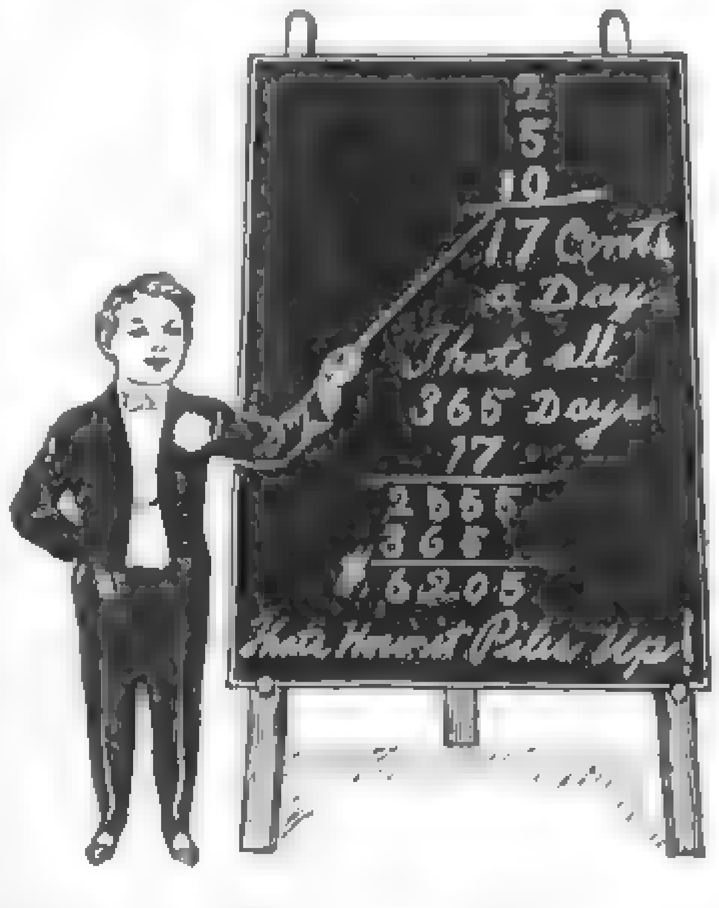
Mrs. Derwent instantly made way for him to open the door. "Very well," she responded. "I've said and done all I could. You must manage it for yourself now. Good-night, Perry," said she, and, turning her back, walked slowly toward the room adjoining. Once there, she closed the door behind her and dropped weakly into the nearest chair.

For this ended it, she thought. In the mere matter of conscience—not much of a matter, as some might look at it, but

(Concluded on Page 46)

Magic of 17 cts. Explained!

How 17 Cents a Day Buys the $100 Oliver Typewriter



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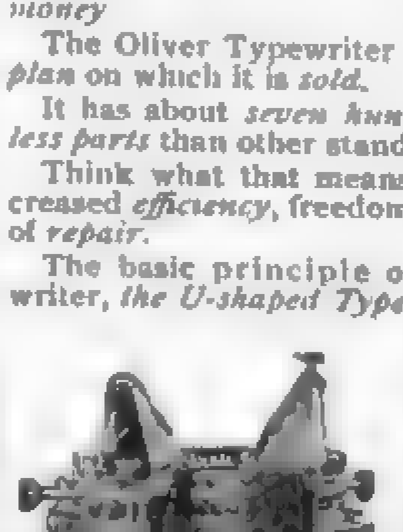

Upon this fundamental advantage, covered by world-wide patents, has been reared the towering supremacy of this greatest of writing machines.

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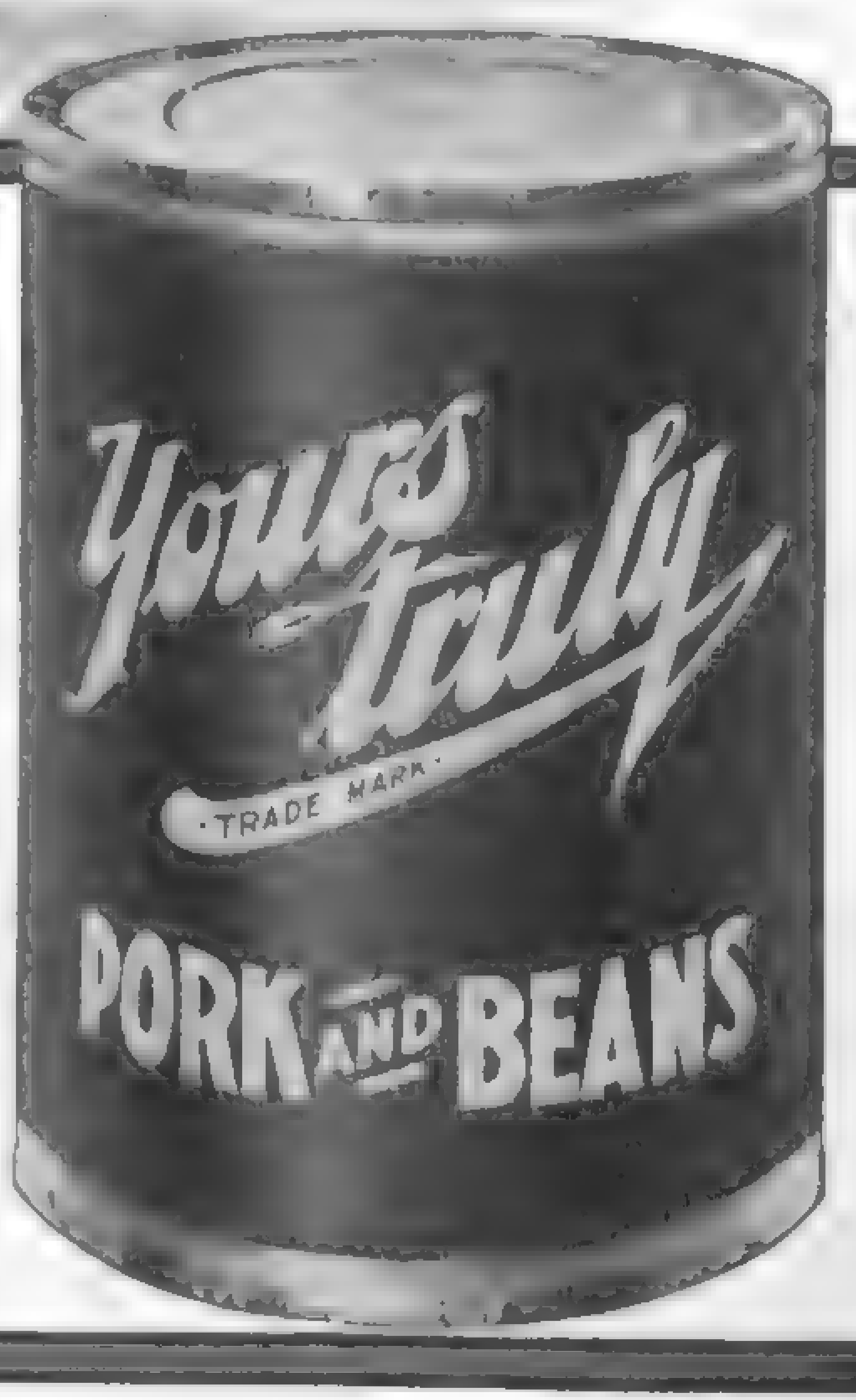

(Concluded from Page 44)

still a great deal to her—in this, as she thought, he had failed her. It was a good deal of a shock after her long idealization of her husband, her feeling that he was all square and dependable in his treatment of other men. Naturally, in the life that surrounded her she had gained an idea, some hint of how the men about made their money. But that Derwent, too, would profit in such dubious ways seemed to her, even now, queer and inexplicable. She could hardly believe it. Curiously enough, she hardly knew just what he had done.

It was vague to her still, unexplained; but, even so, there was no doubt in her mind that it had been something shameful, unscrupulous. His confession had shown her that.

But on top of this came still another thought, its opposite. What if it were not so dreadful as she had imagined? What if she had laid too much stress on his admissions? Other men did the same things—many others like him. With a woman's softness she recalled then how she had talked to him—with what little sympathy or kindness she had dragged out the statements one by one. If, instead of her coldness, her thinly-veiled thrusts and accusations, she had been more kind—more helpful! What if she had tried to make herself more certain of what he had really done? Bit by bit the fact came to her that, instead of helping the man when he most needed it—instead of holding out a willing hand to help him—she had done only that which was bound to make the matter worse instead of better. It was a sharp pang to a woman like her—to find herself wanting at a time when most of all she was needed. "Oh!" she gasped, and struggled to her feet. "Perry! Oh, Perry!" she called, and flung open the door.

He was standing there, his hand just raised to knock on the panel. His face was white, paler than it had been at any time during the evening's ordeal; yet about him was an air of calmness and relief at once evident to his wife.

"Listen . . . Listen, won't you? Oh, I'm sorry," she cried, and clung to him, shaken by a sudden stress of tears. "I didn't mean it—didn't—all that I said. You must do what you want, Perry—what you think to be the best. It'll be all right in the end. I'm sure it will. I can trust you, Perry. Oh, forgive me for all I've said. I want you to do with that money as you will. You will, won't you?—if you only will—and then forget what I said to you!"

It all poured from her in a flood, disjointed and faltering. "You'll do what's best with the money, won't you? Oh, I'm sure you will!" she cried, beginning it anew.

Derwent waited till she had finished. "The money?" he repeated, and then smiled down at her.

"Yes—yes! the money I thought you'd stolen."

Again he smiled. "Alice, there isn't any money. Hyde got frightened at what I'd said to him, and when the market dropped he jumped in and covered our sales at the first chance offered. All that's left is what we've got to pay back to Parsons—Pincus—all our other customers."

Alice drew away from him, her face clouded with bewilderment.

"No money—none? Then you didn't take it all?"

Derwent shook his head slowly and profoundly. "I tried to—only I couldn't do it, you know. The easy money was harder than I thought. I'm exactly where I started from—and tomorrow—tomorrow ——" Derwent laughed abruptly. "Why, tomorrow, when we pay back Parsons—him and all the others, Hyde and I are going to split—dissolve—wind up the business. It's all in with us, you know."

Then he shook himself as if to clear his shoulders of a weight.

"We've got to start in afresh, young lady," he added with a grin. "That is—you and I, you know."

(THE END)

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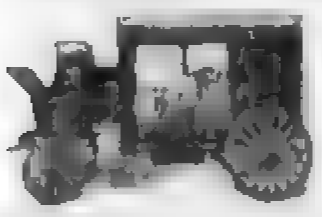

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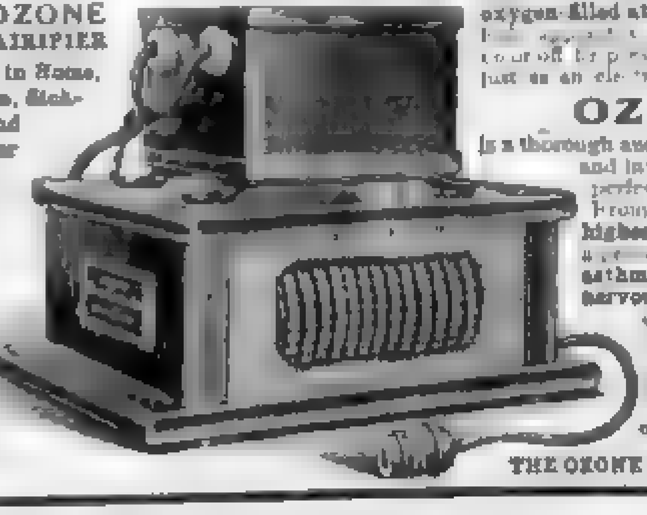

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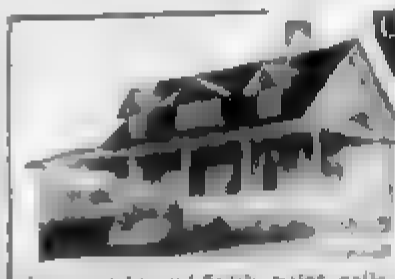

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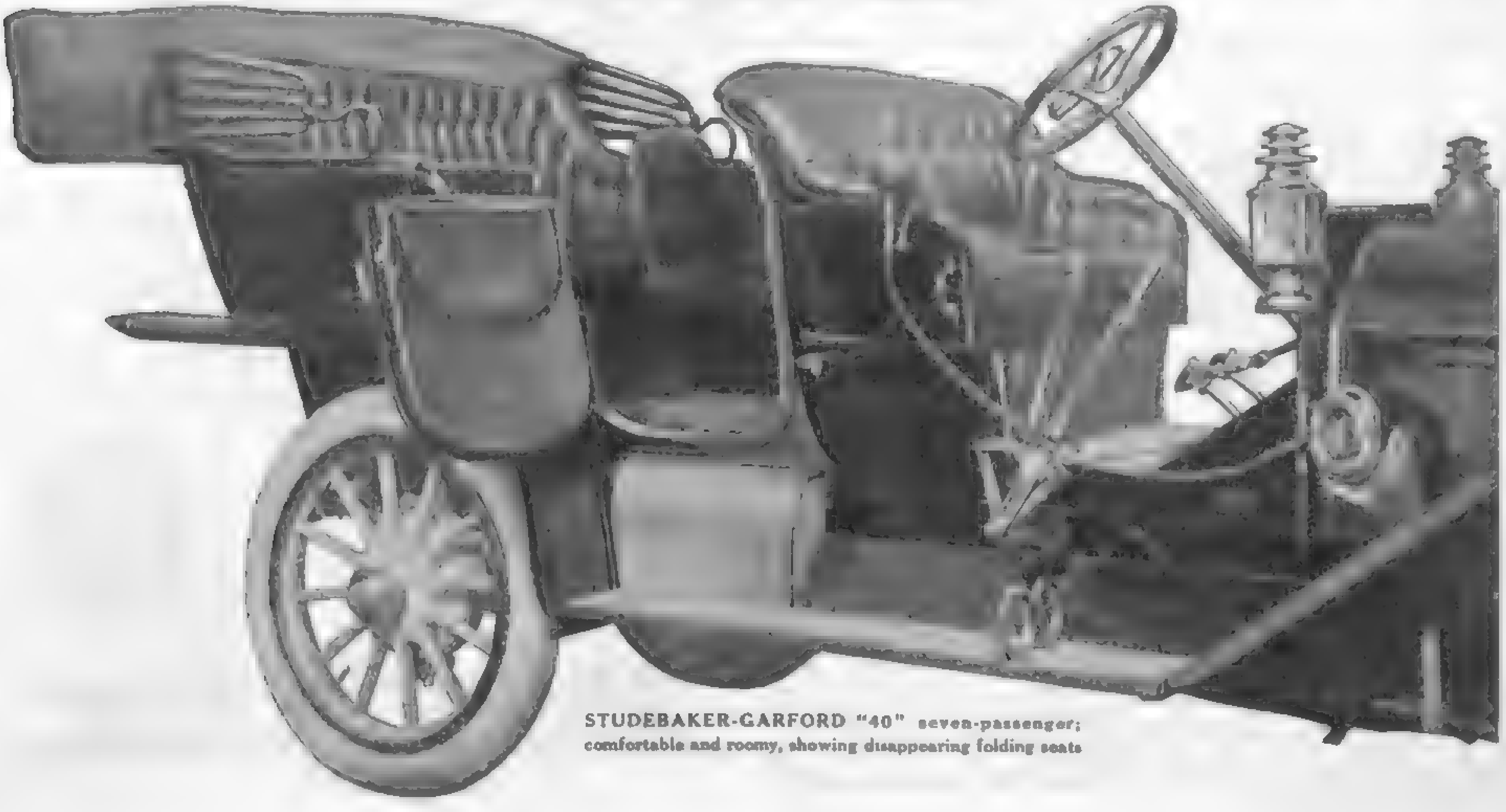

STUDEBAKER-GARFORD "40" seven-passenger; comfortable and roomy, showing disappearing folding seats

Safety as a Good Investment

(Continued from Page 8)

casualty took a heavy toll. In the American Bridge Company, last year, there were only twelve accidents, and none due to unguarded machinery. In fixing compensation for the injured man or his family the idea is not to settle the claim as cheaply as possible, but to let the social circumstance—that is, the condition of the worker—determine the amount and the method.

As a consequence, 99½ per cent of all accident cases last year were settled without litigation. Of the million dollars spent by the United States Steel Corporation in 1909 in compensation only $40,000 was the result of lawsuits or obtained through lawyers. In some of the companies there was practically no resort to the law, the litigation in the American Bridge Company having been seventeen-thousandths per cent and in the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company only six-thousandths per cent.

Though this whole system has, perhaps, been expensive to install, the Steel Corporation regards it as a safe and permanent investment. Summed up by one of the officials here is the value:

"Safety means saving. Accidents are always costly, not only in money but in impairment of the personnel of the force and in the relations between employer and employee. Our experience is that when the worker, no matter how ignorant he is, realizes that you are trying to protect him and that you treat him fairly if he is hurt, you get a larger and better working efficiency."

Now take a concern not so big, which not only has found it good business to dispense with the whole liability system but has actually saved money. In 1905 the New York Edison Company, which employs in the neighborhood of 5000 men, discontinued its liability policies and decided to handle all accident cases directly with the men. Their reasons for this step were as follows:

First. The company could distribute among its employees the amount heretofore paid as premiums to the insurance companies. If expenditures should be less the plan would be a financial success; if more, the company would at least know that the money was going to its men.

Second. Every injured employee would share in the amount expended, instead of only those whose cases came under company liability.

Third. The experience acquired by the company in investigating the details of accidents would undoubtedly lead to the establishment of safeguards and would improve general working conditions.

Fourth. The whole economic loss would be distributed, and good relations between the company and its employees maintained.

The Partial Duty Plan

The company's plan consists of sending the injured man to its doctor as soon as he is hurt. On this visit he is requested to sign a release waiving all claims against the company in consideration of free medical care. This release is asked more to find out the attitude of the man than to hold him strictly to it. If the man signs he is at once placed on what is called the "disability pay-roll" and never receives less than half of his wages. If he is hurt by the negligence of a fellow-workman, the foreman or the company he gets full wages. If he has been grossly negligent, or has endangered the lives of his fellow-workmen, he may get no wages.

Since May 1, 1905, the company has had 3000 accidents and only in 20 cases have the men refused to sign the first release. These were in the early days of the system. All the men who went to court, with one exception, lost out entirely.

The company has enforced what they call "partial duty" from the men, and it has an interesting economic significance for every employer similarly placed. Wherever possible the company makes the injured man report for work. The theory is that while an oiler, for example, who has crushed his hand in machinery is not of much use around the engine-room, he is better off with some kind of employment than to be idle, with wages in his pocket.

Now, look at the concrete results of this system. Take 1906, the first year. The total disability pay-roll for the whole year was $18,055.82. The medical, drug and settlement expenses brought the total accident expenditures up to $28,042.63. The estimated liability insurance premium for the year would have been $35,000. Hence, there was a saving of $6957.37. In 1907 the force was increased on account of extensive new construction, and the total expenses due to accidents were $35,559.20. For the same period the premiums for liability insurance would have been about $42,000. Again there was a saving, this time of $6440.80. The experience in 1908 and 1909 was practically the same, each year the expenditures for accident being less than the estimated cost of liability insurance.

There were only seven fatal accidents, and in none was the company legally liable. One reason is that the company safeguards its high tension currents by the following system: When a worker must work near or about a high voltage he is not given oral instructions, but a written order. The result is that in three cases of men killed they were found at the wrong switchboard, and had orders on their persons to go to others. The company's theory is that when dangerous places are surrounded by precautions these precautions inspire care.

How Indemnities Are Paid

In fatal cases the company not only pays funeral expenses, but renders relief by a plan at once original and practical. In one case the company bought the widow a delicatessen store. It was purposely located near one of the big power plants where the employees could become patrons. The company posted a sign in this power house, stating: "The New York Edison Company is still interested in Mrs.——, whose husband died while in the service of the company." The business is prospering and the woman has a permanent means of livelihood for the remainder of her life. This, the company believes, is a better policy than giving her a lump sum, which might be swept away in speculation.

In another case the company, after paying funeral expenses, gave the widow $500 with which to equip a boarding-house. They helped her to get it started. Now she is permanently fixed. In fact, wherever possible the company has started the widow in some business that takes ample care of her and her family, and keeps her from being a public charge.

Commenting on their plan, one of the officers of the Edison Company said: "We not only have saved money, as our figures show, but we have done away with legal vexations and annoyances and we have had no labor troubles. Our workmen are more contented and they do better and more work."

Take a still smaller plant, that of the Cleveland Foundry Company, a report of which was made at the last annual meeting of the National Civic Federation. Ninety per cent of its accidents happened in the stamping presses. They averaged fifty a year and ranged from the loss of the tip of the finger to the loss of all the fingers of one hand. As a result the company laid down this rule: "In the construction of dies, tools and machines our first regard shall be for the safety of the operator. We will not concern ourselves with the question of economy in die construction, nor in production from the dies, except as economy may be effected without subtracting from the safety of the tools in question."

A safety inspector was put to work, and he found that in at least fifty cases a simple change in die construction would reduce the hazard of accident by half. With the introduction of these changes—mostly automatic feeders—the cost of production was actually reduced and the men were able to work with greater confidence, thus increasing the output. Further, to protect the workmen's hands compressed air was introduced. Not only does this lessen the accident risk, but the saving in cost of production will pay for the new apparatus in less than two years.

The Cleveland Foundry Company practices direct compensation without resort to liability defense. Definite values have been put on fingers and parts of fingers. If a thumb is taken off the man, for example, is paid $300; if an entire index finger is lost he gets $285. The injured employee at the same time gets full piecework wages based on the earnings of the

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ALL WOOL HAND TAILORED

THIS is our way of winning your good will.

We want you to make a trial of Kirschbaum Guaranteed Clothes. Ask your dealer to show you **The Kirschbaum $18 "True Blue" Serge**

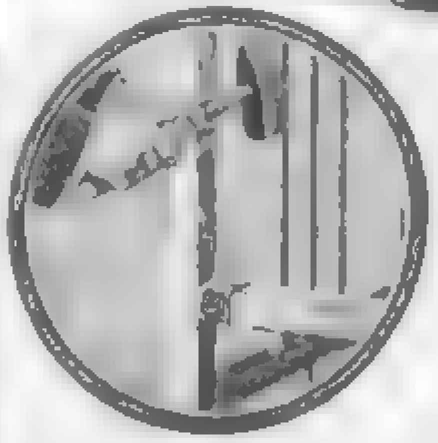
"A New Suit for Any That Fades"

SCENE [illegible] "ARSENE LUPIN," reproduced in original [illegible] showing male characters as they would look in the *Kirschbaum* "Dartmouth" Three-Button Sack Suit and "Fifth Avenue" Top Coat Models.

Guaranteed fadeless and unshrinkable and tailored according to the same high standard that characterizes the entire Kirschbaum product. Look for the Kirschbaum label—the identification mark of the best clothes made at the price.

Don't accept some other. If the dealer can't show you the real Kirschbaum $18 "True Blue" Serge, write us today. We will see that you are supplied, and will also forward the Kirschbaum **"Book of Fashions,"** showing our complete Spring and Summer Styles for Men and the "Student Line" for Young Men.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM & CO.
Makers of All Wool Clothes Only
PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK



A Barcalo Brass Bed

Not Only For Beauty—But Our Guarantee of 35 Years Against Breakage

You will approve of Barcalo beds at first sight. The uncommon designs, their finish, their substantial look—make an instant appeal.

Then when you learn that these are the only beds made well enough to guarantee for 35 years, you will not care to look further. You will suit your taste and purse among the Barcalo designs.

Malleable corners—guaranteed unbreakable. Have salesman test them with a hammer. He won't *dare* pound the corners of other beds. If a Barcalo corner breaks the owner gets a new bed.

The Barcalo Process Guaranteed Finish insures you a permanently *handsome* bed.

Look for the finish guarantee on head-bar of every Barcalo. Write for Book of designs and name of dealer nearest you having a display of Barcalos.

NOTE—Our Corner Seal and Finish Seal are *new*. Your dealer may [illegible] Barcalos [illegible] Look for the [illegible] Buffalo [illegible] 35-year guarantee protects you [illegible].

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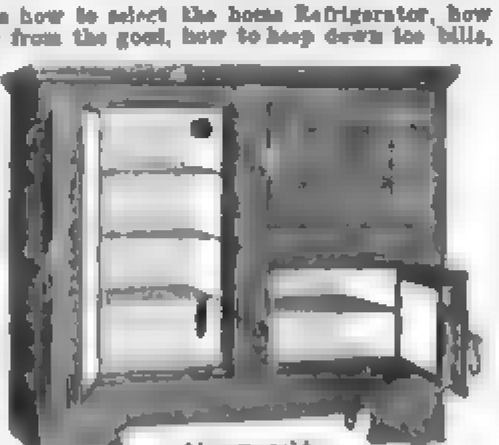
BARCALO MFG. CO.
Station C-4

BUFFALO, N.Y.

Barcalo Buffalo

Write for Our Free Book on
Home Refrigeration

This book tells how to select the home Refrigerator, how to know the poor from the good, how to keep down ice bills, how to keep a Refrigerator sanitary and sweet—lots of things you should know before buying ANY Refrigerator.



Always sold DIRECT and at Factory Prices. Cash or monthly payments.

It also tells all about the Monroe [illegible] anywhere. The Monroe is as easy to keep clean as a china bowl

The "Monroe"

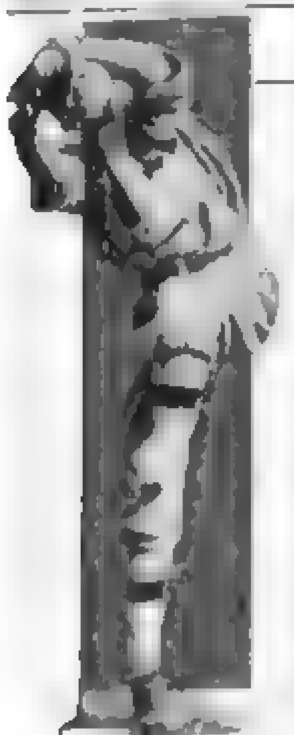
Most other Refrigerators have tanks and corners which cannot be cleaned [illegible] germs. These germs get into [illegible] food and make it poison, and the [illegible].

The Monroe [illegible] genuinely clean in an instant [illegible] hot water. [illegible] The high death rate among children [illegible] Monroe Refrigerator [illegible] in every home where there are little folks.

The Monroe is installed in the best flats and apartments, occupied by people who CARE—and is found today in a large [illegible] homes in the United States. The largest and best [illegible]. The health of the whole family is safe-guarded by the use of a Monroe Refrigerator.

When you have [illegible] the book and know all about Home Refrigeration you will know WHY and will realize how important it is to select carefully. Please write for book today.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station M, Cincinnati, O.



Star base ball players of the league, college and independent teams use "Reach"

Quality Base Ball Goods

For many years the recognized standard everywhere the game is played.

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The Thrall REFINED Motor

Makes This the Fastest Boat of Same Size and Power in the World

Let us send you the proof. But speed is not the only advantage of owning a Thrall Refined. You also get the **simplest**, most **durable**, most **economical** motor. Only four moving parts, all bearings bronze bushed and interchangeable. As to endurance—

310 Miles in 25 Hours, 10 Min.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. If you are interested address

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Good Money Maker Patented Novelty advertising [illegible] any person, especially business men. [illegible] Agents wanted. Sample free.

H. L. PATZOLD, Meriden, Conn.

thirty days previous to the accident. The whole result of this system is a decrease in the cost of production and a larger output.

A public-service corporation can likewise work out the safety problem, as the experience of the Rochester Railway and Light Company shows. There is a committee composed of heads of departments, known as the General Safety Committee, which directs the work of eight safety subcommittees, each having one of the following departments in charge: Steam Electric Stations, Hydraulic Electric Stations, Gas Works, Street Gas and Electric Underground Work, Inside Wiring and Industrial Work, Overhead Wiring, Buildings, and Allied Companies. Though the members of the committees are familiar with company work they are not employed on the particular end of it that they are called upon to inspect.

In inspection the committees have in mind the prevention of accidents to persons and property, fire hazard, and the welfare and comfort of employees. They make their recommendations to the General Committee and, if approved, they are adopted.

In summing up the results of the first three months of work Mr. Herman Russell, chairman of the General Committee, said: "The results have been very satisfactory. Many conditions have been improved, especially the lighting and sanitary conditions. Gear wheels have been covered, stairways protected, unnecessary rubbish removed, dangerous electrical connections and bad wiring remedied. One of the best results has been a greatly stimulated interest on the part of the employees, and this has had the tendency to make them individually more careful in their work and more watchful of their fellow-workmen. Each trip of inspection by a sub-committee reminds them of what is being done and keeps them on the alert. In many cases the suggestions made by the men themselves, as well as the recommendations from the sub-committee, have resulted in a saving, or in a better operation, with consequent financial saving to the company as well as the safeguarding of life."

The Rochester Railway and Light Company carries no liability insurance. All employees injured at work are paid full salary during incapacity, regardless of liability.

What the Future Holds

These examples, together with the instances that every community now affords, show that the movement among larger employers of industrial labor is toward two things: immediate and direct compensation, and accident prevention. The small employer, however, must stick to liability insurance until the compensation era, because he cannot take chances on being put out of business by a $25,000 verdict.

Much stimulus has been given accident prevention by the establishment of the Museum of Safety and Sanitation, in New York, by Dr. William H. Tolman. The plan is to install it in a big building, patterned after the German museums. The significance of such institutions may be gauged when it is stated that Germany has found that half of the accidents that happen are preventable, and that the Director of the Imperial Bureau of Statistics estimates that one billion marks—$237,500,000—in wage-earning efficiency is conserved each year in Germany through museums of safety and proper sanitation in factories.

At this point the following question naturally arises: What do the great liability insurance companies think of compensation? I asked Mr. George F. Seward, president of the Fidelity and Casualty Company, and he said:

"I look forward to the time when a practical system of compensation for injuries suffered by workmen, irrespective of the negligence of the employer, will be worked out and adopted by the states, and I think it to the interest of employers and workmen as well as of the insurance companies that this should come about. I do not believe the result near at hand. There are grave difficulties to be met, constitutional and otherwise. The result is one to be worked toward. I think that the period of delay can be used to good purpose. If, as I believe, nearly one-half of all industrial accidents are preventable, a compensation system can be based better when the preventable accidents are eliminated. This can be accomplished by a better supervision of industrial plants by the state

We Preach the Doctrine of
PROTECTION

IN *Life Insurance*—not investment—not savings—not profits—all good in their way—but subordinate—minor—relatively unimportant in comparison with the one big—important—*essential feature of life insurance for the benefit of women and little children*—who need it and need its benefits most when their bread-winner no longer stands guardian over them. ¶ Let us call it the *policy of protection*—the *substitute bread-winner*—the volunteer who steps into the breach when the regular has passed on his way—call it what you will—but above all—don't neglect to *get* it—NOW!—TO-DAY!—while yet you may—it may already be too late for you to get the benefits. ¶ Strange, but the average man thinks it the easiest thing in the world to get life insurance—and then is staggered oftentimes to find that he has waited just one day too long. ¶ Suppose you try.—See THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY man *to-day.*

¶ *First:* Let him find out if you are eligible.

¶ *Second:* Then let him tell you how little it will cost to put around your family his armor against the rapid firing guns of *hunger* and *cold*—and *want*—and the other shells which destroy unprotected families. ¶ It will be very much worth your while—but thinking about it won't do you—or your family—any good—*Action* is the word which brings relief.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society
OF THE UNITED STATES
"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.

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AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there? Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

A New Style Cedar Chest
Air-Tight
Germ-Proof
Moth-Proof
Dust-Proof — Moisture Proof
And Without Bulk or Weight

Here is the ideal all the year 'round storage protection for every class of garment—for your winter clothes in summer and your summer clothes in winter. And in addition a week to week and day to day protection for the clothes you are wearing.

When you lay aside a suit, gown or wrap, just slip it into a Wayne Cedared Paper Wardrobe. It takes only a moment, and your garment is hung full length and free from wrinkles.

Wayne Wardrobes do away with tiresome folding of garments to lay in drawers or pinning up in sheets. The care of your clothes becomes easy. They will keep their press and freshness—last twice as long.

Wayne Cedared Paper Wardrobes

are made from the strongest rope paper, cedarized by our special process. They are simply flexible cedar chests, with no inconvenient bulk and weight. Think of the difference between the fresh fragrance of cedar and the disagreeable smell of camphor and moth balls. Yet the cedar odor is not imparted to the clothes.

There Are Years of Use in Each Wayne Wardrobe

Every wardrobe has a stout steel outside hanger and a row of steel hooks inside. These bear all the weight—none whatever is on the paper.

An extra wide opening and accordion pleated sides give ample room for each garment. Note the wide opening—the reinforced square bottom and the metal clasps for closing.

This is the season you must safeguard your furs for the summer. Use our No. 9 Wardrobe, especially designed for the storage of Furs, Muffs, Collarettes, etc., with special muff and fur hanger, 24x6x36 . . 75 cents.

No. 3.	Dress Suits, Frock Coats, Business Suits, Women's Coats, 30x6x50	Each 75c
No. 5	Overcoats, Motor Coats, Uniforms, Gowns, Opera Cloaks, 30x6x55 . . .	1.00
No. 7	Fur Coats, Motor Coats, Ball and Party Gowns, [illegible], with garment hanger.	[illegible]

Ten other sizes for other purposes.

Your Dealer Should Keep the Wayne

They are in the stock of the best dry goods stores, department stores and clothiers. If you don't find them, select the sizes and styles you wish and write direct to us, enclosing price. We will send the Wardrobes at once, transportation prepaid. Please mention your dealer's name.

Free Book for the Asking

Write us a postal for our book, "How to Care for Clothes." Its simple hints will show you how to prolong life and looks of your garments.

Wayne Paper Goods Co.

Dept. 21 [18] Fort Wayne, Ind.

governments and the enforced use of the best safety appliances."

Mr. Walter G. Cowles, secretary of the Liability Department of the Travelers' Insurance Company, said: "It is my personal belief that the great liability companies view with favor the coming of a suitable plan for workmen's compensation, and that when such legislation has been enacted the companies will very speedily adjust their rates to the new condition and the business will proceed without shock or discomfort to the insurance companies."

Coming Legislation

An official in a different company summed it up in this way: "The liability companies make less money on liability insurance than on any other kind. The hard and constant litigation, due to the present laws, cuts down the profit. We want compensation laws. Under them we can sell insurance against the compensation that the employer might be called upon to pay."

You have now seen how employer, employee and insurance company are dissatisfied with the present liability system. Each day adds to the protest. The last annual meeting of the National Civic Federation resolved itself into a demonstration for compensation. More important than any other manifestation was the conference held at Washington, on January 20 last, by the New York, Wisconsin and Minnesota Commissions now investigating the subject. Each reported that it would recommend compensation legislation. The Minnesota Commission has already drafted a tentative bill which provides for a graduated scale of compensation, without resort to law, and refers all disputes to a State Board of Arbitration and Award.

With the work of these commissions, and with the fact that the larger employers are waking up to the waste and folly of our liability system, it is safe to prophesy that the United States and every American state will eventually discard all accident quarrels and follow the lead of Europe. The burden to compensate injured workmen will become, just as in Germany, a fixed charge on industry, and the industry will bear this cost of renewal of men just as it bears the cost of the renewal and maintenance of machines. The only question now is which state will first apply the new principle.

The Smoke-Eater

He stands in the middle of Hell an' grins,
Where a salamander would choke,
His hide's constructed of elephant skins,
His diet is sulphur smoke
The throat of the brute is black as black,
An' his lungs is a similar shade,
An' he hasn't a shirt to his sweatin' back,
When he's swelterin' at his trade.

Eatin' the smoke,
Eatin' the smoke,
Eatin' the smoke with vim
Sometimes I kick
At my own hard trick—
But I wouldn't trade jobs with him.

Where the long blast furnaces snort an' roar,
Or the calcine tables turn,
Or out on the big converter floor
He has his livin' to earn.
An' all he does is to play with fire
The whole of the workin' day,
An' breathe hot smoke to his heart's desire
As long as he draws his pay.

Eatin' the smoke,
Eatin' the smoke,
Watchin' the hot matte glare.
You wouldn't pine
For a job like mine—
But it's better than that one there

He tramps around in arsenic dust,
In a sort of inferno scene;
With slag-pots sputterin' fit to bust
An' molten copper that's green.
Copper that's green an' blue an' red
As it boils when the blast whoops through,
An' big cranes swingin' above his head
With caldrons of molten stew.

Eatin' the smoke,
Eatin' the smoke,
That's what a man is fer.
It's the same old song,
Of a whole life long—
"Fer the sake of the kids an' Her!"

— *Berton Braley.*

PENNSYLVANIA

4 and 6 Cylinder Cars

Pennsylvania chassis are built in their entirety in our own plant, as carefully and skillfully as it is possible to build a car. The bodies are mostly by J. M. Quinby & Co.—the best obtainable. These cars are the outcome of four years of continuous and intelligent effort, during which time every model produced has been a success. Compare the Pennsylvania critically with the most popular high grade American cars, as to design, construction, equipment, and performance. You will find that it excels at every point.

The following letter is from one of America's foremost mechanical experts, Mr. J. H. Mull, General Superintendent of Wm. Cramp & Sons Co., the great naval constructors.

THE WILLIAM CRAMP & SONS SHIP & ENGINE BUILDING COMPANY
Office of General Superintendent

Pennsylvania Auto Motor Company, Philadelphia, Pa., February 22nd, 1910.
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

Gentlemen:—

It gives me great pleasure, indeed, to be able after two years' experience with the "Pennsylvania" car to state that I have covered about 23,000 miles, and had two accidents in that time. The engine has never been taken apart for adjustment, except but one year ago when I dropped the crank case and tightened up one crank-pin bearing on one crank pin. These are the only repairs to the engine that have been made since I have owned the car, with the exception of renewing one set of valve lift guides.

The engine to-day is running perfectly, and in fact it is giving me such perfect satisfaction that it would be very difficult to persuade me to dispose of this car, after two years' use, for any other make that I know of at this time.

The accidents above referred to were in no way caused by any defects of the machine, but entirely due to skidding. While the frame of the machine was more or less distorted in each case, and the front axle bent, I had both frame and axle straightened, and so far as strength and appearance go it would be impossible to detect that anything had ever taken place, which speaks well for your chassis frame and the quality of material used in your front axle.

Yours very truly,
J. H. MULL.

Type "B 50," 4 cyl., 7 passenger, $3500
Other Models $2500 to $4700

Pennsylvania cars are sold at a lower price than any car of equal quality.

In territory where there is no Pennsylvania agent, we have a very attractive proposition to offer. To the dealer we would say that Pennsylvania cars once sold stay sold. They will not eat up your profits in keeping them on the road. You can sell them to your best friend and not be afraid to meet him afterwards. Write to-day for particulars.

The Pennsylvania Auto Motor Company, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

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Pat. Dec. 26, 1905. Pat. Nov. 24, 1908.

STYLE—DURABILITY COMFORT—ECONOMY

AFTER A DAY'S WORK there is no need to make a change when you wear a Challenge Waterproof Collar. A rub with a damp cloth and it's fresh and clean as if just put on.

Careful dressers everywhere are delighted with our Challenge Brand because they are so different from the *ordinary* waterproof collar. They are not shiny and never turn yellow. The dull finish, linen texture, fit and style are equal to the best linen.

They are always clean and never wilt or blister. A hot day or a sudden shower has no terrors for the man who wears a Challenge Collar. They save money, too. No laundry expense or annoyance.

Sold by dealers everywhere—Collars, 25 cts., Cuffs, 50 cts., or sent by mail by us direct. Our new "Slip-Easy" finish makes the adjustment easy. Write for our latest style book.

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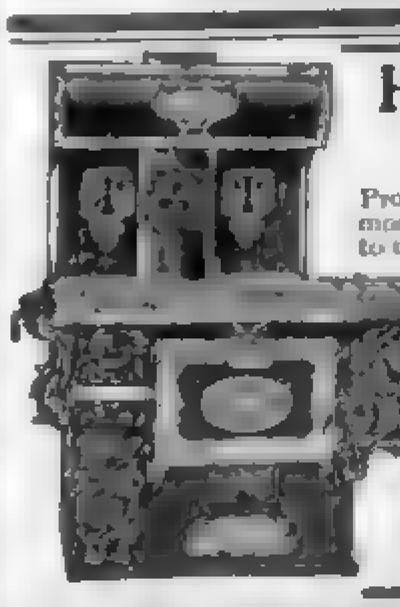
ST. LOUIS, [illegible] DETROIT, 117 Jefferson Ave. TORONTO, 58-64 Fraser Ave.



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Prove for yourself in your own home, that the Kalamazoo is the most perfect—most economical—most satisfactory range for you to use—Your money back if it's not.

Cash Or Time Payments

We want every housewife to know the comfort and convenience of a Kalamazoo in her home. You can buy on easy time payments or pay cash. [illegible] We make it easy for responsible people to own the best stove or range in the world.

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Write for Free Stove and Range Catalog No. 158
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We Make a Full Line of High Grade
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Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes [illegible] sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style [illegible] stationery at [illegible] charges. Samples free. Charles H. Elliott Co., 1636 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH would still be the greatest sound-reproducing instrument without the Amberola.

The Amberola would still be the final and greatest expression of the Edison Phonograph without Amberol Records.

Amberol Records would still be the greatest triumph in Record-making without Slezak and the other Grand Opera stars.

But when you can get Mr. Edison's own Phonograph, invented and perfected by him,

and when you get in addition to that the Amberola, the finest form of the Edison Phonograph,

and when you can have to play upon the Amberola, or any type of the Edison Phonograph, the Amberol Records, that play twice as long as Edison Standard Records, that are the clearest and best playing Records,

and when you can get upon Amberol Records such singers as Slezak, the giant tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and other stars

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We do not ask anyone to buy the Edison Phonograph and Edison Records on our mere statement. **We merely ask you not to buy until you have compared the Edison with other** instruments of the same type, Edison Records with similar reproductions on other records, **the Amberola with other de luxe sound-reproducing machines, and our Grand Opera with** other Grand Opera. We have no fear for the ultimate decision of anyone who will make **these comparisons. Thomas A. Edison invented the Phonograph, he has invented every** tangible improvement in the Phonograph, and he is responsible for the excellence of the Edison Phonograph, the Amberola and the Amberol Records to-day.

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

Edison Phonographs	$12.50 to $200
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With the Edison Business Phonograph you dictate at your convenience, and the typewriting department does the rest

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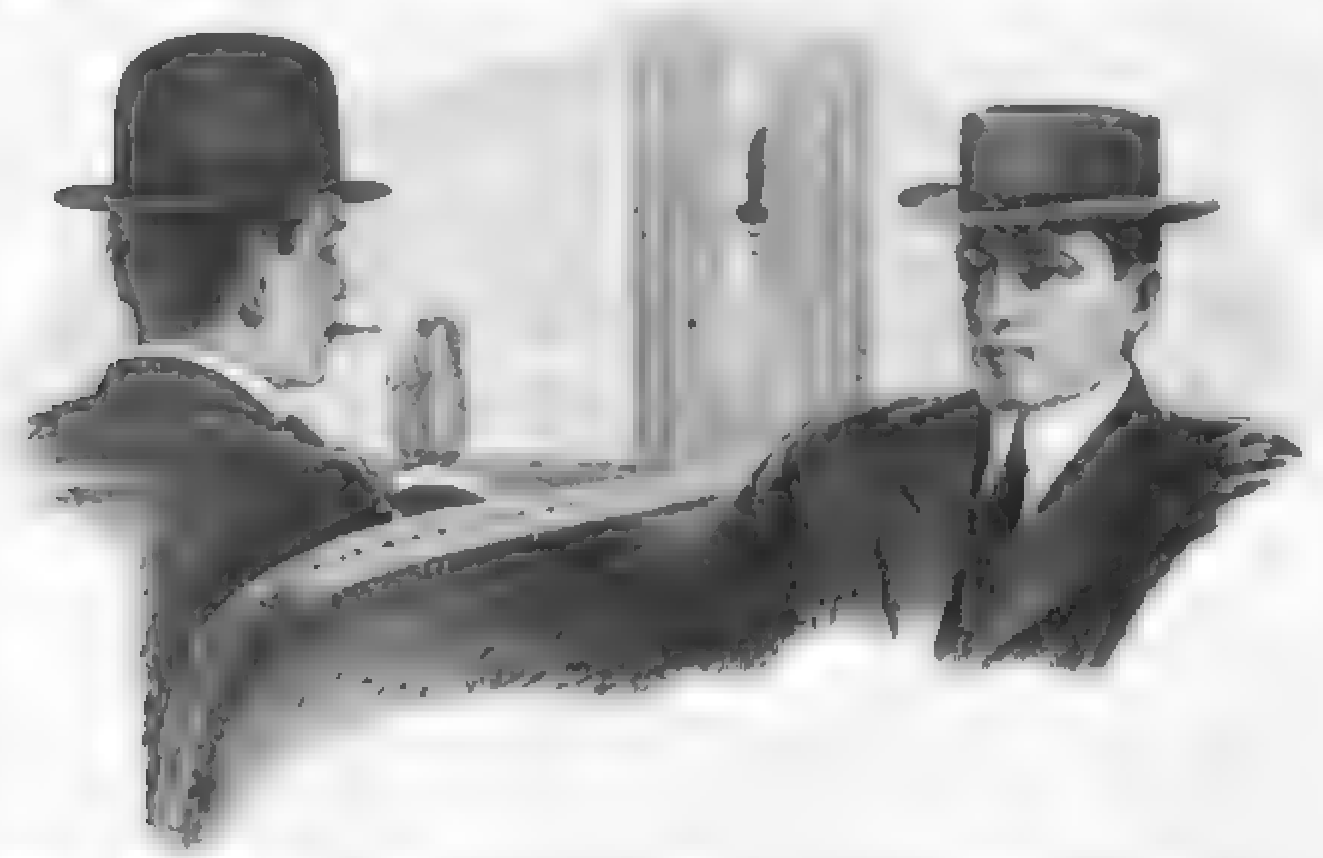
Hawes, von Gal HATS



THE very newest shapes for spring wear — the style leaders of them all — are shown in Hawes, von Gal Hats. Note especially the beauty of the telescope soft hat — a style becoming to almost every man.

Compare a Hawes, von Gal Hat — either stiff or soft — with a hat of any other make — the quality is apparent. Ask your dealer about the guarantee. Prices, $3, $4 and $5.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3.00 Hats

If not at your local dealer's, write for our new Spring Style Book "E." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.

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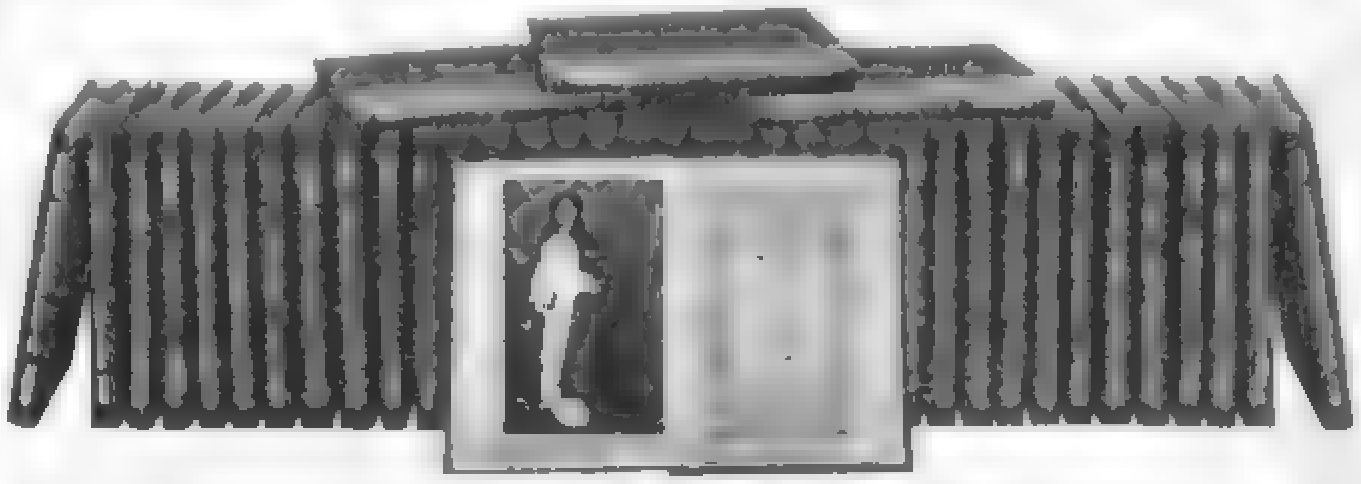
Our offer of slightly rubbed sets of the Booklovers Shakespeare at a decided reduction in price has met with instant and gratifying result. [illegible] Booklovers [illegible] accepted as the most satisfactory edition of Shakespeare yet prepared for general use. [illegible] set purchased was bought after careful and intelligent examination [illegible] defects in the greater part of these [illegible] passing unnoticed. It is in accordance with our system, however, to forestall [illegible], and we are offering the books at a sweeping cut in price—a cut which more than offsets any trifling discoloration or slight signs of handling. *You may never be able to duplicate this opportunity.*



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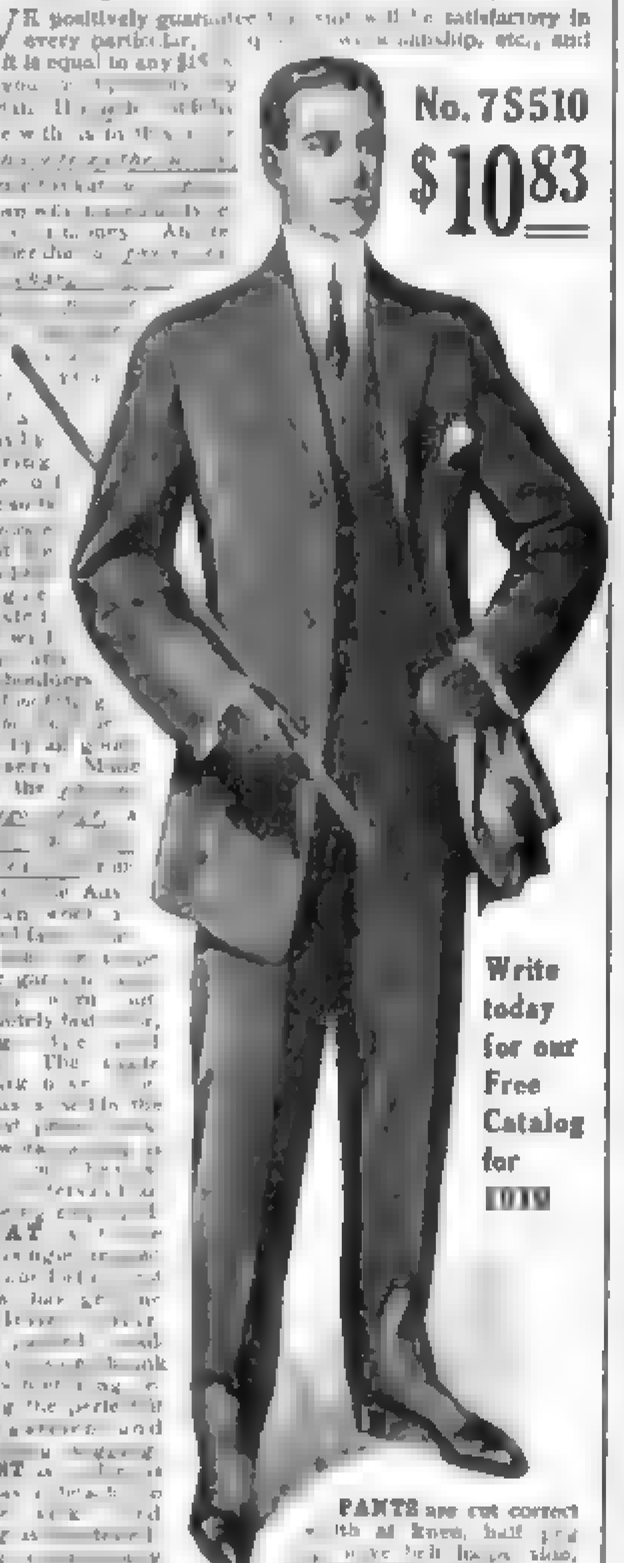

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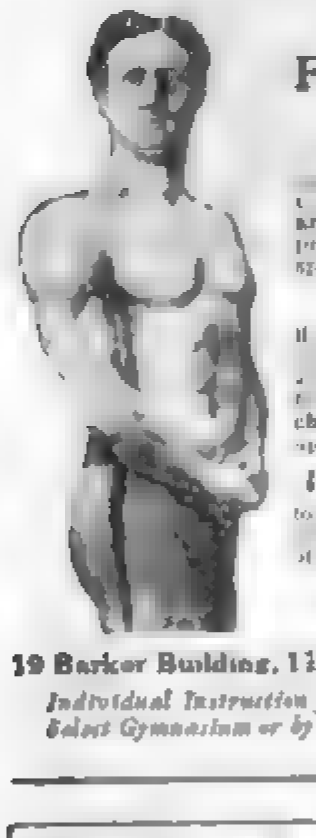

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TEX

(Continued from Page 22)

walk, her two cheeks as pink as roses and little curly wisps of hair a-blowin' out on either side of her face. My, but she looked sweet on that horse!

Then, about a quarter of a mile in from the Park gate, it happened. They'd give me a fool bridle with two sets of lines, and I was a-tryin' to figger out how I oughta hold 'em, when I heerd a horse comin' behind us full gallop. And before I had time to more'n look around, here Loders bumped straight into Sue! The same second the son-of-a-gun lifted his whip and give the brown a cut! The brown snorted Sue screeched. And we was off.

I knowed how risky it was for the little girl. I tried to ketch the pony's bridle, but he shot away like a bullet outen a gun. Head down and tail high, and with Sue a-hangin' on to the saddle-horn for dear life, he made the next turn in a puff of flyin' dirt.

And me after him, callin' into the pinto's ears, kickin' him with my two heels, slappin' him with my hat. I come to another turn and run through more dirt. It showed the pony was keepin' to the trail. I heerd yells, and tore past men and women that'd drawed to right and left to make way for Sue.

Then I seen her. The brown pony was still a-goin', but not quite so fast.

"Stay with it!" I called as I got nearer. "I'm a-comin'!"

After that the run was short. Half-way up a rise I was just behind. At the top I was alongside again. "All right, little girl," I says, pantin'. I leaned 'way over and ketched the flyin' rein. The brown was soft-mouthed. He slowed prompt and dropped half a length behind me.

Next minute, kerplunk!

All I remember was a turrible jar, as the pinto collided with a horse in the path, a scream—Sue's—then, with a way-high singin' in my ears like what one of them locusts makes, I seen that new comet they're talkin' about.

. . . .

When I woke up I was in a big room that had a row of tall windows along one hull side of it; all the shades down. From where I laid I could see a string of beds, one in front of every window. In every bed was a man. And here and there in the room, walkin' soft, was young ladies, dressed like Sue dressed in the play, only their dresses was blue instead of black and their aprons was bigger. Also, they had funny little apple-dumplin' caps on their hair.

I made up my mind I was in a hospital. I put a hand out from under the bedclothes and held it up like I used to at teacher. The nearest young lady come a-runnin'.

"Was she hurt?" I says; "the girl that was with me?"

"Not a particle."

"My! That's good!" I shut my eyes then for a second. "Wal, this beats the Dutch," I says when I looked up again. "I been ridin' horses since I was knee-high to a hoptoad, and here I've come to New York and tumbled outen my saddle like a tenderfoot!"

"Miss Deane left just a little while ago. Said she had a matinee."

"She come here? That was fine of her. Yas, this is Wednesday. She has to work."

"You wasn't hurt much," goes on the young woman. "No bones broke."

"Lost some sunburn, didn't I? And some skin along with it. What's the time?"

"A little after two o'clock."

"Wal, I'll be darned!"

"Do you want to read about yourself?" She smiled like she knowed a good joke. "I've got the first edition."

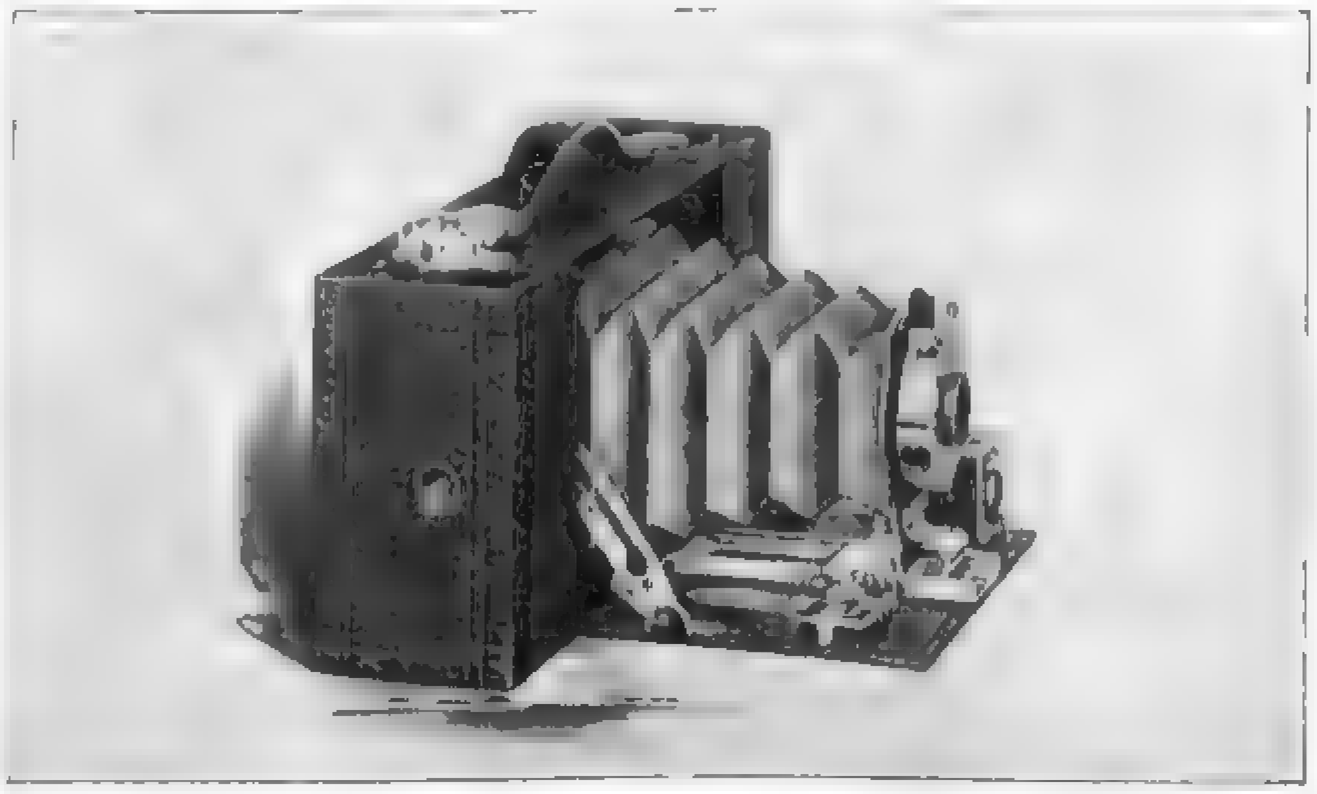
"Shore! There's somethin' in a paper?"

She went over to a window. "I thought perhaps you'd like to see it," she says. "Gracious! but you're a most accommodatin' young man!"

She put up a curtain a little and stacked a extra pillow or two behind my head. Then she folded the paper and put it into my hand.

The first thing I seen was a picture of Sue. Aw, them sweet, pretty eyes a-lookin' straight at me! Under it was: *"Actress Has Thrilling Runaway."* "You bet your boots!" I says. Under that in smaller print: *"Sue Deane's Press-Agent Knows How To Get Space."*

Space? I didn't ketch on. So I read the rest of it. *"Visitors in Central Park this*



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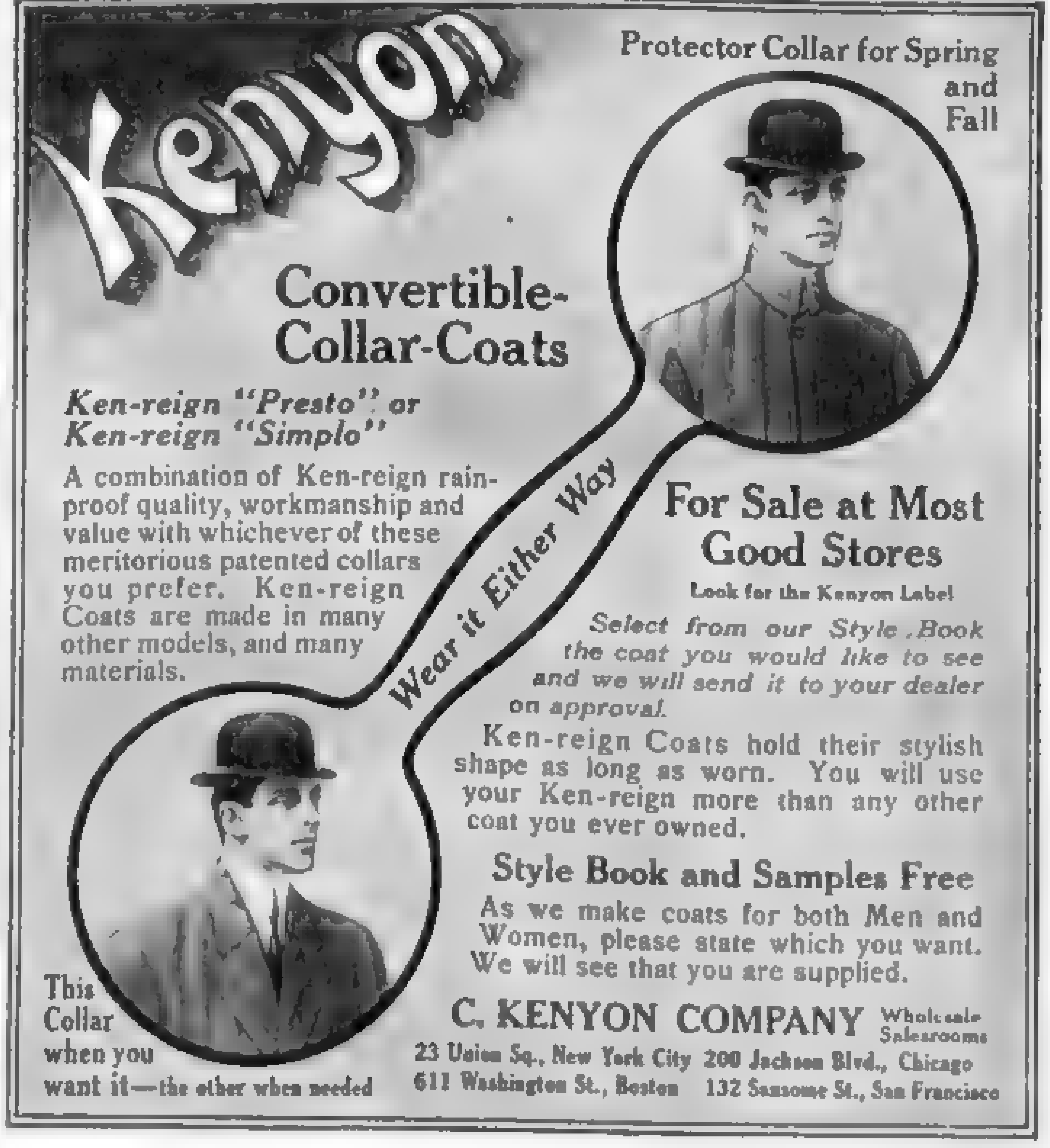

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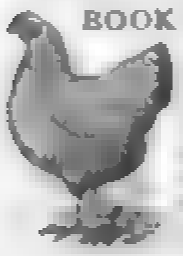


and Almanac for 1910 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry [illegible] Only 15c

C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 813, Freeport, Ill.

morning was offered a special performance by clever Sue Deane of the Forrest Theater," it said. *"The young lady took part in a runaway on the bridle-path, assisted by W. Texas Griffin who she has had in trainin' for some time for her great one-act thriller, and who claims that he is a bony-fido cowboy from the Great Southwest."* Tex Griffin, I says to myself, are you actually readin' this, or have you got fever-ticks under your hair mattress? *"The runaway come nigh bein' disastrous"*—them is about the words—*"and Mister W. T. G., havin' did a tumble in his best style, was carried offen the field of battle in a ambulance it is said with real blood on his head! Miss Deane, however, escaped without a scratch, acted the beautiful heroine to perfection, and seen the hero to the hospital. She has secured a free advertisement that oughta git her a better job, and all the stage beauties in town are ravin' jealous Genial Press-Agent Tommy Loders, reluctantly furnished the newspapers with full details of the affair—not to mention photographs—and is bein' congratulated on thinkin' up a brand-new one."*

Wal, was I mad? Mad? Say, I was madder'n a gray loper wolf with the hydrophoby! "Tex," I says, "you great, big, onery, hulkin' gander-goslin; you everlastin', lop-sided, seventeen-kinds-of-a-long-eared jackass, they doubled on you, you blamed fool, and you're bit!"

And with that I motioned Miss White-and-Blue. "I'll just take my clothes," I says. "And when is the first train to New Orleans?"

But first she had to call a doc. And when he said I could go they brushed my suit that was new and I put it on and managed to stagger down to a clock-jigger automobile.

I told the engineer of it to make for a express office. There I signed a order for my trunk and told 'em to git it to the ferry before four-fifteen. The landlady she'd pack it. Then I got back into my little scooter and told the driver he could go first up one street, then down another, and keep at it till I said whoa.

By thunder! Wasn't I sore! I was sore outside and I was sore inside. And oncet when the swaybar of that blamed machine got outen gear and we had to stop for a while, you might a-saw sky-blue smoke a-curlin' outen each window.

When we drawed up at the boat landin' I give the choo-chooer a extra five. "That's because I'm glad to git outen a town where a white man can be treated like a dog," I says. And I limped for the ticket-office.

Clost to the office I heerd a cry—her voice. And here she come a-runnin' toward me, wearin' her black stage dress with a jacket over it, but no apron. "Oh, you ain't a-goin'!" she says.

"I'm a loco cutback," I answers, "and I'm a-shakin' New York before anybody finds it out." And I laughed.

"Oh, you don't believe that story!" she begun again —

"Wal, I'm glad you got the big, free advertisement you was a-lookin' for," I broke in. "Ain't there somethin' else I could do for you? Jump offen the roof of a high buildin', or some such a little thing as that? Never mind if you kill a man—you'll git a better job."

She busted right out in tears. "Oh, Tex, I didn't know it was goin' to happen," she says. "Loders planned it—after you asked him about a stable. And I've told him what I think of him. As for my job—wal, the minute I seen that paper I walked out. I rushed back to the hospital. You was gone. Then I went home. Your trunk was just leavin'. But I knowed you'd have to pass here. So I been waitin' and—and waitin'."

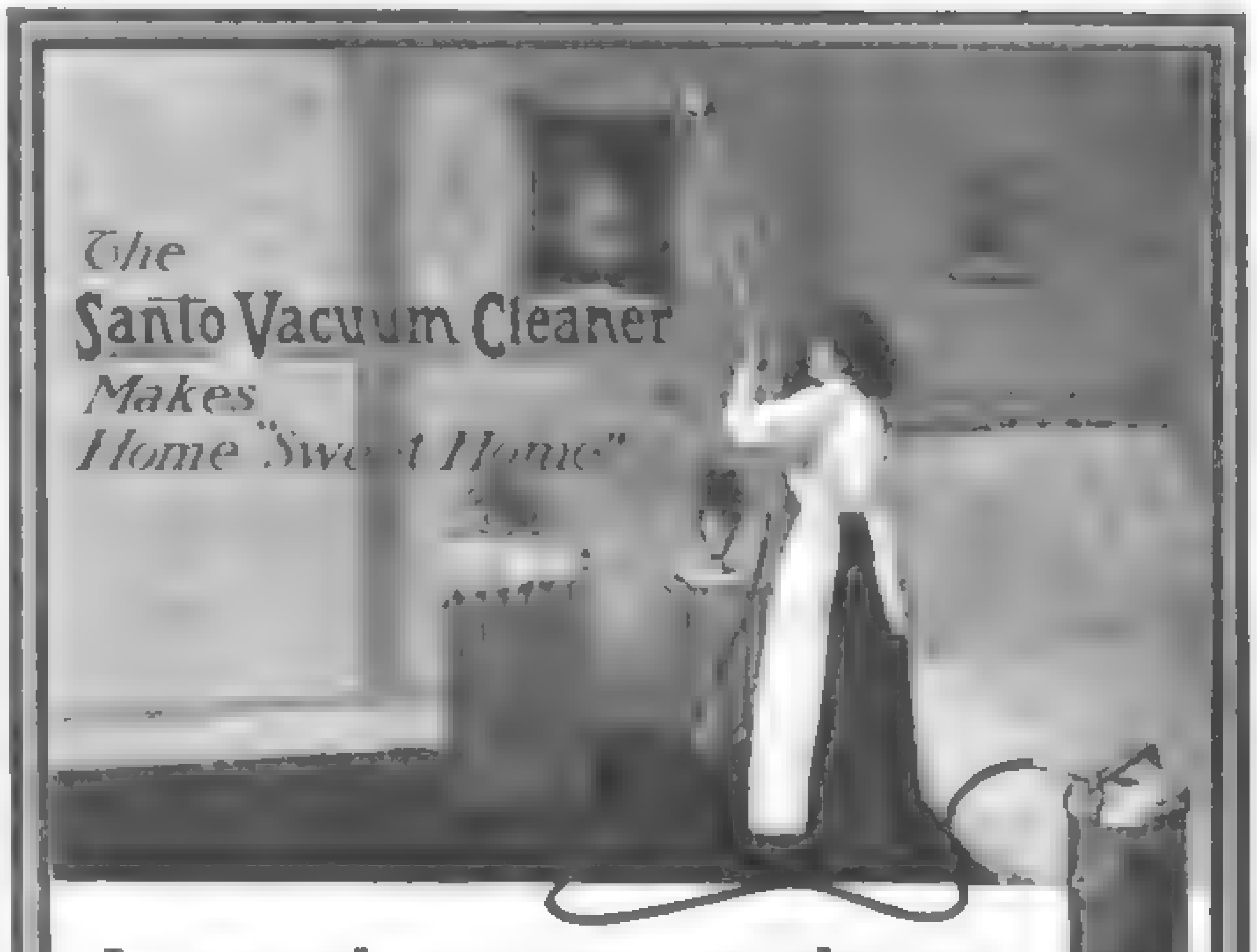
She looked plumb pitiful. I felt some shaky, too

"I don't want a better job," she goes on. "I don't want *any* job. And you got to believe it. This is Wednesday, ain't it? There's a matinee. Wal, look at your watch."

Shore enough! Four o'clock!

Then, no matter if I was unsteady on my feet, nor how many people was a-lookin', I spread my arms wide open and drawed her to me.

"You bet your life I believe you," I answers low into one little ear, "and I'm dead shore you won't have no other job You're goin' home with me to the Panhandle. But first we'll hunt a parson, honey, and then you'll help me to see New York. That's what I sold my thousand nine-dollar hogs for."



The Santo Vacuum Cleaner Makes Home "Sweet Home"

Learn what a vacuum cleaner should be, before you buy.

You probably know something about the great advantages of vacuum cleaning; and how completely it does away with the old-fashioned drudgery of sweeping and dusting. But do you know what constitutes a perfect vacuum cleaner?

Do you realize that certain qualities are absolutely necessary in a vacuum cleaner before it can do effective and reliable work?

You cannot have vacuum cleaning at its best without the

Santo Perfection **Vacuum Cleaner**

This perfect cleaner combines *powerful, continuous suction; a large and rapid displacement of air; and a positively-regulated motor.* Experience proves that without this complete combination no electric cleaner can give thorough and satisfactory service.

With its powerful improved diaphragm pump the *Santo* draws *all* the dust, dirt and grit from the heaviest carpets and rugs as well as from walls, pictures and furnishings of every kind.

Such strong and regular suction is impossible with the ordinary fan equipment, or the slow-acting cylinder-pump. And weak or irregular suction cleans only in spots or barely below the surface—not much better, in fact, than ordinary sweeping.

The *Santo* cleans evenly; and *through and through,*—*real* vacuum cleaning.

Every *Santo* motor is made specially to suit the current on which it is used. It cannot over-draw your current nor endanger your wiring. The *Santo* is endorsed unconditionally by the National Board of Fire Insurance Underwriters.

Its operating cost is only 2 cents an hour. It runs without vibration and with less noise than the lightest-running sewing-machine. It is equipped with tools for twenty different uses. It is sold under a written guaranty bond; and will last a lifetime. And it is light and portable—easily carried anywhere.

In your home, it will pay for itself by its saving of time, strength and furnishings; to say nothing of increased comfort and health. You *cannot afford to be without it.*

In your place of business it will cut your cleaning bills in half Its large capacity makes it suitable for use everywhere.

There is a *Santo* (electric or hand machine) at a price to suit every purchaser; and sent on trial wherever you live.

Write for our new booklet "The Dustless Home," and learn what a vacuum cleaner should be. *Better mail the coupon today.*

We want high-grade representatives in every town having day electric current.

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The Overland

Another Overland Plant
2,365 Cars in One Day

On one mid-winter day—just before this was written—we received orders from dealers for the immediate delivery of 2,365 Overland cars. The four Overland factories employ 4,000 men, yet that single day's orders meant three weeks' production. Thus the tide of demand—more markedly than ever—is turning to this matchless car.

Our Fifth Factory

Mr. Willys has just acquired a fifth factory—in Elmira, N. Y.—to help out in the making of Overland parts.

Now this enormous home factory—the old Pope-Toledo plant which we have doubled—is devoted to the making of a single Overland model. Every machine in the shop has been adapted to that one model alone. And nearly every workman confines himself to some single part.

It is a notable fact that hundreds of these men—now devoting their skill to our $1,000 car—were trained for years in the making of a car that sold for $4,250.

Our three Indianapolis factories—employing 1,600 men—make the other Overland models. Our new Elmira factory will supply some parts to all others. Thus, before this is published, we hope to bring our output up to **140 Overlands daily.**

The Race With Demand

Since the Overland came out—26 months ago—we have never caught up with the calls for these cars. Yet our capacity has been multiplied twenty times over.

The first cars that went out so overwhelmed us with orders that we had to build cars for a time in tents.

Factory after factory was purchased or built. During the next fiscal year we managed to build 4,075 Overland cars. Yet the demand was not half supplied.

Now, with five factories and 35 acres of floor space, we are facing contracts from dealers for this season's delivery amounting to $24,000,000. And the calls for immediate delivery—on one mid-winter's day—absorb full three weeks' output.

We can supply 20,000 people with Overlands this year. But it looks at this writing as if the wants would again exceed our capacity.

We have already booked orders for many thousands of Overlands to be delivered in 1911. One southwestern syndicate, headed by Mr. Jerome Harrington, has ordered 3,500 cars for next year's delivery—the largest order ever placed in the history of automobiles. Mr. Hopkins, of Atlanta—to whom we have already shipped 300 cars this year—orders 1,000 for next year.

We believe that never before have automobile wants been anticipated so far in advance.

Due to a Wonderful Car

All this demand—up to the start of our advertising—was created by Overland owners. It is due to the fact that the car is a marvel of mechanism—matchlessly simple, powerful and trouble-proof.

The first Overlands sold—grade for grade—one-fourth higher than now; for the maker lacked the economies of our tremendous production. But no other car then could win out in comparison.

Mr. John N. Willys was one of the original dealers. He was first to see that this new car was bound to capture the country. So he went to Indianapolis and bought the whole Overland plant.

Every dealer since has found that the Overland created a similar furore. Men who bought it told others to buy it. Men who tried it could not be content with any lesser car.

Thus the demand spread—through merit alone—until the Overland, wherever known, outsold all other cars.

It Will Also Win You

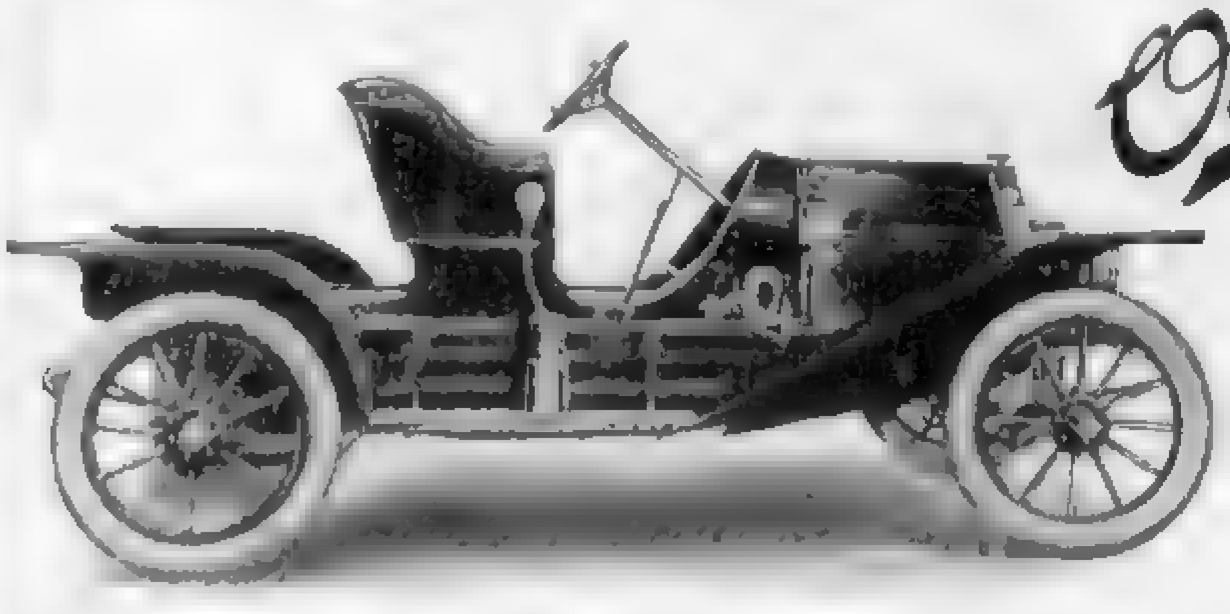
If you will ask Overland owners—or try the Overland yourself—you will well understand the demand for this car.

Note how much it gives for the money—note its simplicity—note the wonderful engine. Learn its freedom from trouble—its low cost of upkeep. Then compare the facts with what you know of any other car.

You—like the rest—will find no car so desirable as the Overland. You will be one of the thousands who are finding here their ideal of a car. You will consider it fortunate, when you prove these facts, if your dealer has a car to deliver.

On the next page we tell you some of the reasons for the Overland's vast popularity.

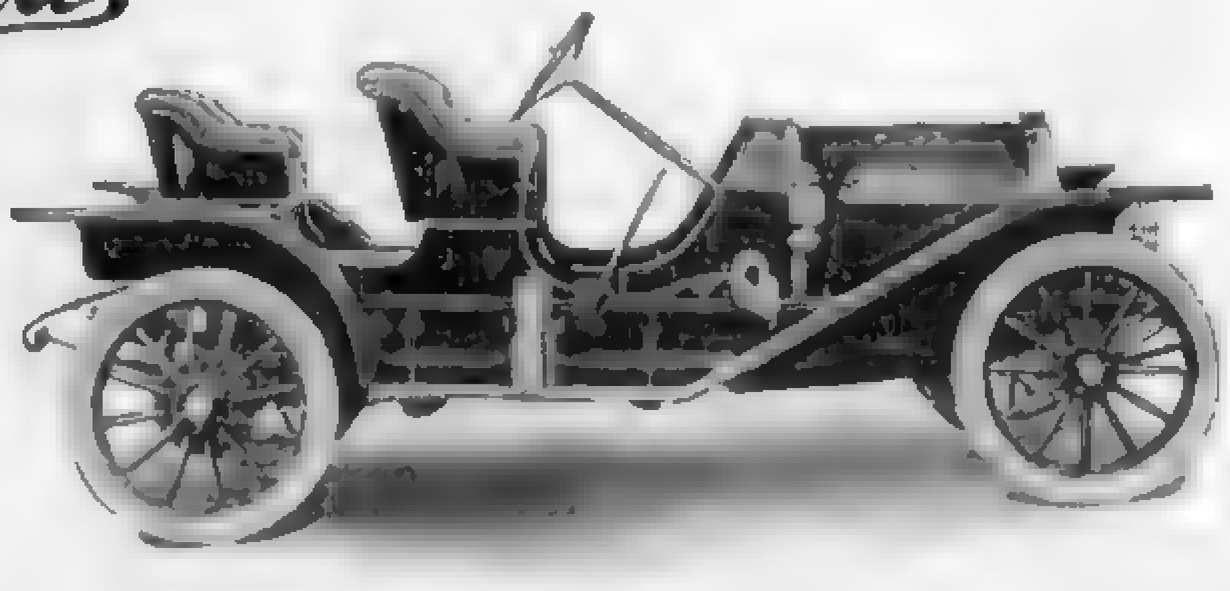
The Overland



Overland Model 38—Price, $1,000

25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base. With single rumble seat, $1,050—double rumble seat, $1,075—complete Toy Tonneau, $1,100

All prices include Magneto and full lamp equipment



Overland Model 40—Price, $1,250

40 h. p.—112-inch wheel base. Double rumble, in place of single rumble, $25 extra

Even the $1,000 Car Passes 10,000 Tests

The Overland

We turn out one car each four minutes. Yet every engine is tested for hours. Every chassis is given a trial run on the road. The various parts, from beginning to end, pass more than 10,000 rigid inspections. For the prestige of the Overland, and its future success, depends on the utter perfection of each individual car.

The All-Important Tests

Each part of the Overland, after each operation, is submitted to rigid inspection. In many of the parts exactness is required to one ten-thousandth part of an inch. The slightest variation—the minutest flaw—requires the part to be discarded.

All parts are interchangeable. That means that should any part become broken any similar part in our whole output could immediately take its place. Sometimes that means a great deal to the owner.

Each Overland car—after passing all other tests—is put to the final test in a run on rough roads. One of our roads used for testing includes the most difficult hill in Ohio.

Thus we know that each Overland—before it goes out—is all that an Overland should be.

The Winning Simplicity

The Overland engine, in the long run, becomes the fascinating part of this car. Many an owner has run it from 7,000 to 10,000 miles without even cleaning a spark plug.

It is all-enduring—almost trouble-proof—capable of coping with any condition. It is this engine—the very heart of the car—which wins all the final encomiums.

But the car's matchless simplicity is the feature which wins one first. The designers of the Overland have immensely reduced the usual number of parts. One invention alone has taken the place of 47 separate parts. Thus the care of the car has been simplified.

The lubrication has been made automatic. We have done away with the usual complex pump.

Three of the Overland models operate by pedal control. Push a pedal forward to go ahead, and backward to reverse. Push another pedal forward to get on high speed. It is as simple as walking. The hands have nothing to do but steer.

A child can master the car in ten minutes. A novice can run it a thousand miles and back.

Reduction in Cost

In the past year alone—by multiplied output and labor-saving machinery—we have cut the cost of the Overland about 20 per cent.

Now we are giving far more for the money than any other maker can give. We are making the parts which most other makers buy. We are devoting one immense factory to one model alone. Our production is so immense, our equipment so perfect, that every cost is cut to the minimum.

The 25-horsepower Overland this year sells for $1,000. It is a better car than the $1,250 Overland last year. The wheel base is 102 inches—the possible speed is 50 miles per hour.

This year we are selling a 40-horsepower Overland for $1,250, with single rumble seat. The wheel base is 112 inches.

For $1,500 we supply a car with all the power, all the style and appearance which any man can want. And all of these prices include five lamps and magneto.

These are advantages in which no other maker can ever hope to compete with us, for they depend in large part on the output.

These amazing prices result from no skimping. We use the 5-bearing crank shaft with bearings ground in. Our cylinders are cast separately—our transmission runs on annular ball bearings. Our upholstering is genuine leather. There are none of the economies which one finds apparent in many of the low-priced cars.

The factor of safety—which was always large—has been doubled in this year's models There is no possible way, so far as we know, in which any Overland could be improved. Yet we know every perfection which the world's best engineers have worked out.

Send Us Your Address

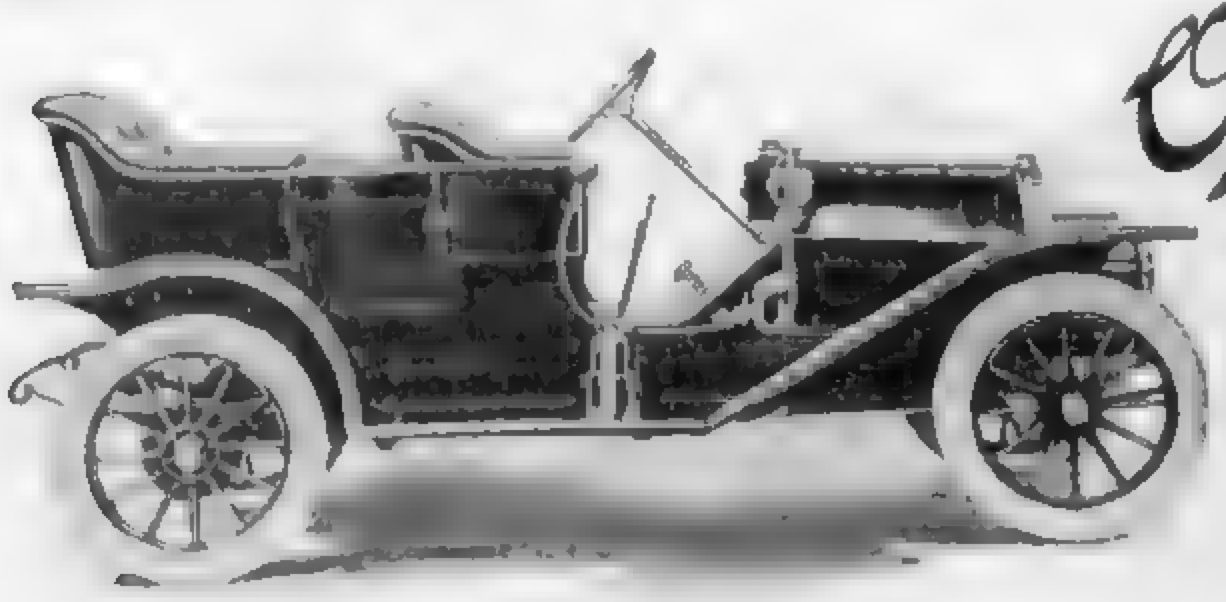
If you are a motor car lover, we have two books you should read. One is the beautiful Overland catalog, picturing the features which have made the Overland famous. The other is "The Wonderful Overland Story." Both books are sent free. Cut out this coupon as a reminder to write for them today.

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

Licensed Under Selden Patent.

Please send me the two books free.

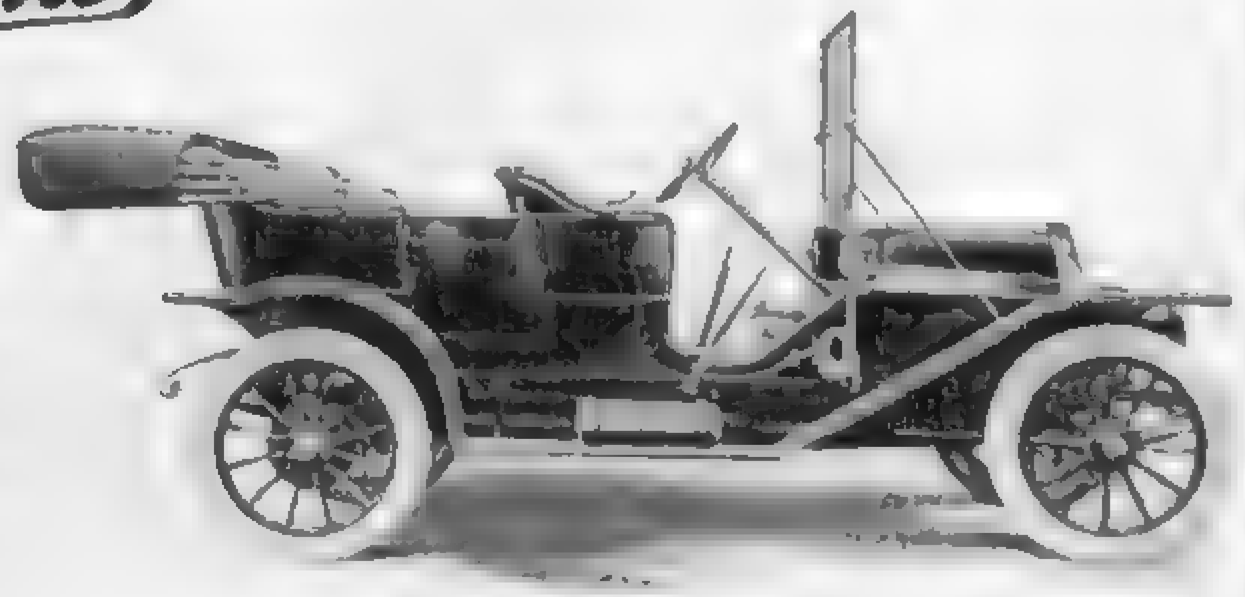
The Overland



Overland Model 41—Price, $1,400

40 h. p.—112-inch wheel base. Either 5-passenger Touring or Close-Coupled body

All prices include Magneto and full lamp equipment



Overland Model 42—Price, $1,500

Either Touring or Close-Coupled body. The folding glass front, the top and gas tank are extras

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Window screens filled with this material will last a lifetime without painting or repairs.

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Write for booklet "S"

THE FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONTANA

THE EASIEST PROFITS

(Concluded from Page 13)

stayed with their system till it was in successful operation They found that the assistant superintendent understood it, and that he was in favor of it every time they talked with him at the end of a dark alley, out of sight and hearing of the superintendent. The latter was against it. So the assistant was given charge of the plant, and in a year it was making large profits

In another case the management of a large machine works came down with the high-speed steel fever, a malady that needs a little description.

High-speed steels, made for cutting-tools in metal work, are so superior to ordinary carbon steels for certain work that from forty to one hundred per cent increase in production often follows immediately upon their introduction in a machine shop. They make it possible to run machines faster, cut more deeply and speed the work all around.

This particular management tried high-speed steel and found that its costs could be reduced at least seventy per cent. That meant almost a revolution in prices and competitive conditions. An elaborate cost system was worked out, the new steels applied everywhere, and several contracts taken on terms that would have meant bankruptcy under the old scheme of things.

And before those contracts were completed the works did face bankruptcy.

For the new cost system wouldn't operate itself. Workmen had not been taught to temper the new steels, a delicate process. No provision had been made for grinding tools to exact angles in a special department. There was an insufficient supply of tools for the new conditions, leading to losses of time. Worst of all, employees were suspicious of the whole innovation because it had not been clearly explained to them and they feared it was meant to put them at some disadvantage. The cost system was only a theory at that point. It had never been adjusted to the human equation, and it took more than a year of patient work among the men in different departments before such adjustment was brought about, making the theory fact.

The Publisher Who Dissected

Costs are far from being the dry subject that many business men assume after glancing over some mathematician's theory of them.

One of the ablest book publishers in this country has reduced costs of manufacture so much that many competitors regard him as a pirate. Whenever they compare their costs with his prices it seems as though he must steal most of his raw material. Yet his success is due to an instinct for cost investigation, and he is continually digging up something off the beaten track.

For instance, in London he once picked up a new book on a stall, paid for it, and tore the volume to pieces to see what it was made of. It contained a surprise, for the cover was strawboard. In this country we customarily use pulpboard, a more costly material, because our strawboards usually do not run evenly enough in thickness for this purpose, it is said. The embossing dies that stamp the design on a book cover must come down on material that does not vary more than two or three one-thousandths of an inch. Moreover, waste paper from offices is used in much of our domestic strawboard. Sometimes, after embossing, a small lump would rise in the sunken design. Digging into this, a fragment of rubber-band would be found, spoiling that cover. There were only these two slight counts against our strawboard, but they often made it unsatisfactory for book covers, and the additional expense for pulpboard in a large plant ran to a pretty penny yearly. When this publisher found strawboard being used in an English book, therefore, he was on the track of an important economy. That piece of board in the book cover was traced through London until he found the paper dealer who sold the stock. This strawboard, made in Holland, ran absolutely uniform in thickness. He bought fifty tons of it and brought it home, and thus not only reduced an item of cost in a way that yielded a snug margin of profit, but did so through a channel so far from his competitors' ordinary resources that it seemed as if he might monopolize it for years.

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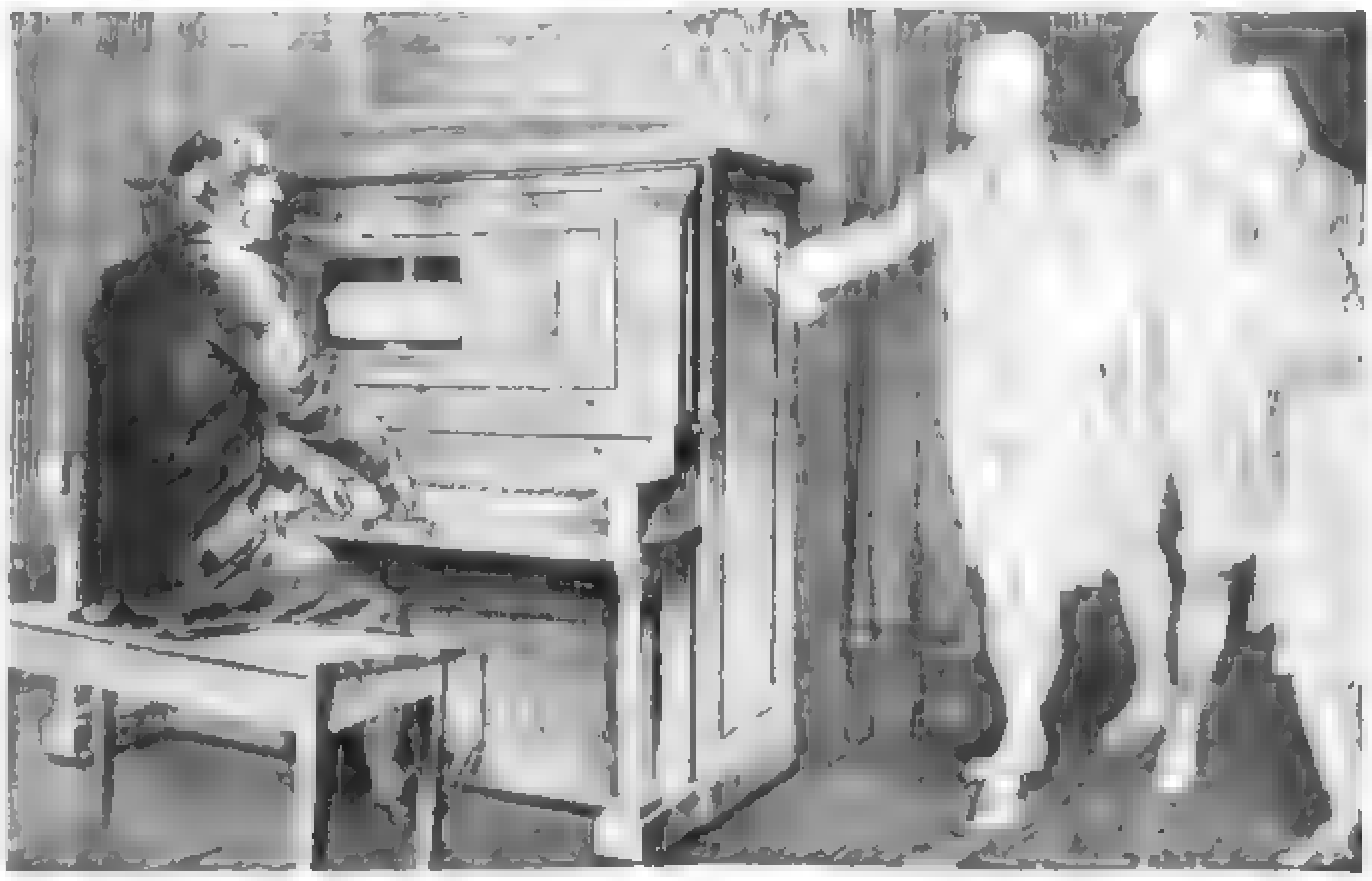

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¶ Wouldn't you appreciate, at the close of a strenuous day, the rest that comes from enjoying music such as your mood would dictate?

¶ Perhaps all alone enjoying some familiar song or Hymn of your childhood: or surrounded by your friends and neighbors, delight them with a "dreamy nocturne" from Chopin, or charm with the matchless majesty of Liszt—or possibly something from the latest opera.

¶ That you have been denied the advantage of a musical education matters not at all, for this is a piano

That Any One Can Play

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Is it Speed, Power, Efficiency? Is it Past Records?

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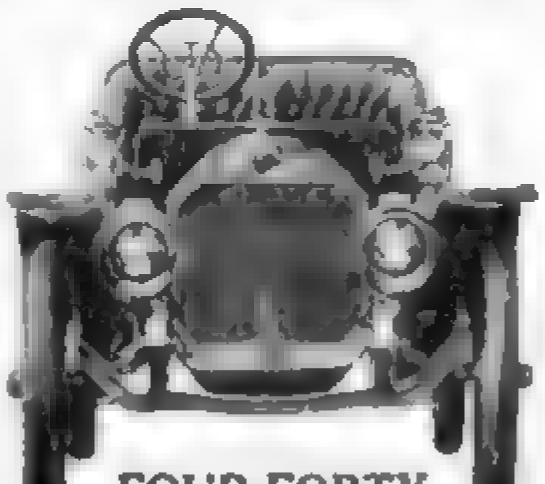
If Appearance—The PREMIER looks what IT IS—the equal of any motor car made at any price.

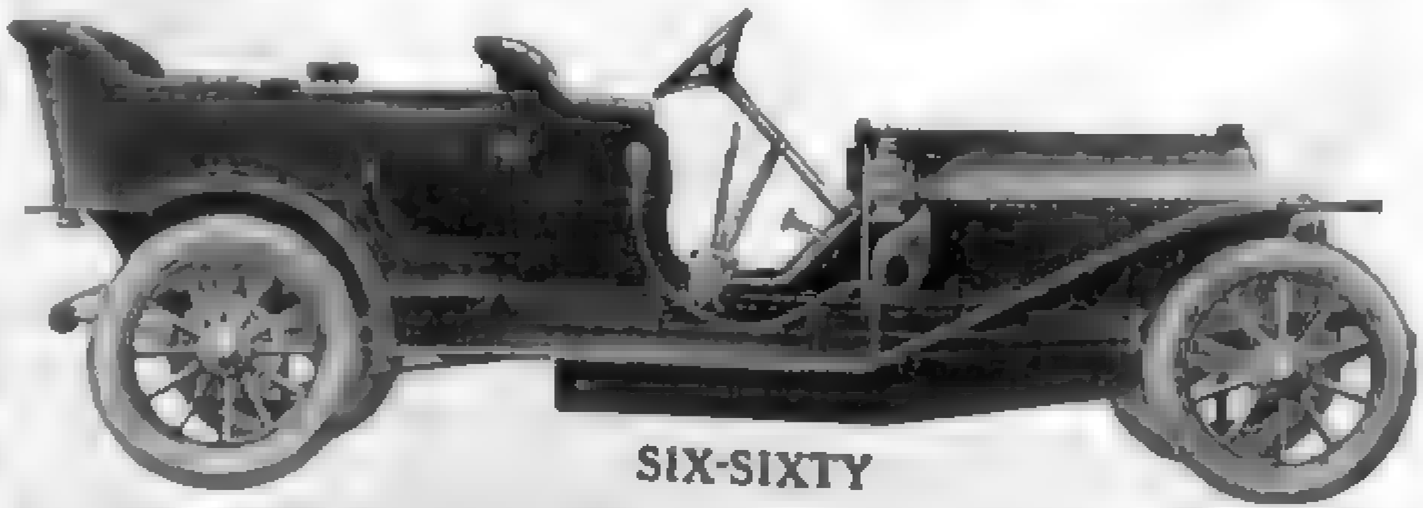
If Speed, Power, Efficiency—With these qualities in their highest development the PREMIER combines the greatest possible satisfaction of operation.

If Safety, Dependability—The PREMIER effective braking surface of 526 square inches, as against the 300 or less square inches of cars in general, is typical of the superior safeguards provided THROUGHOUT the PREMIER.

If Past Records—No other car, whatever its class, can show a record career equal to the PREMIER'S in the greatest, severest motor reliability contests ever held.



FOUR-FORTY



SIX-SIXTY

Or, do you ignore all the above and trust entirely to your own judgement of machinery and design? Then inspection of the Premier will be just as conclusive of its superior value as any of the other considerations.

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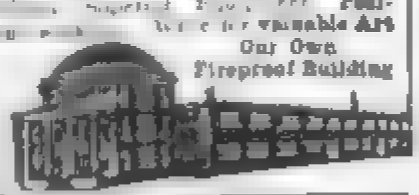

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The Pendergrass Sanitarium for Curables

(Concluded from Page 11)

spring but the dumb gal wearin' a moonshiny dress and leanin' to one side like a lily in a strong wind. Pendergrass was settin' on the other side holdin' her hands and talkin' like a bachelor nightingale. Mister, you can't tell what's inside of a man by the way he looks. I've heerd sermons and Fourth of July speeches and I read more poetry than you might think, but the talkin' Pendergrass was doin' to that gal was the sweetest, softest, most eloquent I ever listened to in my life. 'Twa'n't no time to interrupt, so I stood where I was, same as you'd stop if you came into the room where a blessin' was bein' ast. Presently he says, like his voice came off of a lute string:

"'You do love me, don't you, darlin'?'

"She helt out a minute, then sorter bowed her head as if it mighty nigh kilt her to admit it. He kissed her hand for the nod three or four times as if it had been the Bible, but he wa'n't satisfied.

"'And you'll have me, won't you?'

"But it seemed she wa'n't ready to go as far as that—no woman ever is, really. What they all want is to keep a man prayin' to 'em forever. They enjoy that more'n they do love, or matrimony, or wealth, or anything else. Well, sir, before I could bat my eye, he'd dropped down on his knees before her, still holdin' her hands and beggin' as if his life depended on the way she turned her head. I looked to see her bust out laughin', he was sech a sight. Instead of that she parted her lips no more'n a breath, then closed 'em, and I seen a tear run down the sweet glory of her face.

"'Jest say "yes," he pleads, 'say it and I'll never ast you to speak again as long as I live!'

"I helt my breath, I was so afeerd she'd say it and I wouldn't hear her. And sho' 'nough at last it came, like a love sound that had been lost a long time somewhere in the desert of a woman's empty heart, half a word and half a sob. Then I shet my eyes. All at once I was ashamed of where I was at and what I'd seen. I drawed back in the shadows, took off my hat and tipped back up the path, knowin' they'd never notice me.

"The last of October I hauled all them invalids but the dumb gal, who'd become Mrs. Hiram D. Pendergrass, back to the station at Blue Ridge, every one of 'em claimin' perfect health and engaged to be married.

"That was ten years ago. And the Doctor is plum crazy yet about his wife. T'other day I met him out here in the road and I says:

"'Mornin', Doc; how's Mrs. Pendergrass?'

"'Corn,' he says, scotchin' his wheel for me to git in the buggy with him, 'she's jest as interestin' as she was the day I married her. Never has spoke a word all these years we been together. And I don't know yet what she thinks, nor much of how she feels. Most fascinatin' woman in the world.'

"He still runs the Pendergrass Sanitarium for Curables every summer, and has made a fortune out of it. Some calls him a dern fool, some a matrimonial agent, and some an idealist. I reckon he's a little of all three, but 'tain't nothin' agin him to be so. Mighty few men can be a matrimonial agent and an idealist at the same time, to say nothin' of the other drawback he has in common with the rest of us."

The Mysterious Visit

CLARENCE MACKAY, president of the Postal Telegraph Company, C. C. Adams, first vice-president, and Colonel George Harvey, editor of Harper's Weekly, were to stop in Atlanta and reporters for the local papers were sent out to see what was the object of the visit, and how they were to be entertained.

"Please do not say anything about it," pleaded the man the reporters sought. "We don't want it mentioned in the newspapers, nor does Mr. Mackay, that the party is coming through."

"Why?" asked one of the reporters.

"Well," replied the man who was in on the secret, lowering his voice to a whisper, "you see, they are going to the Mardi Gras."

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Safeguarding the Criminal

(Concluded from Page 19)

He was not allowed counsel, nor did he have even the privilege of testifying in his own behalf; and he had no right of appeal. With such odds against his life it is not to be wondered at that the accused criminal of two centuries ago was given the benefit of the most minute technicality

Today the reason for these technical protections has ceased to exist. A criminal case, unlike a civil case, is one that concerns a whole community. The people or the state is the plaintiff, and it is a matter of public concern to make the punishment of the criminal certain as a preventive of crime. Yet, in order to prevent any possible injustice, the criminal is carefully guarded at every stage of the proceedings A committing magistrate first hears the testimony against him. If he considers it sufficient the case of the accused goes before a grand jury of from thirteen to twenty-three men. If that body finds that he is probably guilty his case comes before a petit jury of twelve men and a judge.

Reform in the Air

There, in spite of the fact that he has been found presumably guilty by at least fourteen men, the accused starts with the presumption of innocence. He may testify or not, as he pleases. If he fails to take the stand and deny his guilt no presumption of guilt can be made against him. Moreover, his guilt must be proved not by the preponderance of evidence, as in a civil case, but beyond a reasonable doubt. If he has money he can usually retain more able and adroit counsel than the prosecution. He is allowed two and sometimes three appeals, on the presumption that, in spite of the fact that a magistrate, a judge, a grand jury and a petit jury, at least twenty-seven men in all, have found him guilty, he is still innocent. If, after a microscopic examination of the record, any trifling mistake is found the presumption in most of our courts is that the criminal was injured thereby, and the conviction is reversed. Often such a reversal, especially in homicide cases, means an acquittal on the principle that no man, however guilty, can be twice placed in jeopardy. Now, if after all the enumerated safeguards an accused man's guilt is so manifest as to convince twenty-seven men it is certainly doing him no injustice to put the burden on him of establishing error in his trial and of showing that the error brought about a miscarriage of justice. Such a rule would prevent the freeing of a murderer because of an omitted article or a transposed letter. Unless he can prove that he was harmed by the mistake, that mistake should not be made the means of granting him a new trial or an acquittal. The American Bar Association has recognized this principle, and there is now pending in the House of Representatives a bill to regulate the judicial procedure of the courts of the United States which includes the following provision:

"No judgment shall be set aside or reversed or new trial granted by any court of the United States in any case, civil or criminal, on the ground of misdirection of the jury or the improper admission or rejection of evidence or for error as to any matter of pleading or procedure, unless in the opinion of the court to which application is made, after an examination of the entire cause, it shall appear that the error complained of has resulted in a miscarriage of justice."

The record of a recent court shows what can be accomplished when common sense is applied to common law. A few years ago Chicago was regarded as the Mecca of the criminal. Hold-ups were so common that the average citizen went armed and, after dark, walked in the middle of the street. In one year there were 19,000 arrests, and only about 3000 of those arrested were even bound over. It took from three months to three years to try any kind of a criminal case, and the idea that summary punishment would follow a violation of the law was not even contemplated by the offender. In 1906 the Municipal Court of Chicago was organized by business men, to be conducted on business principles. All technicalities and outworn procedure, civil and criminal, were abolished. Justices of the peace and grand juries, with the other dodos of our procedure, are extinct in Chicago If a citizen is the victim of a crime he goes directly to the nearest branch of the Municipal Court. During the day a representative from the district attorney's office is always in attendance. At night the citizen can make his complaint to the nearest police officer. A warrant is issued, and the offender is brought directly to that court which is finally to try him. There he is tried, often on the day on which the offense was committed. Criminal justice is swifter in Chicago than in any other city in the world Misdemeanors are usually tried on the day or the day after they are committed, and felonies within three weeks from the day when committed. Only about one-quarter of one per cent, in 1908, were heard by a jury, although any accused may demand a jury, without cost. The other ninety-nine and three-quarters per cent were tried before judges alone. During that year less than one-tenth of one per cent of these decisions were reversed on appeal. In that year there were disposed of, altogether, 74,930 criminal cases out of 75,134 filed. Swift justice has decreased crime in Chicago The year before the Municipal Court was organized there were 92,761 persons arrested.

During the first year of the Municipal Court there were 57,490, a decrease of over 35,000. Yet, even with this tremendous decrease, 3680 more men were sent to the house of correction and 155 more to the county jail than during the preceding year. The number of felony cases for 1909 was 6524 as against 8249 in 1908.

If now this rule, which has done so much for Chicago, namely, that crime shall no longer be safeguarded by unmeaning technicalities, can be established in our Federal courts, a long step has been taken forward These courts will act as models in each state for the state courts. If there be in every state a Federal jurisdiction where rights are guarded by swift justice, public opinion will soon bring about similar conditions in the state courts. Every citizen who feels that it is more important to safeguard himself and his wife and children, rather than the criminal within his gates, to protect right rather than wrong, should send a letter to his Representative in Congress, urging the passage by the House of Representatives of Bill 14,552, to regulate the judicial procedure of the courts of the United States, now before the Committee on the Judiciary. Our attitude too long has been that of Burke when he declaimed:

"Perish the sacrilegious hand that shall remove even the rust from the great structure of the common law."

Citizens should arouse legislatures to the realization that the machinery of the law is no place for rust.

A Timorous Tyrant

Deacon Skinner is th' boss
Of his household, y' can bet;
Sech a real high-strung ol' hoss
Can't no woman run him yet.
Don't believe in henpecked men,
Skeered o' how their wives'll act—
Takes a little now an' then
Jist as bitters—that's th' fact!

But he eats a clove, I rum,
Jist afore he starts f'r hum!

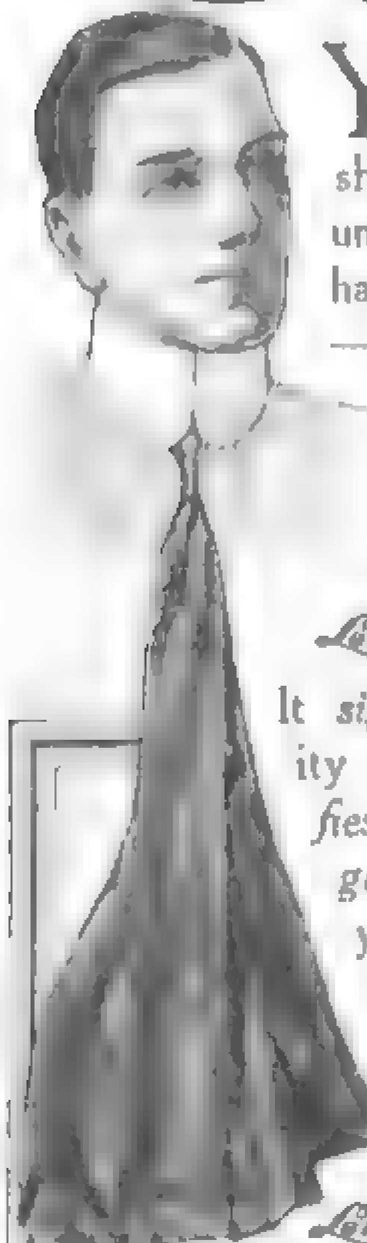
Deacon Skinner ain't a-feared
Of no woman y' can find;
He's perlite, but he ain't skeered
Of th' hull o' womankind
Says it only takes jist one
Fight f'r liberty fit through
To show wimmen y' ain't run
By no W. C. T. U.

But he allus asts Bud Speth
Kin he smell it on his breath!

Deacon Skinner's wife, says he,
Wouldn't no more dare inquire
If he's had a drink, than see
Gasoline put in th' fire.
Deacon says th' way is to
Have it out right on th' start:
Be th' boss, an you'll git through
Life without no drift apart.

But he says to Treadwell Pew:
"Would y' guess I had them two?"

—J. W. Foley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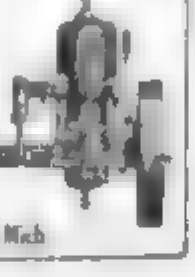

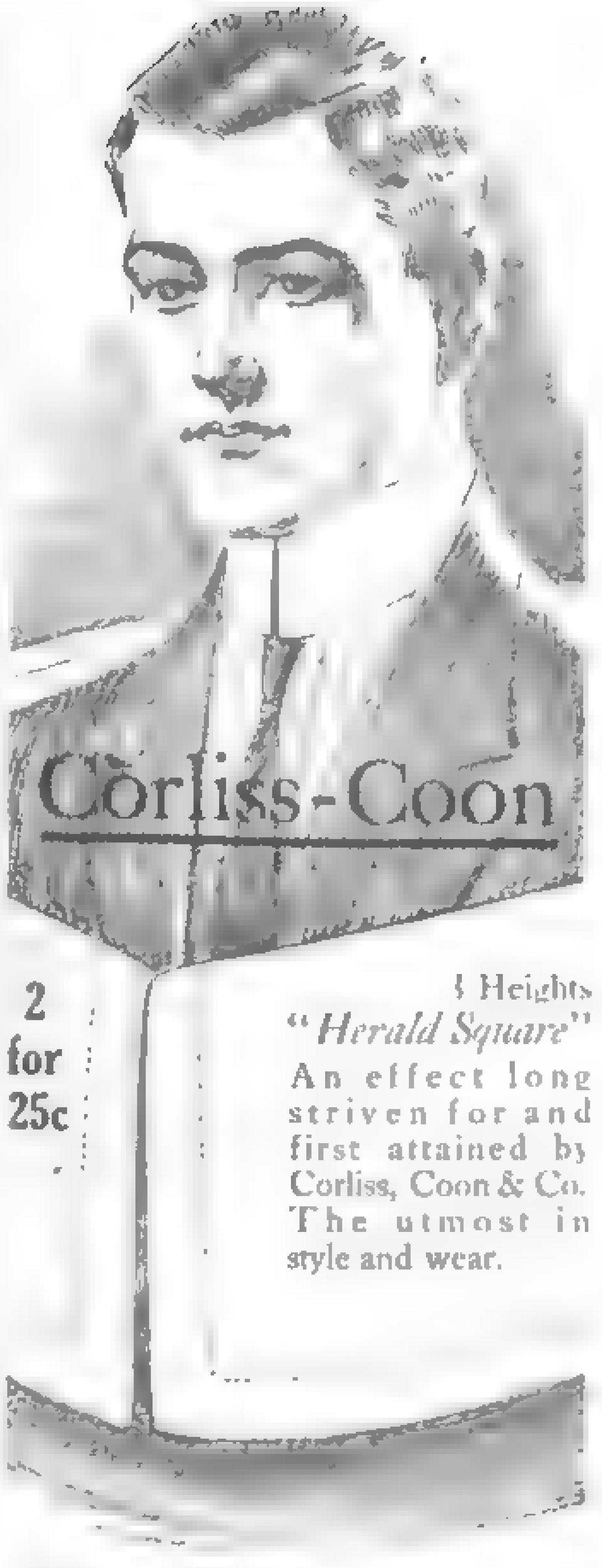
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The favorites this spring will be Grays and Blues, with some inclination toward Browns. Nowhere else will the favorite shades and inviting patterns be shown to such advantage as in the Adler-Rochester line.

And the hidden fabrics—the linings and interlinings—the canvas shape—are just as important and just as carefully chosen. That is why Adler-Rochester garments hold their shape—why they look new so long.

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How the Prices Are Possible

Nor do Adler-Rochesters cost more than other good clothes. $18 00 and upwards are the prices.

Yet we spend in the making *four* times what some makers spend. The utmost in time and skill is afforded every detail.

Such lavishness is possible only because we confine our profit to six per cent.

And so it is that Adler-Rochesters are vastly greater in value than most other clothes.

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Our Spring Style Book takes you through our new model plant—a structure of concrete, glass and steel—endless in its wonders, its real 20th century perfections.

Through the Style Book, also, you may learn what well dressed men will wear this season

Its illustrations are in colors, taken from *life*.

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Inspect critically each garment. Try on a suit or an overcoat. Demand from them as much as you would from your own tailor's work.

For on their *actual appearance* when worn, is based their reputation—America's leading clothes for over forty years. *Write today for Style Book, "C."*

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LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

Style A 1624
Velvet Calf
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Wing tip collar to match, narrow shape, with plenty of room for your toes.

"Hugtite" construction assures a perfect fitting low shoe. No slipping, chafing or gaping. All **Florsheim Low Shoes** are "Hugtite." You'll never appreciate real low shoe comfort until you've had a pair. Ask your dealer to show you a

FLORSHEIM "NATURAL SHAPE" SHOE

To be had in any leather, any shape toe.

If your dealer won't take your order, send us $5.25 to cover cost of shoes and express charges, and we will have our nearest dealer fill the order.

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For double-edge and all Safety Blades

Let us prove to you the advantages of having a Griffon Automatic Stropper with a strop of selected calf-skin rich in a soft natural leather oil

Strops any safety blade made. Does it perfectly, quickly. Regulated like a clock. A 5 year old child can work it as well as a skilled mechanic. Just push the handle back and forth, the machine does the rest. The result is always the same — a smooth, delightfully keen edge.

Go to your Dealer to-day — ask him to show you how this strop works. If he cannot supply you send us his name and address with three of your discarded blades (any make) and two 2c stamps to pay for postage — we will return the blades better than new, proving to you the delightfully keen edge this strop will put on your old blades.

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Different from others. The "difference" is the improvement.

Do Not Mark the Nose
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Cannot Slip Down

Send for our free book on spectacles. It will tell you things you ought to know.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS COMPANY
Established 1864 Dept. B Rochester, N.Y.

CLEAN COPY

(Concluded from Page 17)

now. He walked many blocks. And as he walked, even the knowledge that he had seen death came as a faint whisper against the shouting of his mind, crying aloud one thing—that he had the story and it was late. Hugging the revolver and the black mask in his breast pocket, he hurried on. It seemed to him as though his feet could not move as they should move, as though his legs dragged in a dream. Still he hurried on, driven by the presence of that story, its necessity.

And so at last The Cub came to the city desk, breathless from climbing stairs, weary of limb, trembling beneath that relentless lash of news. It was nearly two o'clock.

The local room was dim. Within the yellow circle beneath a single incandescent lamp, a lonely copy-reader sat by the long table where a dozen usually toiled. The radiance of his own desk light showed Stone, head bent, fumbling a bundle of proofs. Litter of paper and the débris of the evening's work strewed the floor about him. The whole place seemed strangely silent. From the story below came clicking of linotypes; and farther down, in the building's bowels, the deep rumble of the presses proclaimed the passing of the mail editions. The smell of scorched paper ascended from where the stereotypers even now were casting plates for the last printing, the final issue which would go out upon the streets. It was that hour for whose passing a few men wait wearily; the hour when one or two reporters on outpost duty and a single drowsing wire connect the news rooms with the outer world; when only fear of catastrophe or some other mighty unexpected happening keeps this remnant of a complex editorial fabric at work. Into the dim silence of these things The Cub came hurrying, white-faced, with tramp of mud-smeared feet. Stone looked up sharply from his proofs.

Some hours before when Hughes was banging on his typewriter the story of the bandit's flight, with his own long supplement of theory, Stone's 'phone had rung. Answering the ring, the city editor had learned from Mike, who spoke tersely in epigrammatic profanity, how the latter had come back to a deserted post. Stone fumed, then wondered briefly, feeling that The Cub was yet too young wantonly to throw down his paper. Then he plunged again into the maelstrom of the evening's news and put the matter by. Glancing up now at the footstep, he saw The Cub and it came back as an affair that called for discipline.

"Well," Stone said with careful sarcasm, "where, pray, have you been?"

The Cub caught the inflection, and the weight of the resentment behind it fell upon him like a bucket of cold water. But he only gasped before he answered: "I've got a big story."

"A big story?" Stone raised his gray-streaked head and smiled grimly. "Fine time for stories now. We're going to press."

"I tell you," The Cub cried so loudly that the single copy-reader turned in his chair and stared that way, "a big story. The bandit's dead. I got it all."

Stone's scowl went suddenly before a look of sharp anxiety. His hand flew to the 'phone. Taking down the receiver, he jerked out to The Cub, "Quick now! Tell it!" Then to the switchboard operator, "Get the morgue!"

"You cut that call out!" The Cub's voice was strident. "You want to tip it off?" he shouted. "I've got it all. He's all alone. The doctors didn't come. No one came. I was with him, and he's confessed to me. Understand? No one knows."

For a bare instant Stone let himself look up astonished. At once his face settled to the tense calm of his business as he banged the receiver-hanger in a sharp tattoo. "Never mind the morgue, Annie," he said quietly. "Give me the composing-room." To The Cub: "You're sure it's right?" As the latter nodded he went on evenly, without a break of inflection, into the 'phone: "Just a second—Yes, wait down there—Now, Allen—Yes, wait. Hold that last form—Tell me, Allen."

The Cub jerked it out and, as he did so, groped within his coat; then laid the revolver and the mask upon the desk. Stone nodded decisively. "Now," he called into the 'phone, "kill that follow on the drugstore bandit shooting; shove down the lead; there's a new lead coming; hold for that and a new head." He hung up the receiver. "Now!" said he. "You saw him die?"

The Cub went over it again from the beginning. When he got as far as the confession, Stone stopped him with an upraised hand. "We've got to write it now," he said. He looked around the room, absently at first; then an expression like despair crossed his face. His eyes went to The Cub and he cried: "There's no one here to write it."

The sob that clutched The Cub's throat came from deeper than his lacerated breast, the hurt he felt was smaller than the anger of outraged possession. That blazed in his very soul. It sounded in his answer: "It's my story, and I'm going to write it."

"You're going to write it? All right," Stone snapped. Then, more slowly, "Yes, son, you've got to. You do the best you can. And do it quick." His tone was pleading and he pointed to the clock.

The Cub looked; it was two o'clock. As he looked his nostrils got the odor of scorched paper from the stereotypers' room; to his ears came the rumble of presses in the basement. He realized that the mechanism was waiting, the machinery demanding to be fed. He hurried across the room to a typewriter, the one which was always sacred to Hughes. He knew that machine; he had envied its smooth movement many times. He placed a sheet of paper in the cylinder as he sat down.

For a moment he sat still looking at the blank paper on the cylinder. What should he say? He had not thought of that. His story—and the machinery was being held for him. He must feed it. As he sat, torn in the effort to construct a sentence, a smooth wording which would go by rule, a bit of diction, rhetorical enough for this big thing, his eyes went to the clock. The minute hand had swept forward. He could not believe that it had gone so far. At the copy-table Stone was jerking out directions for the head. He turned despairingly to the paper. He stared at it. He looked up again at the clock. Some power had shoved forward the hands two minutes more. Then rhetoric and diction and style went to the four winds. The Cub banged his fingers upon the keys and the words went down upon the sheet.

"The drugstore bandit died last night from a bullet, fired by a policeman. He was a boy, made bad by dime novels."

He got that far when Stone came and, leaning over his shoulder, dragged the paper from the typewriter. Mechanically, The Cub fed a new sheet and went on.

He did not hear Stone muttering as he walked away. He did not look up to the clock. He did not think of writing masterpieces. He wrote those facts as fast as he could tell them, that they might reach the world. The story ruled him; it commanded his brain. He obeyed—so zealously that, when he ended, he felt perspiration running down his body. He took the last sheet to the city desk. "On time?" he asked.

Stone did not answer for a moment, but jabbed his pencil viciously upon the copy once or twice; then rolled the paper up, crammed it into a pneumatic tube and pulled a lever. "Yes," he said, "on time."

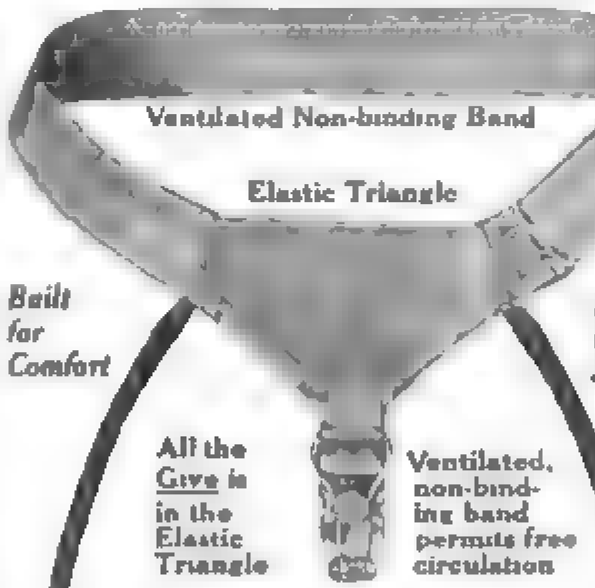
The Cub walked slowly toward the outer door. It was done. And he was very tired. Stone was putting on his coat. He looked after the retreating figure. "Allen!" he called.

The Cub came back. "You wrote a damn good story," said Stone. "Good-night."

Something like an hour later The Cub walked down the silent street and heard the newsboys' voices pealing out. He unfolded the paper which he had bought. He read the story, emblazoned on the first page.

This was no little masterpiece, all adorned with delicacy of good diction. It was a rough thing, whose style did not flow smoothly. It was bare of adornment, with no artificial coloring of incident. It was the news, told briefly, straight from the shoulder—just the news. His story. And as he read he realized that Stone had told the truth. His heart swelled with a mighty pride as he saw that it was good. And then he tasted the sweetest triumph of all—it was clean copy—they had not changed a word.

A Man's Garter Without a Fault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A garter that binds the leg is not merely *uncomfortable* but impedes the circulation. Such a garter is one to be avoided.

No metal touches the leg

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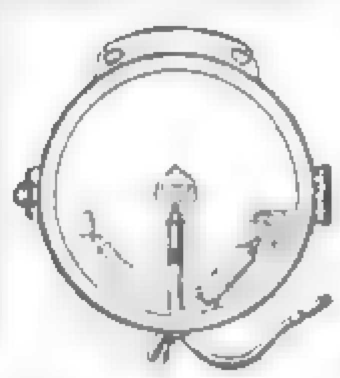

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There's a full line of Solars for every motor vehicle purpose, including several special lamps designed to solve some of the aggravating lighting problems of the motorist. Our catalog will be cheerfully sent on request. It will be very much worth your while to look it over.

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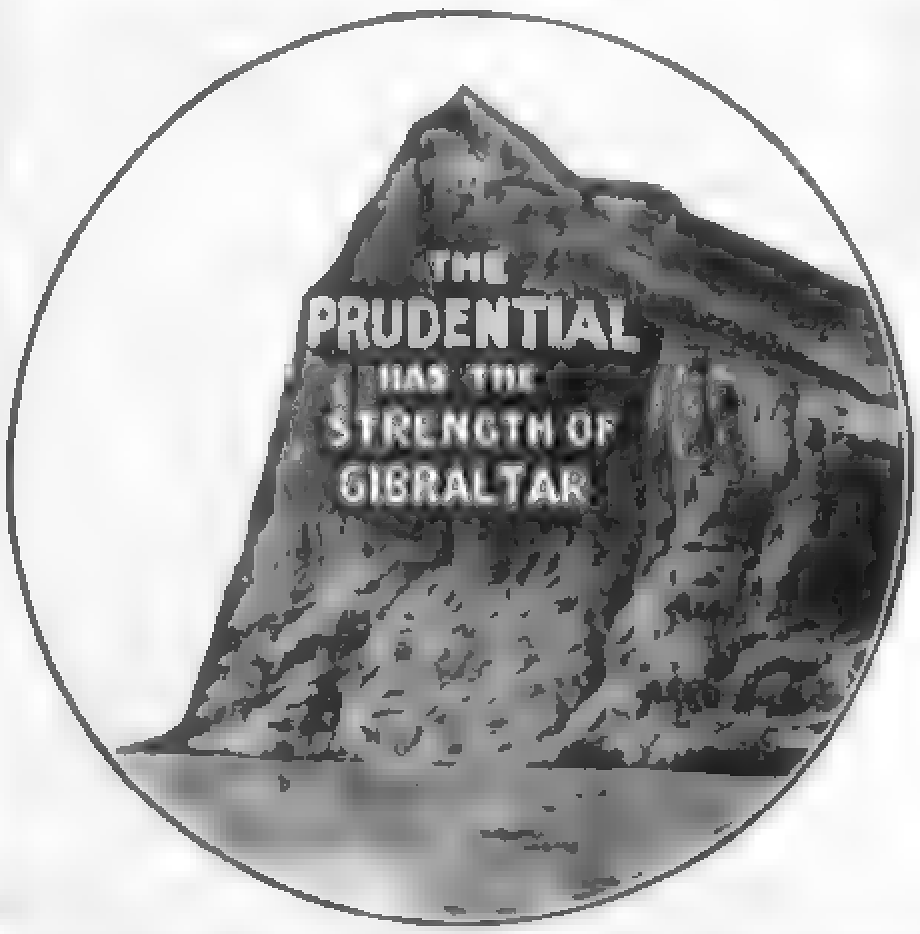

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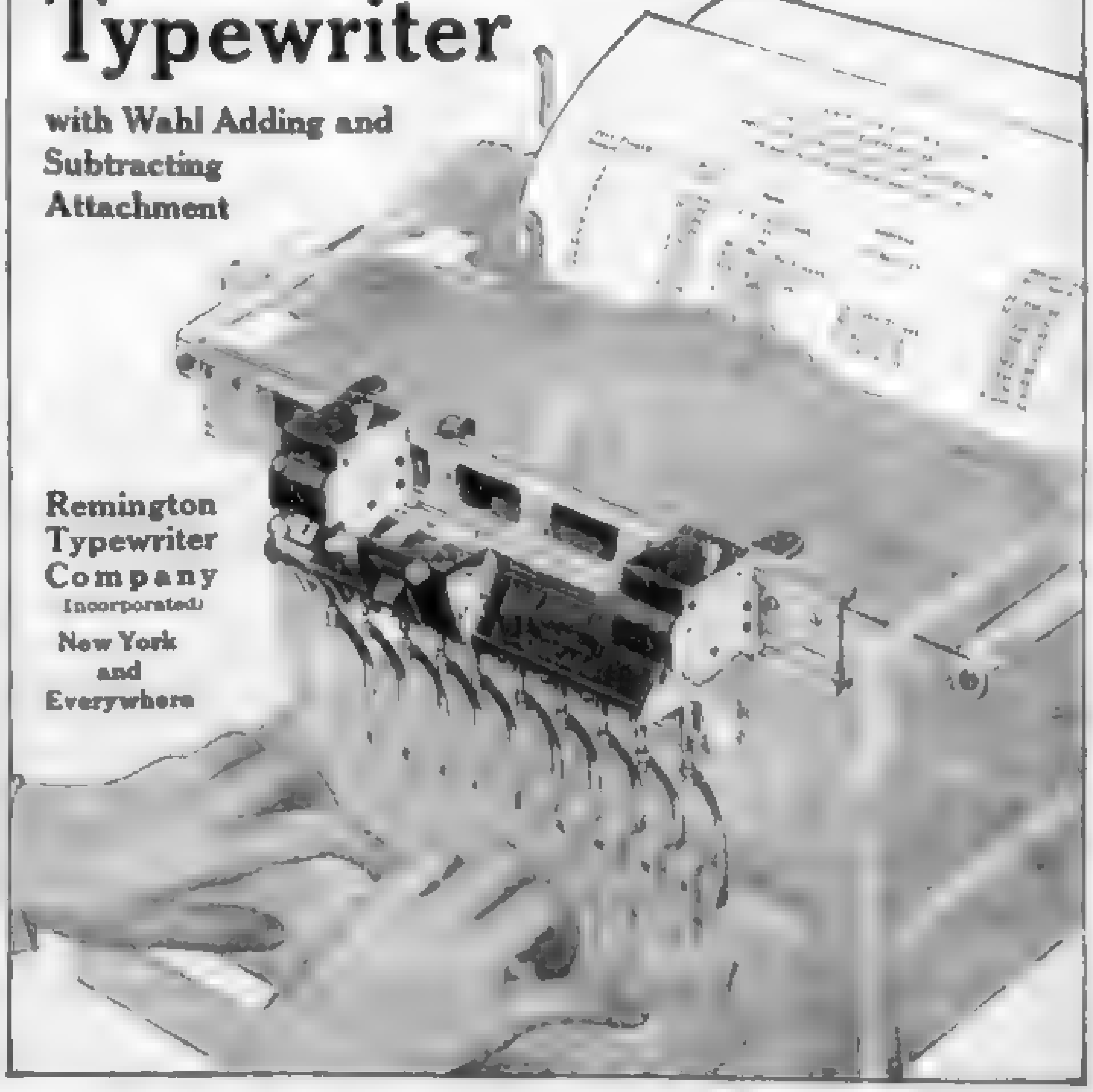


Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

SAM TURNER

(Continued from Page 6)

"I don't know," he replied to her query, after pausing to consider it a moment. "I certainly don't go out of my road to hunt up these things."

"No-o-o," she admitted. "But Fate hasn't thrust this particular opportunity upon me, although I'm right with you at the time. It never would have occurred to me to ask about those walnut trees."

"It would have occurred to your father," he retorted quickly.

"Yes, it might have occurred to father; but I think that he would have gone tomorrow to see about it."

"I suppose I might be that way when I arrive at his age," Sam commented philosophically, "but just now I can't afford it. His 'seeing about it tomorrow' cost him between five and six thousand dollars the last time I had anything to do with him. Stop a minute!" he suddenly directed the chauffeur.

She laughed. She was enjoying Sam's company very much. Even if a bit startling he was, at least, refreshing after the type of young men she was in the habit of meeting.

The driver had abruptly brought his machine to a halt, just a little way past a tree glowing with bright-green leaves and red berries.

"I don't know what sort of a tree that is," said the startling one with boyish enthusiasm; "but see how pretty it is. Except for the shape of the leaves the effect is as beautiful as holly. Wouldn't you like a branch or two of them, Miss Stevens?"

"I certainly should," she heartily agreed. "I don't know how you discovered that I have a mad passion for decorative weeds and things."

"Have you?" he inquired eagerly. "So have I. If I had time I'd be rather ashamed of it."

He had scrambled out of the car and now ran back to the tree, where he clipped a few carefully-selected branches; and she noticed that as he came back to the auto he was arranging them deftly and with a critical eye. It was a new and an unexpected side of him, and it softened considerably the amused regard in which she had been holding him.

"They are beautifully arranged," she commented, as he stopped to brush the dust from his shoes in the tall grass by the roadside.

"Do you think so?" he delightedly inquired. "You ought to see my kid brother make up bouquets of goldenrod and such things. He seems to have a natural artistic gift."

She bent upon his averted head a wondering glance, and she reflected that often this "hustler" must be misunderstood. Her attention was suddenly called away from him by a hail from the woods above them, at the other side of the road, and a man came scrambling down from the hillside path.

"Why, it's Mr. Princeman!" exclaimed the girl, in pleased surprise. "Think of finding you wandering about all alone in the woods here."

"I wasn't wandering about," he protested, as he came up to the machine and shook hands with Miss Josephine. "I was headed directly for Hollis Creek Inn. You might have invited me to ride over with you, Turner."

"You might have invited me to walk with you," retorted Sam.

"But you knew that I was coming and I didn't ——" he paused abruptly, and fixed a contemplative eye upon young Mr. Turner, who had clambered back into the car and was now surveying the scenery and Mr. Princeman with calm enjoyment.

The arrival at this moment of a cloud of dust out of which evolved a lone horseman, and that horseman Billy Westlake, added a new angle to the situation, and for one fleeting moment the three men eyed each other in mutual, sheepish guilt.

"Rather good sport, I call it, Miss Stevens," declared Billy, aware of a sudden increase in his estimation of Mr. Turner, and letting the cat completely out of the bag. "All of us were trying to steal a march on the rest, but Mr. Turner used the most businesslike method, and, of course, he won the race."

"I'm flattered, I'm sure," said Miss Josephine demurely. "I really feel that I ought to go right back to the house and be the belle of the ball, but it's impossible for an hour or so in this case"; and she turned to her escort with the smile of mischief that she had worn the first time he saw her. "You see, we are out on a little business trip, Mr. Turner and myself. We're going to buy a walnut grove."

Mr. Turner turned upon her a glance that was half a frown

"I promised to get you back in two hours, and I'll do it," he stated; "but we mustn't linger much by the wayside."

"With which hint we shall wend our Hollis Creekward way," laughed Princeman, exchanging a glance of amusement with Miss Stevens. "I think we shall visit with your father until you come back."

"Please do," she urged. "He will be as glad to see you both as I am"; with which information she settled herself back in her seat with a little air of the interview being over, and the chauffeur, with proper intuition, opened the throttle, while Mr. Princeman and Billy looked after them glumly.

"Queer chap, isn't he?" commented Billy.

"Queer? Well, hardly that," returned Princeman thoughtfully. "There's one thing certain: he's enterprising and vigorous enough to command respect, in business or—anything else."

At about that very moment Mr. Turner was impressing upon his companion a very important bit of ethics.

"You shouldn't have violated my confidence," he told her severely.

"How was that?" she asked in surprise, and with a trifle of indignation as well.

"You told them that we were going to buy a walnut grove. You ought never to let slip anything you may happen to know of any man's business plans."

"Oh!" she said blankly.

Having voiced his straightforward objection, and delivered his simple but direct lesson, Mr. Turner turned as decisively to other matters.

"Son," he asked, leaning over toward the chauffeur, "are there any speed-limit laws on these roads?"

"None that I know of," replied the boy.

"Then cut her loose. Do you object to fast driving, Miss Stevens?"

VI

OLD man Gifford was not at home in his squat, low-roofed farmhouse, but a woman, shaped like a pyramid of diminishing pumpkins, directed them down through the tall, straight-trunked trees by a narrow, twisting, deeply-rutted road. Old man Gifford came inquiringly up between the long rows of corn to the far edge of the grove. He was bent and wizened, and more gnarled than any of his trees, and even his fingers seemed to have the knotty, angular effect of twigs.

"Morning, 'Ennery," he squeaked.

"Good-morning, Mr. Gifford," returned the chauffeur. "Fine day, isn't it?"

"Good corn-ripenin' weather," agreed the old man, squinting at the sky from force of habit, and then, being satisfied that there was no threatening cloud in all the visible blue expanse, returned to a calm consideration of the strangers, waiting patiently for Mr. Turner to introduce himself.

"I understand, Mr. Gifford, that you are open to an offer for your walnut trees," began Mr. Turner, looking at his watch.

"Well, I might be," admitted the old man cautiously.

"I see," returned Sam; "that is, you might be interested if the price were right. Let's get right down to brass tacks. How much do you want?"

"Standin' or cut?"

"Well, say standing."

"How much do you offer?"

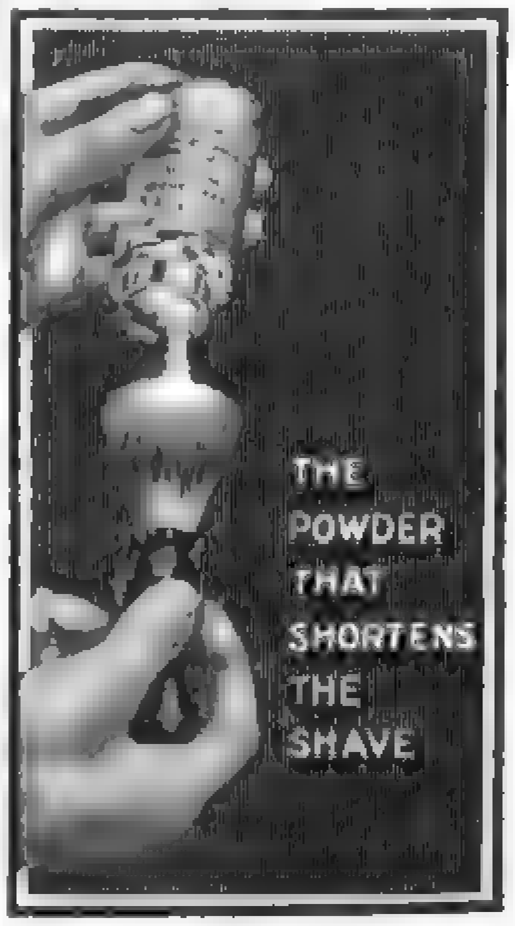
Miss Stevens' gaze roved from the one to the other and found enjoyment in the fact that here Greek had met Greek.

Sam's reply was prompt and to the point. He named a price.

"No," said the old man instantly. "I've been holdin' out for five dollars a thousand more than that."

Things were progressing. A basis for haggling had been established. Sam Turner, however, had the advantage. In view of the recent advance, even at Mr. Gifford's price, there was a handsome profit in the transaction.

"The reason you've had to hold out for your rate until right now was that nobody



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Lather acts on your beard in two ways. The **soap** removes the oily coating of the hairs. The **water** then gets to them, moistening and softening.

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"Tiles for the Kitchen and Laundry" will be sent free to present or prospective home owners. Three other interesting books, also free:
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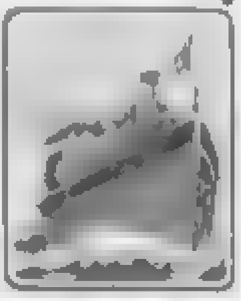

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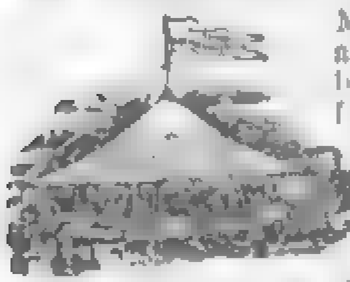

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would pay it," said Sam confidently. "Now, I'm here to talk spot cash, beginning with a thousand dollars down. How much will you take f. o. b. Restview?"

"Well, cuttin' and trimmin' and haulin' ain't much in my line," returned the old man, again cautious; "but, after all, I reckon that there'd be less damage to my property if I looked after it myself. Of course, I'd have to have a profit for handlin' it. I'd feel like holdin' out for—for ——" and after some hesitation he again named a figure.

"You've made that same proposition before," charged Sam shrewdly, "and you couldn't get the price." Upon the heels of this he made his own offer.

The old man shook his head and turned as if to start back to the cornfield.

"No, I can get better than that," he declared.

"Come back here and let's talk turkey," protested Sam compellingly. "You name the very lowest price you'll take, delivered on board the cars at Restview."

The old man reached down, pulled up a blade of grass, chewed it carefully, spat it out and named his very, very lowest; then he added: "What's the most you'll give?"

Miss Stevens leaned forward intently.

Sam very promptly named a figure five dollars lower.

"I'll split the difference with you," offered the old man.

"It's a bargain!" said Sam, and, reaching into the inside pocket of his tennis coat, he brought out some queer furniture for that sort of a garment—a small fountain pen and an extremely small cardcase, from the latter of which he drew four folded blank checks.

He reached over and borrowed the chauffeur's enameled cap, dusted it off carefully with his handkerchief, laid a check upon it and held his fountain pen poised.

"What are your initials, please?"

"Wait a minute," said the old man hastily. "Don't make out that check just yet. I don't do any business or sign any contracts till I talk with Hepseba."

"All right. Climb right in with Henry there," directed Sam, seizing upon the chauffeur's name. "We'll drive straight up to see her."

"I'll walk," firmly declared Mr. Gifford. "I never have rode in one of them things, and I'm too old to begin."

"Very well," said Sam cheerfully, jumping out of the machine with great promptness. "I'll walk with you. Back to the house, Henry," and he started, anxiously, to trudge up the road with Mr. Gifford, leaving Henry to manœuver painfully in the narrow space. After a few steps, however, a sudden thought made him turn back. "Maybe you'd rather walk up, too," he suggested to Miss Stevens.

"No, I think I'll ride," she said coldly.

He opened the door in extreme haste.

"Do come on and walk," he pleaded. "Don't hold it against me because I just don't seem to be able to think of more than one thing at a time; but I was so wrapped up in this deal that—really," and he sank his voice confidentially, "I have a tremendous bargain here, and I'll be nervous about it until I have it clinched. I'll tell you why as we go home."

He held out his hand, as a matter of course, to help her down. The white of his eyes was remarkably clear, the iris remarkably blue, the pupils remarkably deep. Suddenly her face cleared and she laughed.

"It was silly of me to be snippy, wasn't it?" she confessed, as she took his hand and stepped lightly to the ground. It had just recurred to her that when he knew Princeman was walking over to see her he had said nothing, but had engaged an automobile.

Old man Gifford had nothing much to say when they caught up with him. Mr. Turner tried him with remarks about the weather, and received full information, but when he attempted to discuss the details of the walnut purchase he received but mere grunts in reply, except finally this:

"There's no use, young man. I won't talk about them trees till I get Hepseba's opinion."

At the house Hepseba waddled out on the little stoop in response to old man Gifford's call, and stood regarding the strangers stonily through her narrow little slits of eyes.

"This gentleman, Hepseba," said old man Gifford, "wants to buy my walnut trees. What do you think of him?"

In response to that leading question, Hepseba studied Sam Turner from head to

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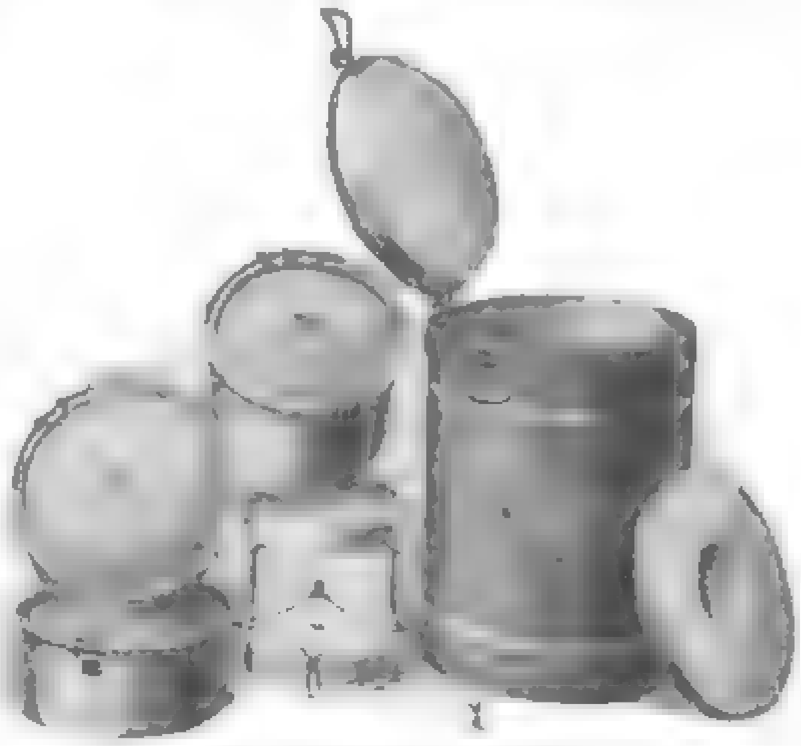

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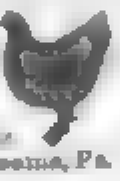

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foot with the sort of scrutiny under which one slightly reddens.

"I like him," finally announced Hepseba in a surprisingly liquid and feminine voice. "I like both of them"; an unexpected turn which brought a flush to the face of Miss Stevens.

"All right, then, young man," said old man Gifford briskly. "Now, then, you come in the front room and write your contract, and I'll take your check."

All alacrity and open cordiality now, he led the way into the queer old front room, musty with the solemnity of many dim Sundays.

"Just set down here in this easy chair, Mrs. —— What did you say your name was?" Mr. Gifford inquired of Sam.

"Turner; Sam J. Turner," returned that gentleman, grinning. "But this is Miss Stevens."

"No offense meant or taken, I hope," hastily said the old man, by way of apology; "but I do say that Mr. Turner would be lucky if he had such a pretty wife."

"You have both good taste and good judgment, Mr. Gifford," commented Sam, as airily as he could; then he looked across at Miss Stevens and laughed aloud, so openly and so ingenuously that, so far from laughter giving offense, it seemed, strange enough, to put Miss Josephine at her ease, though she still blushed furiously. There was nothing in that laugh nor in his look but frank, boyish enjoyment of the joke.

There ensued a crisp and decisive conversation between Mr. Gifford and Mr. Turner about the details of their contract, and 'Ennery was presently called in to append to it his painfully precise signature in vertical writing, Miss Stevens adding hers in a pretty, round hand. Then Hepseba, to bind the bargain, brought in hot apple pie, fresh from the oven, and they became quite a little family party indeed, and very friendly, 'Ennery sitting in the parlor with them and eating his pie with a fork.

"I know what Hepseba thinks," said old man Gifford, as he held the door of the car open for them. "She thinks you're a mighty keen young man that has to be watched in the beginning of a bargain, because you'll give as little as you can, but that after the bargain's made you don't need any more watching. But, Lord love you, I have to be watched in a bargain myself. I take everything I can."

As he finished saying this he was closing the door of the car, but Hepseba called to them to wait, and came puffing out of the house with a little bundle wrapped in a newspaper.

"I brought this out for your wife," she said to Mr. Turner, and handed them to Miss Josephine. "It's some geranium slips. Everybody says I got the finest geraniums in the bottoms here."

"Goodness, Hepseba," exclaimed old man Gifford, highly delighted, "that ain't his wife. That's Miss Stevens. I made the same mistake," and he hawhawed in keen enjoyment.

Hepseba was so evidently overcome with mortification, however, and her huge, round face turned so painfully red, that Miss Stevens lost entirely any embarrassment she might otherwise have felt.

"It doesn't matter at all, I assure you, Mrs. Gifford," she said, with charming eagerness to set Hepseba at ease. "I am very fond of geraniums, and I shall plant these slips and take good care of them. I thank you very, very much for them."

As the machine rolled away Hepseba turned to old man Gifford:

"I like both of them!" she stated most decisively.

VII

"AND now," announced Sam in calm triumph, as they neared Hollis Creek Inn, "I'll finish up this deal right away. There is no use in my holding for a further rise at this time, and I'll just sell these trees to your father."

"To father!" she gasped, and then, as it dawned upon her that she had been out all morning to help Sam Turner buy up trees to sell her own father at a profit, she burst forth into shrieks of laughter.

"What's the joke?" Sam asked, regarding her in amazement, and then, more or less dimly, he perceived. "Still," he said, relapsing into serious consideration of the affair, "your father will be in luck to buy these trees at all, even at the ten dollars a thousand profit he'll have to pay me. There is not less than a hundred thousand feet of walnut in that grove."

"Mercy!" she said. "Why, that will make you a thousand dollars for this

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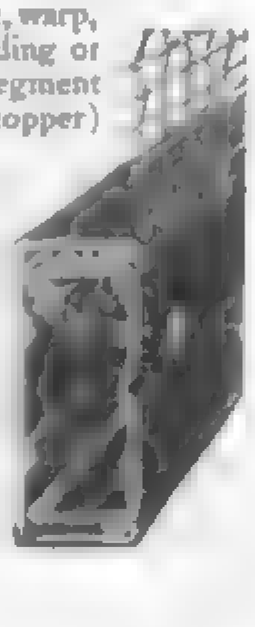

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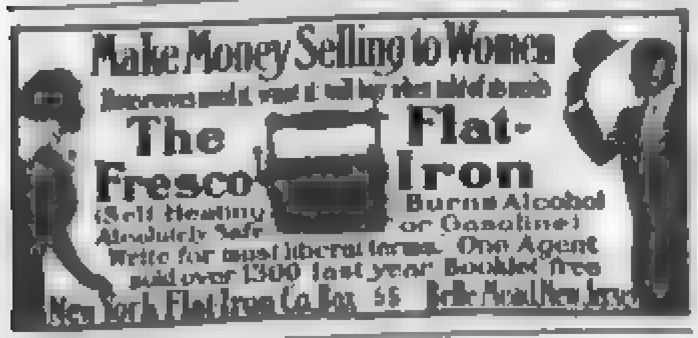
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morning's drive; and the opportunity was entirely accidental, one that would not have occurred if you hadn't come over to see me in this machine. I think I ought to have a commission."

"You ought to be fined," Sam retorted. "You had me scared stiff at one time."

"How was that?" she demanded.

"Why, of course you didn't think, but when you told the boys that I was going out to buy a walnut grove, they were right on their way to see your father. It would have been very natural for one of them to mention our errand. Your father might have immediately inquired where there was walnut to be found, and have telephoned to old man Gifford before I could reach him."

"You needn't have worried!" stated Miss Josephine, in a tone so indignant that Sam turned to her in startled astonishment. "My father would not have done anything so despicable as that, I am quite sure!"

"He wouldn't!" exclaimed Sam. "I'll bet he would. Why, how do you suppose your father became rich in the lumber trade if it wasn't through snapping up a bargain every time he found one?"

"I have no doubt that my father has been and is a very alert business man," retorted Miss Josephine most icily; "but after he knew that you had actually started out to purchase a tract of lumber he would certainly consider that you had established a prior claim upon the property."

"Your father's name is Theophilus Stevens, isn't it?"

"Yes"

"Humph!" said Sam, but he did not explain that exclamation, nor was he asked to explain. Miss Stevens had been deeply wounded by the assault upon her father's business morality, and she desired to hear no further elaboration of the insult.

She was glad that they were drawing up now to the porch, glad to be over this ride with its many disagreeable features; although she carefully gathered up her bright-berried branches, which were not half so much withered as she had expected them to be, and held her geranium slips cautiously as she alighted.

Her father came out to the edge of the porch to meet them. He paid no attention to his daughter.

"Well, Sam Turner," said Mr. Stevens, stroking his aggressive beard, "I hear you got it, confound you! What do you want for your lumber contract?"

"Just the advance of this morning's quotations," replied Sam. "Princeman tell you I was after it?"

"No, not at first," said Stevens. "I received a telegram about that grove just an hour ago, from my partner. Princeman was with me when the telegram came, and he told me then that you had just gone out on the trail. I did my best to get Gifford by 'phone before you could reach him."

"Father!" exclaimed Miss Josephine.

"What's the matter, Jo?"

"You say you actually tried to—to get in ahead of Mr Turner in buying this lumber, knowing that he was going down there purposely for it?"

"Why, certainly," admitted her father.

"But did you know that I was with Mr. Turner?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Father!" was all she could gasp; and without deigning to say good-by to Mr. Turner, or thank him for the ride, or the bouquet of branches, or even the geranium slips that she had received under false pretenses, she hurried away to her room, oppressed with Heaven only knows what mortification, and also with what wonder at the ways of men!

VIII

PRINCEMAN and Billy Westlake and young Hollis with the curly hair were impatiently waiting for Miss Josephine at the tennis court, as they informed her upon a jointly-signed note sent up to her by a boy, and hastily removing the dust of the road she ran down to join them. As she went across the lawn, tennis racket in hand, Sam Turner, discussing lumber with Mr. Stevens, saw her and stopped talking abruptly to admire the trim, graceful figure.

"Does your daughter play tennis much?" he inquired.

"A great deal," returned Mr. Stevens, expanding with pride. "Jo's a very expert player. She's better at it than any of these girls, and she really doesn't care to play except with experts. Princeman, Hollis and

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Billy Westlake are easily the champions here."

"I see," said Sam thoughtfully.

"I suppose you're a crack player yourself," his host resumed, glancing at Sam's bat.

"Me? No; worse than a dub. I never had time—that is, until now. I'll tell you, though, this being away from the business grind is a great thing. You don't know how I enjoy the fresh air and the being out in the country this way, and the absolute freedom from business cares and worries."

"But where are you going?" asked Stevens, for Sam was getting up. "You'll stay to lunch with us, won't you?"

"No, thanks," replied Sam, looking at his watch. "I expect some word from my kid brother. I have wired him to send some samples of marsh pulp and the paper we've had made from it."

"Marsh pulp," repeated Mr. Stevens. "That's a new one on me. What's it like?"

"Greatest stunt on earth," replied Sam confidently. "It is our scheme to meet the deforestation danger on the way—coming."

Already he was reaching in his pocket for paper and pencil and sat down again at the side of Mr. Stevens, who immediately began stroking his aggressive beard. Fifteen minutes later Sam got up briskly, and Mr. Stevens shook hands with him.

"That's a great scheme," he said; and he gazed after Sam's broad shoulders admiringly as that young man strode down the steps.

When he arrived at Meadowbrook Sam's first care was for his telegram. It was there, and bore the assurance that the samples would arrive on the following morning. His next step was to hunt Miss Westlake. That plump young person forgot her pique of the morning in an instant when he came up to her with that smiling "Been-looking-for-you-everywhere, mighty-glad-to-see-you" cordiality.

"I want you to teach me tennis," he said immediately.

"I'm afraid I can't teach you much," she replied, with becoming diffidence, "because I'm not a good-enough player myself; but I'll do my best. We'll have a set right after luncheon; shall we?"

"Fine!" said he.

After luncheon Mr. Westlake and Mr. Cuthbert waylaid him, but he merely thrust his telegram into Mr. Westlake's hands and hurried off to the tennis grounds with Miss Westlake and Miss Hastings and lanky Bob Tilloughby, who stuttered horribly and blushed when he spoke, and was in deadly seriousness about everything. Never did a man work so hard at anything as Sam Turner worked at tennis. He was muscular, he was without fat, he was quick, he was earnest. He had a keen eye and a dexterous wrist, and he kept the game up to top-notch speed. When, at the end of an hour, they sat down, panting, to rest, young Tilloughby, with hyphenated earnestness, assured him that he had "the makings of a fine tennis player."

Sam considered that compliment very thoughtfully. It seemed to suggest something that changed his whole purpose.

"Thanks," said he. "It's mighty nice of you to say so, Tilloughby, but tennis playing is a business, and I've already trained myself into another occupation. What's the next game?"

The next game, it seemed, was a stroll among the shady brookside paths, with Miss Westlake swinging her hundred and sixty-three pounds confidingly upon his good left arm over the rough places; but before he took a hand in that game Sam paid a quiet visit to the greenhouses.

That evening, while he was bowling with all the earnestness that in him lay, Josephine Stevens, resisting the importunities of young Hollis for some music, sat by her father.

"Father," she asked, after long and sober thought, "was it right for you, knowing Mr. Turner to be after that walnut lumber, to try to get it away from him by telephoning?"

"It certainly was!" he replied emphatically. "Turner went down there with a deliberate intention of buying that lumber before I could get it, so that he could sell it to me at as big a gain as possible. I paid him one thousand dollars' profit for his contract. I had struggled my best to beat him to it; only I was too late. Both of us were playing the game according to the rules, but he is a younger player."

"I see." Another long pause. "Here's another thing. Mr. Turner happened to know of this increase in the price of lumber, and he hurried down there to a man who didn't know about it and bought it. If Mr. Gifford had known of the new rates, Mr. Turner could not have bought those trees at the price he did, could he?"

"Certainly not," agreed her father. "He would have had to pay nearly a thousand dollars more for it."

"Then that wasn't right of Mr. Turner."

"My child," said Mr. Stevens wearily, "all business is conducted for a profit, and the only way to get it is by keeping alive and knowing things that other people will find out tomorrow. Sam Turner is the shrewdest young man I've met in many a day, and he's square as a die. I'd take his word on any proposition; wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I think I'd take his word," she admitted, and very positively, after mature deliberation. "But truly, Father, don't you think he's too much concentrated upon business? He hasn't a thought in his mind for anything else. For instance, this morning he came over to take me an automobile ride around Bald Hill, and when he found out about this walnut grove, without either apology or explanation to me, he ordered the chauffeur to drive right down there."

"Fine," laughed her father. "I'd like to hire him for my manager if I could only offer him enough money. But I don't see your point of criticism. It seems to me that he's a mighty presentable and likable young fellow, and a gentleman in the sense in which I like to use that word."

"Yes, he is all of those things," she admitted again; "but it is a flaw in a young man, isn't it," she persisted, betraying an unusually anxious interest, "for him never to think of a solitary thing but just business?"

They were sitting in one of the alcoves of the assembly-room, and at that moment a bell-boy, wandering around the place with apparent aimlessness, spied them and brought to Miss Josephine a big box. She opened it and an exclamation of pleasure escaped her. In the box was a huge bouquet of exquisite roses, soft and glowing, delicious in their fragrance.

Impulsively she buried her face in them. "Oh, how delightful!" she cried, and she drew out the card that peeped forth from amidst the stems. "They are from Mr. Turner!" she gasped.

"You're quite right about him," commented her father dryly. "He's all business."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Original Old-Timer

He can remember when Frisco
W'as jist th' bare side of a bluff;
An' one feller's dyin' in Utah
Made more 'n twice widders enough
He druv a pack mule in th' Rockies
Afore they was hardly half growed;
An' Denver—why he knowed when Denver
W'as jist a wide place in th' road!

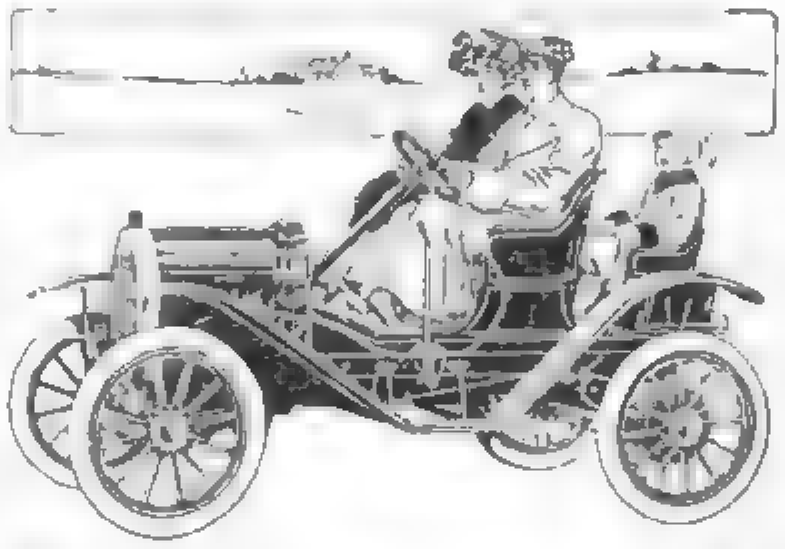
He knowed th' town of Chicago
When it was jist mist by th' Lake;
He druv mules all over Milwaukee
A-lookin' fer crawfish t' bake;
Knowed Pittsburgh afore it was smoky,
An' walked out o' town in two blocks;
An' Cleveland, th' fust time he saw it,
W'as jist some hard coal on th' docks!

An' Omaha, just time he saw it,
Was just a pack mule an' a post
T' hitch to; an' Salt Lake was only
A sign-board t' p'int t' th' Coast.
"Passed Injun sign airly this mornin'"
Was Deadwood wrote down in his log.
Th' fust time he passed, an' Seattle
Was just a rain-drop in a fog!

He owned a half section of medder
Th' corner of State an' Monroe,
An' traded it off fer a mule team—
Th' country was settlin' up so
It jist made him nervous t' see it;
He often shot black bear fer meat,
An' plowed up what's Main Street, Milwaukee,
T' raise some potaters to eat!

He used t' cut slough grass fer fodder
In what's now th' heart of St. Paul;
Alongside of him Davy Crockett
Was just a newcomer—that's all.
Y' see, as th' towns kep' improvin'
Th' frontier life there lost its zest,
An' he jist kep' movin' an' movin',
An' simply growed up with th' West!

—*J. W. Foley.*



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Rumble seat and tool box $20 extra

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Quality *high* enough for *any* man

Don't get the idea that you are getting a better automobile if you pay even $200 or $300 more for a big car cut down in size to sell at a comparatively low price. You will get more parts, 'tis true—also more trouble and expense.

The little troubles which are bound to develop in the ordinary automobile, never appear in the Brush. There are no complicated parts to get out of order—nothing about it that every man cannot understand. That's why you see it *on the road—not in the repair shop.*

In the Brush you will find a car so simple in design that all the parts can be made strong enough to stand as rough usage as any automobile in existence.

You will find the best of materials, each piece selected for the function it has to perform.

You will find the workmanship on the vital parts—the parts that mean the success or failure of an automobile—to be as good as on cars selling for ten times as much. Naturally, you will not find as much show, as much polish; but show and polish don't make the car run—and that's what interests the man who wants a car to *use.*

Don't understand by this that the car isn't well finished. In this respect, it compares favorably with the high-price cars; but we want to impress upon you especially the care we take with the parts that make the wheels go round.

If you are interested in an automobile of this kind which you can operate for one cent a mile, or less, write for illustrated literature and name of nearest dealer.

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THE ROOF FOR HARD USE!

PROBABLY no ready roofing but Amatite would give any satisfaction under such conditions of exposure as on the roof of the American Sanitary Works, illustrated herewith. The smoke of the railroad and from the factory's own stack, the heat and the fumes incident to the manufacture of sanitary ware, especially the heat of the kilns, all combined to test a roofing to the utmost.

In 1905 this factory was roofed with Amatite—15,000 square feet of it. Four years later the manufacturers wrote us as follows:

> "Washington, N. J.,
> June 17, 1909.
>
> *Dear Sirs:*—We have used your Amatite Roofing for the last four years and are pleased to recommend same, as we think it is the most durable roofing of its kind in the market to-day. We placed it on a dry kiln about four years ago, which is a severe test of any roofing material, and it has given perfect satisfaction. Having built a new kiln this year we used the same material. We have also used it on the addition to our factory which was built this year. Yours very truly,
> AMERICAN SANITARY WORKS,
> H. A. MAYO, *Asst. Treas.*"

Undoubtedly any ordinary ready roofing would have required painting at least every year under these conditions. Amatite, however, *never requires painting* because it has a mineral surface which is better and more durable in every way than paint could possibly be.

That is the way a roof *ought* to be made. A roofing which has to be painted every little while so that it will not leak is no roof at all. Any kind of paper or cloth could be used for a roof if you were content to paint it often enough and thick enough. The paint on ordinary roofings constitutes the real roof.

Next time you need a roofing remember that it is now possible to buy Amatite, which *needs no painting*. Remember also that Amatite, despite its "no-paint" feature, costs no more than other ready roofings.

Free sample on request.

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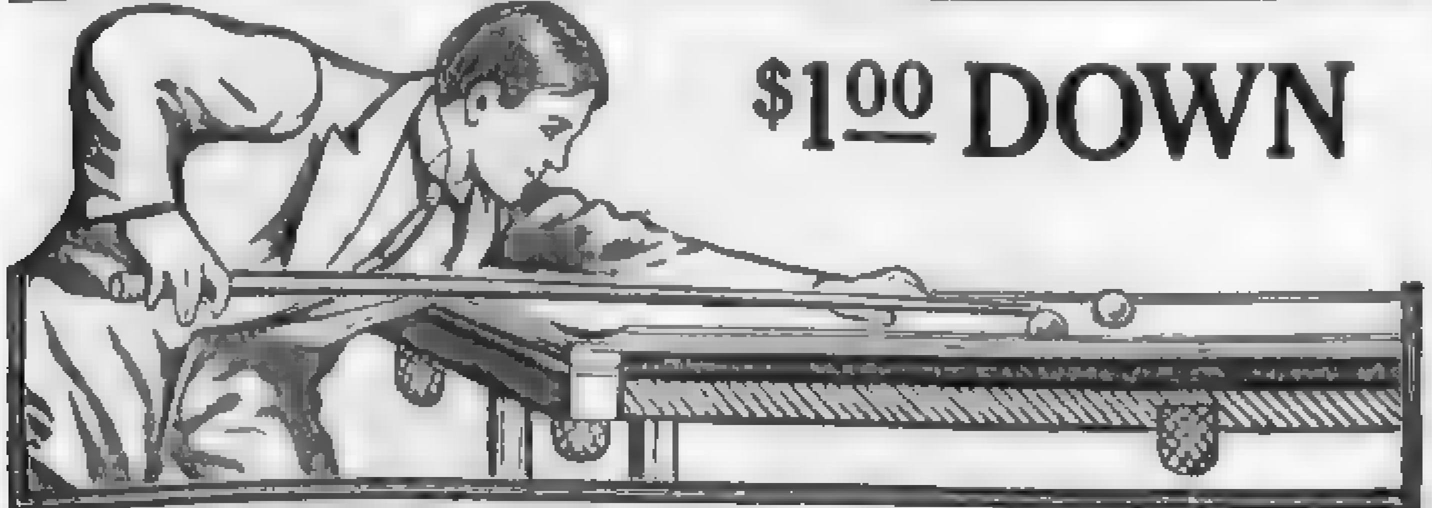

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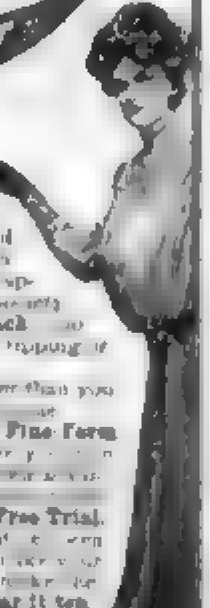

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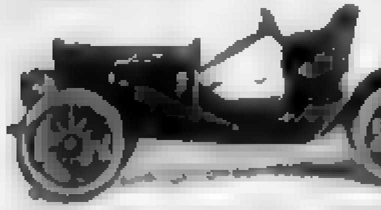

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Working Up

IN MANY great establishments it really appears as though the good detail clerk or the fine mechanic requires a course in salesmanship before he can secure a hearing and present properly his qualifications for an improved or changed position. In such establishments it is, of course, impossible for the manager to become acquainted with the characteristics of many of his, perhaps, thousands of employees. The small department chiefs or gang foremen do, probably, have such knowledge; but these men are apt to be very shy at exploiting a good man, for fear of losing him by his promotion or transfer to another department. Accident or emergency is very often the only chance of such men's qualifications becoming evident.

A carpenter named Kingsford worked twelve years for a firm of builders. Being an especially skillful workman he was kept at the bench almost continuously, although his intense desire was to be out on big construction jobs. He studied architecture and drawing, thus becoming familiar with fine designing as well as fine accomplishment—but he was a good bench hand and at the bench he was kept. On one occasion he was sent to fit up some partitions in the offices of a great cotton mill. During this work an explosion occurred, and Kingsford was instantly requested by the mill manager to effect the demolition of a warehouse roof which threatened great destruction. He called for help, which came from the mill operatives, and instead of bringing down the roof he shored it up securely for repairs. The entire operation was watched anxiously by the mill manager, who then insisted that Kingsford should be placed in charge of the repairs. Finishing them, he was offered the job of building an addition to the mill, and upon that being successfully completed he was appointed superintendent of construction to the company. Some of the finest mill buildings in New England are the work of this bench carpenter.

The Motorman-Farmer's Success

A statement of conditions by no means implies pessimism or optimism, although the resultant atmosphere may seem to be indicative of either one or the other. To the man starting in business life in any capacity, the intimation that opportunity is not continually available to every worker in large establishments, and that the manager is not perpetually and systematically searching for good men, may seem pessimistic and contrary to well-established doctrine. To the men who have worked a dozen or more years in preparing themselves for better positions, watching for opportunities and, perhaps, failing a little at heart, the knowledge that a chance may come, unexpected by themselves or unplanned by their superiors, seems optimistic. If one instance similar to the one already cited is personally known to some good fellow who is digging out a living on routine work, he cannot and will not try to dodge the cheering gleam of a possible chance coming to him; and he will persist in his endeavors to fit himself for it. He will, by means of bright literature, keep in line with the details and comprehensive finalities of the work upon which he is engaged. He will persist in his endeavors to find out what other departments are doing, and why. He will cultivate the acquaintance of those who know, and gain their confidence. Then, when his chance comes, he will be ready. A draughtsman in a great electrical establishment, who had worked for ten years at a salary of eight hundred dollars, states that he knew no interval between that and six thousand dollars. An accident made known the fine mechanical genius he had been nursing during those years.

John W. Gates was originally a hardware drummer, doing well with the line he carried, and apparently a drummer for life. But a quarrel with his firm regarding a slight increase in salary resulted in his discharge, and from that moment his astounding ability for handling affairs of infinitely greater volume was demonstrated.

Multiplicity of illustration does not always strengthen a case, but here is one instance that is too good to be omitted.

A motorman on a Boston street railway had worked a controller for fifteen years, and, although he was an exceptionally able man, he saw no gleam of anything but

Sure —

That one word sums up the advantages of buying Uneeda Biscuit.

You're *sure* of their quality—*sure* of their flavor—*sure* of their goodness—*sure* of their cleanness and freshness. Be *sure* to say

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stimulates the pores and facial muscles to action and lets beauty in. The peculiar circular, biting edges of the

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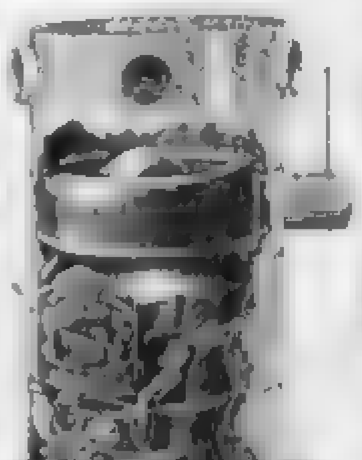

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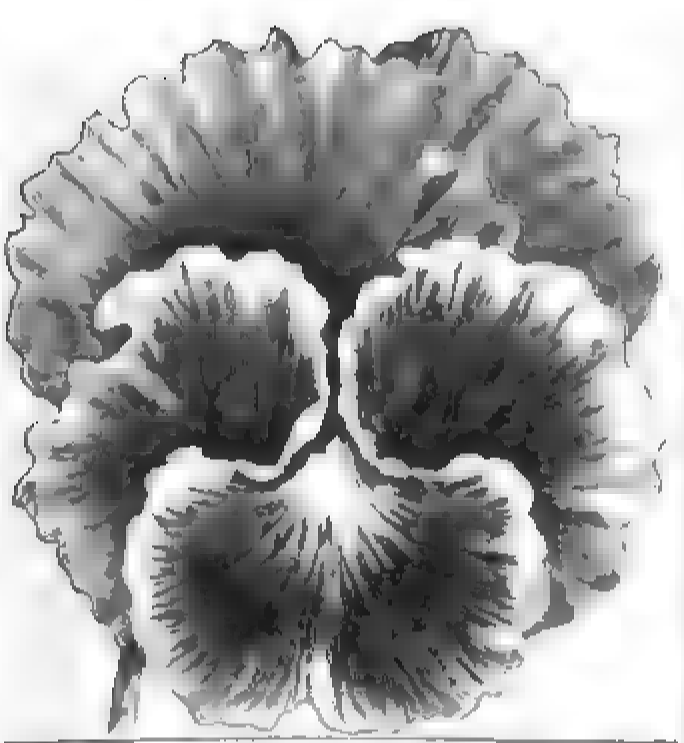

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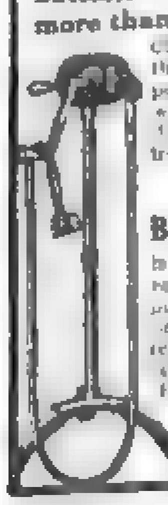

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This STEWART
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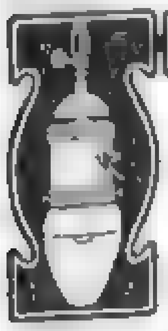

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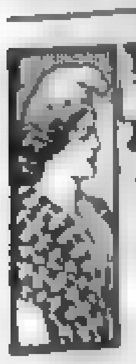

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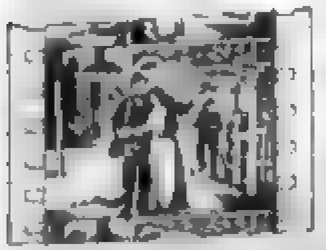

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Chicago Projecting Co., 225 Dearborn St., Dept 143, Chicago

a controller ahead of him for the next fifteen years. He sold the little home he had managed to buy and moved to Illinois, where his brother was settled, and there he bought a small farm. A four-mile street railway was in operation in his town, its annual expenses exceeding its gross income. Smith—we'll call him—got acquainted, in a farmer's way, with one of the directors, and often talked of his experiences on the Boston road. At a critical moment, when receivership was in sight, Smith was asked to assist in the management of the railway for a few months, and he did so. In six months he had shown a material saving of expense and had advanced some bright suggestions on increasing travel. Twelve months later the first dividend ever earned was declared. Two years later he was offered the management of a substantial city road, and three years after he was appointed a division superintendent on the immense consolidation of railways at Boston—the old road upon which he had spent so many years as a numbered and unknown motorman

Often in large plants chances do come to men—to every man. Emergencies arise, accidents occur, unprecedented combinations of difficulties, or, more frequently, unexpected opportunities for improvements. The man who is ready at that moment, be he clerk, mechanic, or lumper, if he has qualified himself for an emergency and possesses the strong self-confidence to jump at the chance, lands on a higher plane than before, and recognition surely follows. Upon the engineering and executive staff of one company are seven men who rose from obscurity in the ranks purely by the accidental discovery of their abilities. The mechanical superintendent worked for eight years at the bench as a tool-maker, and was discharged by his foreman because of his refusal to use what he claimed was unsuitable steel for a certain job. He appealed to the manager, as any man has the right to do, and in the interview displayed such a thorough knowledge of metals and their properties that he was reëngaged for another department, where his unusual talents had opportunity for exercise resulting in his later appointment to his present position.

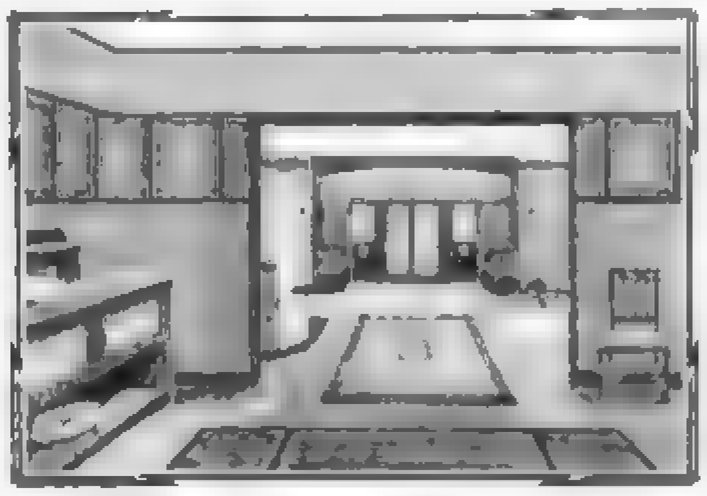
Look, Learn and Leave

The late Marshall Field, in an address to a graduating class, urged young fellows who were choosing business careers to procure engagements with the largest houses they could find.

"Give yourselves as little anxiety as possible about salaries or wages," he said, "and do not allow yourselves to dwell too much upon the probability of a quick rise to the managership. Let your every impulse and every exertion be to acquaint yourselves fully with the methods and system of the house. Study its policy and its accounts, as far as they are accessible to you, for the purpose of understanding the profit and loss accounts and how they occur. Then, in five or six years, unless you are convinced of a live, open prospect ahead of you with that house, look for a job with a small, growing establishment; for that is where you'll find the heartiest appreciation of your knowledge of up-to-date systemization and enterprise, which your few years of experience with the great establishment ought to have given you."

A very singular illustration of the depth and correctness of Mr. Field's advice has been discovered by the manager of one large plant. There is an apprentice course in operation which has been for some years a model of fairness, thoroughness and effectiveness. The manager gives considerable personal attention to this department and the young men are under special instructors. In addition to the manual training, regular lectures are given upon the various phases of the work, with the result that, at the end of the four years' course, the apprentices have become—in a large proportion—broadminded, clever-handed, enthusiastic mechanics. They then go out into the shops and are apparently lost sight of. Two years ago the manager, to his consternation and dismay, found that, of the total number of young men who had finished that course, seventy-three per cent had left the company's employ. Because of their training in and association with the operations of a great plant they had easily secured jobs with small concerns where their intimate relationship with the proprietors or managers gave them ample opportunity to show what they were.

You'll Build a House Some Day
—or at least you'll want to decorate the walls of the one you live in now



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For hundreds of years the finest wall decorations were done in water color. Michael Angelo used it and so have the most renowned decorators. It is a well known fact that Alabastine is the best water color and that is why the Alabastine wall in appearance is soft, artistic and velvety. Kalsomine, as everybody knows, is objectionable.
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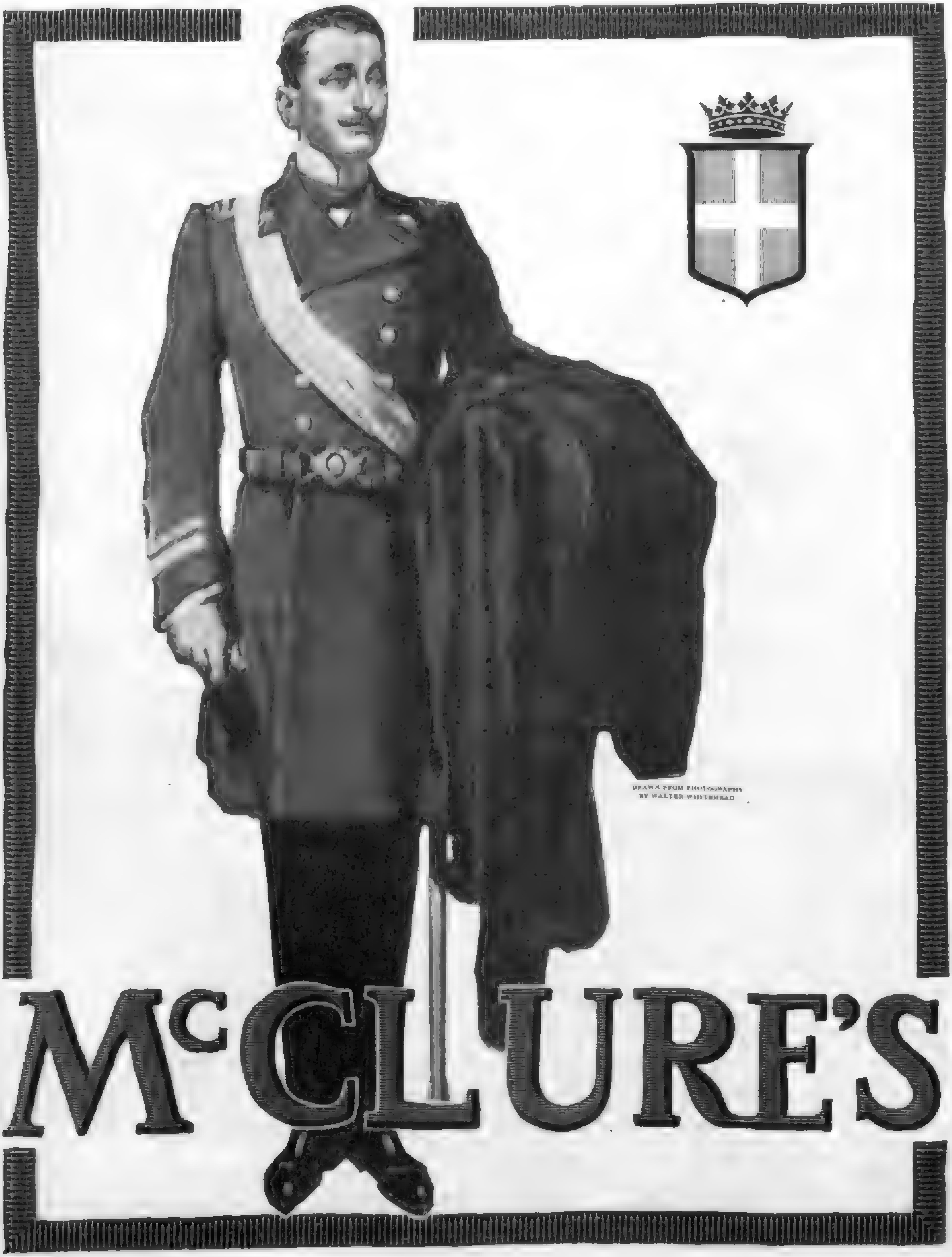
DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
BY WALTER WHITEHEAD
McCLURE'S

The Duke of the Abruzzi

Adventures of a Modern Prince

In the April number of McClure's this virile duke is shown as he is—as a man of achievement—as brave, patient and resourceful—as an intrepid explorer relinquishing the luxuries to which his position and wealth entitle him, to make a name for himself beside Livingstone, Stanley and Peary. He is a survival of the time when a "prince" was a man of action, not a royal pensioner.

The Purple Stockings

If you were seen by your sweetheart buying a pair of purple silk stockings in a Twenty-Third Street department store, and afterwards those same stockings were seen by the sweetheart on your stenographer, wouldn't you find it hard to explain?

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This is one of the five unusually good stories in the April McClure's.

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Nearly one-fourth of all the blindness in the United States could have been prevented by the simple measure of applying a solution of nitrate of silver to the eyes of babies immediately after birth. A society has been formed in New York State to disseminate knowledge about the causes of blindness and to save the eyesight of hundreds of babies who would otherwise, when but a few days old, be doomed to life-long blindness.

More Modern Warfare

Did you read "The Joint in the Harness"? The same mysterious writer has written another story equally true as to possibilities, called "The Kite," for the April McClure's. It is an even more inexorable story, and here again you cannot escape the consciousness that all this is possible with the present-day equipment for destructive warfare.

This is also one of the five unusually good short stories in the April McClure's.

Get the April McClure's today; get it from the nearest newsdealer. Read these four things and the six others, which make this an unusually desirable and entertaining number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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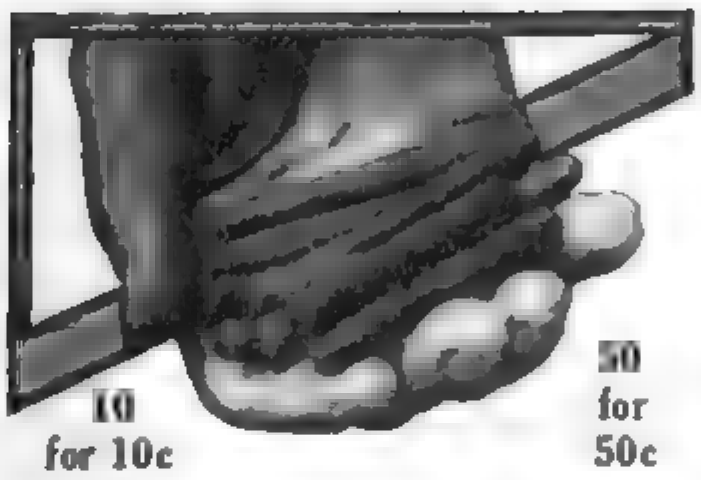

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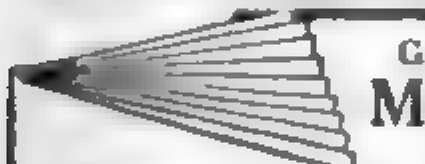

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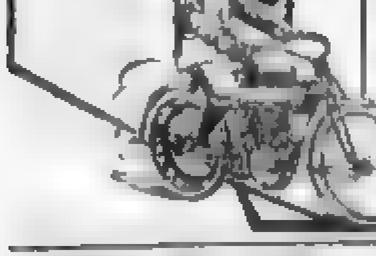
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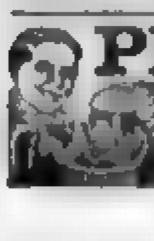
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The Fourth Dimension

WHAT is the fourth dimension? A boy in knickerbockers recently answered the question in a lecture which he delivered before an audience of Harvard professors, and thereby aroused considerable popular interest in a speculation which has a certain fascination for the mathematical imagination.

Although the full meaning of the fourth dimension cannot be explained without the help of very abstruse mathematics, a few simple analogies will help to clear away at least part of the mystery in which the term is popularly enshrouded.

Suppose, for example, that you were a one-dimensional man. You would be a point and you would live on a straight line. You could move only backward and forward. Hence you could see only the things directly in front of you.

Suppose that you were a two-dimensional man. You would be a surface, a kind of animated smear on a plate without thickness. You would glide over the area constituting your world like an infinitely thin drop of mercury. Because you could turn around and see who is behind you, it is evident that you would be better off than a living point on a line. On the other hand, you could not look up or down, or place one object upon another. If you were a jailer in this two-dimensional world and you attempted the feat of imprisoning within your jail a criminal of our normal three-dimensional world, you would find yourself thwarted. The three-dimensional criminal would simply step over the lines which constitute the walls of your jail.

If there is a fourth dimension, the turnkeys at Sing Sing would be in a similar predicament. A fourth-dimensional burglar would step out, and Sing Sing would never be able to explain why he had escaped without the necessity of sawing or digging.

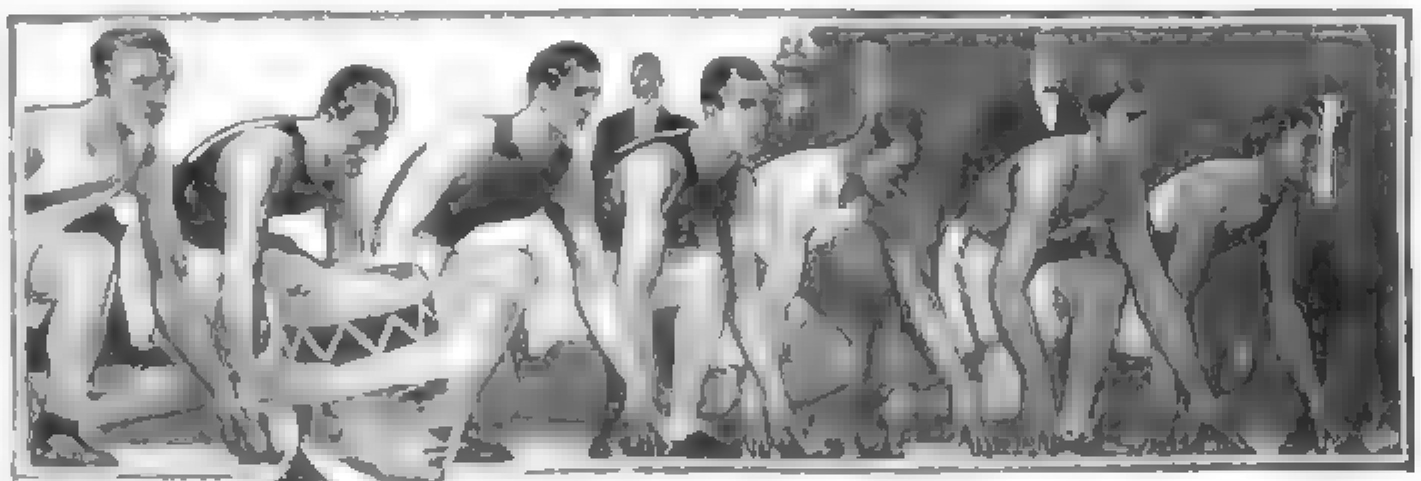
Resorting to Sleight-of-Hand

The fourth dimension is in truth a mathematical wonderland in which apparent absurdities can happen. A hollow rubber ball could be turned inside out without tearing it; a safe could be rifled without opening the door; a knotted cord fastened at the ends to two posts could be unknotted without untying the ends; the links of a chain could be separated unbroken. Were motion in the fourth dimension possible an object moving in the fourth dimension could be turned in such a way that on being brought back it would be obverted, or appear as in a looking-glass. A man capable of such a motion would come back into our sight similarly obverted. His left side would be his right, without any change having taken place in the relative positions of the particles of his body. The somersault he would have turned would have completely obverted every atom and molecule of his body, without introducing any disturbance in its operations.

Slade, the fraudulent spiritualist, used to explain his startling slate-writing feats by means of the fourth dimension. He even convinced the German philosopher, Professor Zöllner, that a fourth dimension did exist. Producing a completely inclosed hollow cube, he asserted that he would introduce a few dice into it without tearing the walls, a feat quite possible if there is a fourth dimension. By sleight-of-hand he substituted a cube containing dice for the cube which he had exhibited. Zöllner was completely overwhelmed and wrote fat tomes on the fourth dimension. Slade later tried the same trick in England with slates, upon which messages from a spirit had been written, but was exposed.

The significance of the fourth dimension may be realized in another way. A line is generated by a point moving in one direction in space. A solid is generated by a surface turning on one of its axes in space. What would be the result if a solid were turned in space? This question fourth-dimensional geometry answers.

There is no necessity for stopping at four dimensions. Once grant an imaginary fourth dimension and we immediately proceed to a fifth, sixth, seventh, and so on indefinitely. Hence mathematicians have given us not only a fourth-dimensional geometry but also a geometry of *n* dimensions, or as many dimensions as we please.



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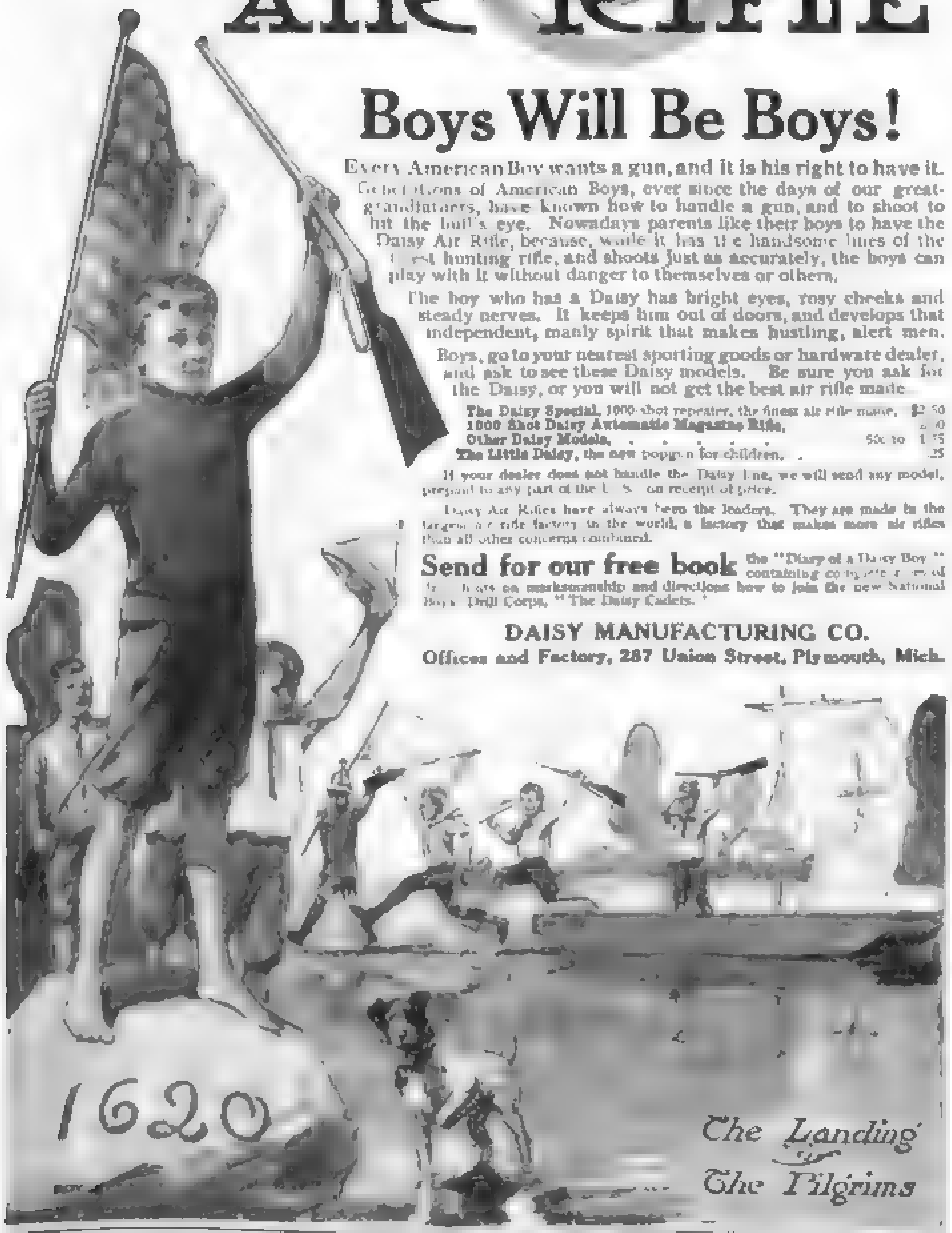
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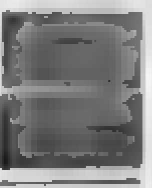

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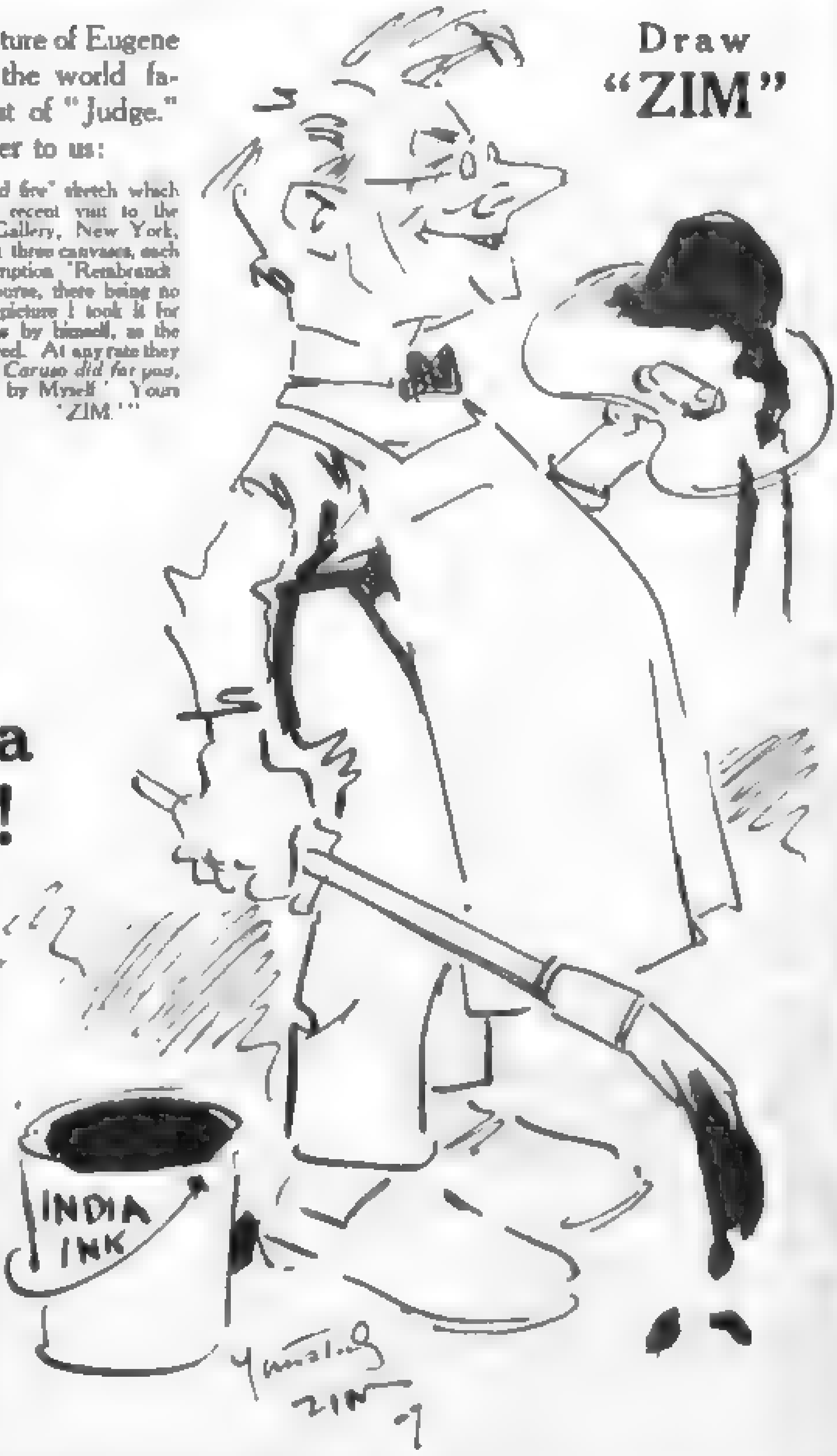

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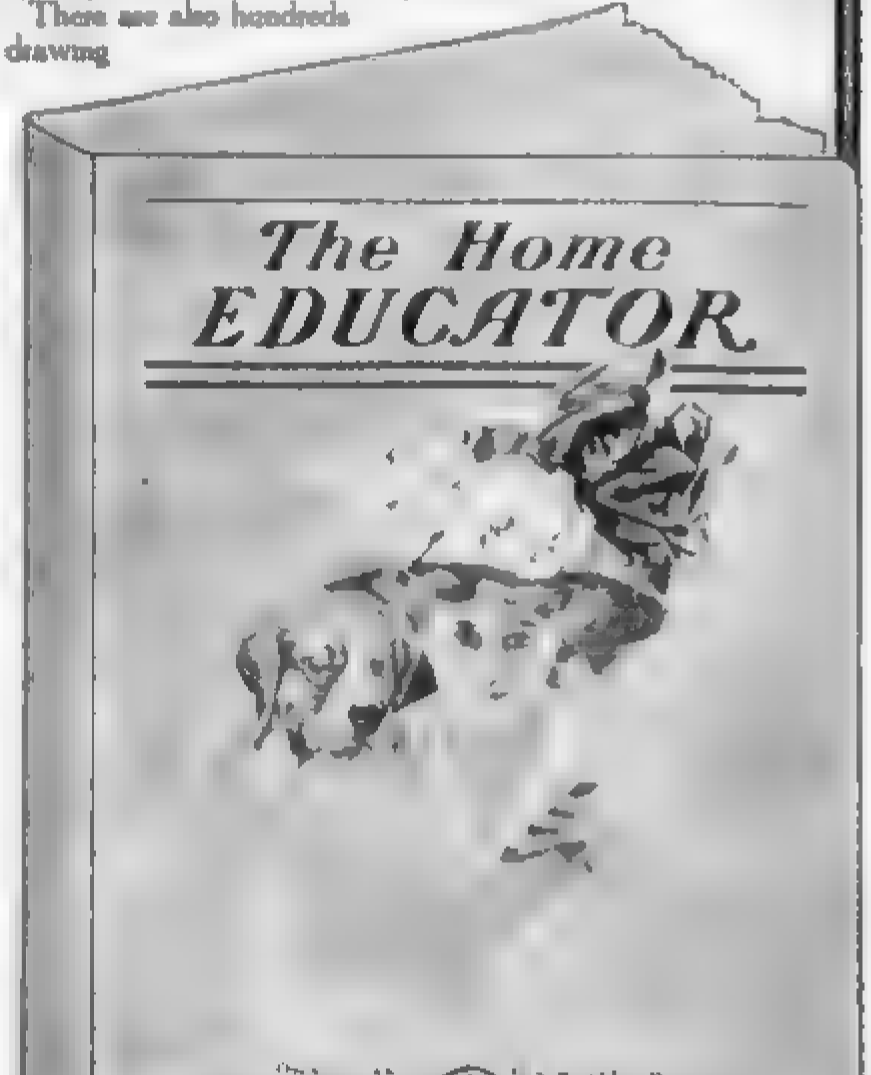

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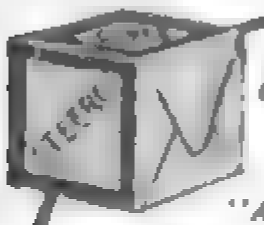

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(Continued from Page 15)

The saving in this respect has been estimated at thirty to thirty-five cents a box.

As the exchange shipped last year eight and a half million boxes of fruit, a saving of thirty-five cents a box in packing and selling cost alone would mean a net gain of about three million dollars to the growers. But with the greatly increased output oranges of late years have become a staple commodity almost everywhere in the United States and Canada. The country grocer, who formerly bought a box only occasionally, now deals in oranges almost as regularly as in sugar. Naturally, he doesn't expect so much profit per box. In fact, taking the country over, the retail price of oranges per dozen to the final consumer is much less than it used to be; while the grower gets more net money for his fruit. For this result, naturally, the exchange claims its full share of credit. "This big market wouldn't have been possible without systematic pushing and advertising," says Manager Woodford.

In its first year—1895—the exchange marketed eighteen hundred cars of fruit. Last year it marketed twenty-three thousand cars, which was practically sixty per cent of the state's output. That the exchange is growing both positively and relatively—that is, handling a gradually increasing proportion of the total crop—everybody admits.

"We are closing down here on citrus fruit," said the local manager at an important shipping-point of a buying concern. "The simple fact is that the exchange handles oranges and lemons at cost; while if we can't get a profit on them there's no use in our doing business."

As to how much of the remaining forty per cent of the citrus crops the exchange may finally absorb, no one could venture a prophecy. "I think some competition is a pretty good thing in this business," said Mr. Woodford, the exchange manager.

While the exchange dates from 1895 there were seventeen months, from April, 1903, to September, 1904, during which the marketing of its members' fruit was not in its hands. The management of that time—different from the present one—thought competition was not so good a thing in the citrus industry. It made a combination with the important buying and forwarding houses. The agency—the California Fruit Agency—did the marketing both for the exchange and for the buyers or commission houses, and thus controlled seventy-three per cent of the crop—the exchange supplying about forty per cent and the buying houses about thirty-three. To the unbelievers in competition this might seem almost ideal. The results, however, were anything but ideal.

Why the Agency Was a Failure

There is still some dispute as to why the agency failed so completely. For one thing there was a rather unfavorable season; the fruit generally came to market in inferior condition. Under any marketing arrangement, it is claimed, results to the growers would have been unsatisfactory. Indeed, in 1904 the average price, freight deducted, fell to one dollar and nine cents a box, and there was an average net loss of eighteen dollars an acre to the grower. But a deeper trouble was that the agency was composed of incongruous elements. It was partly made up of coöperating growers, who wished fruit marketed at cost, and partly of private concerns that were in the marketing business for profit. The agency was abandoned after seventeen months' trial, and the exchange resumed its own marketing under a new management. Since then it has stuck to coöperation and has grown.

While the big exchange handles only sixty per cent of the crop, twenty to twenty-five per cent more is marketed in a coöperative way by the growers themselves. At Redlands is the Mutual Orange Distributors, composed of half a dozen local associations of growers. Though it is quite independent of the big exchange it does business in substantially the same way. At Riverside the National Orange Company is a marketing agency of the Chase family, who are very large growers. There are a number of these marketing concerns.

Upon the disruption of the agency several of the largest buying houses formed the

EASTER
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Swift's Premium Bacon Sliced

Swift's Little Cook
Swift
Swift's Premium Ham

For Breakfast
Order
Swift's Premium
Ham or Bacon

Swift's Premium Ham—highest quality—tender—mild flavor and always the same.

Swift's Premium Bacon—most conveniently purchased sliced, in sealed glass jars. Each piece of equal thinness. When prepared—it is delicate—crisp.

At all Dealers
Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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Chicago's Finest Hotel

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La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago

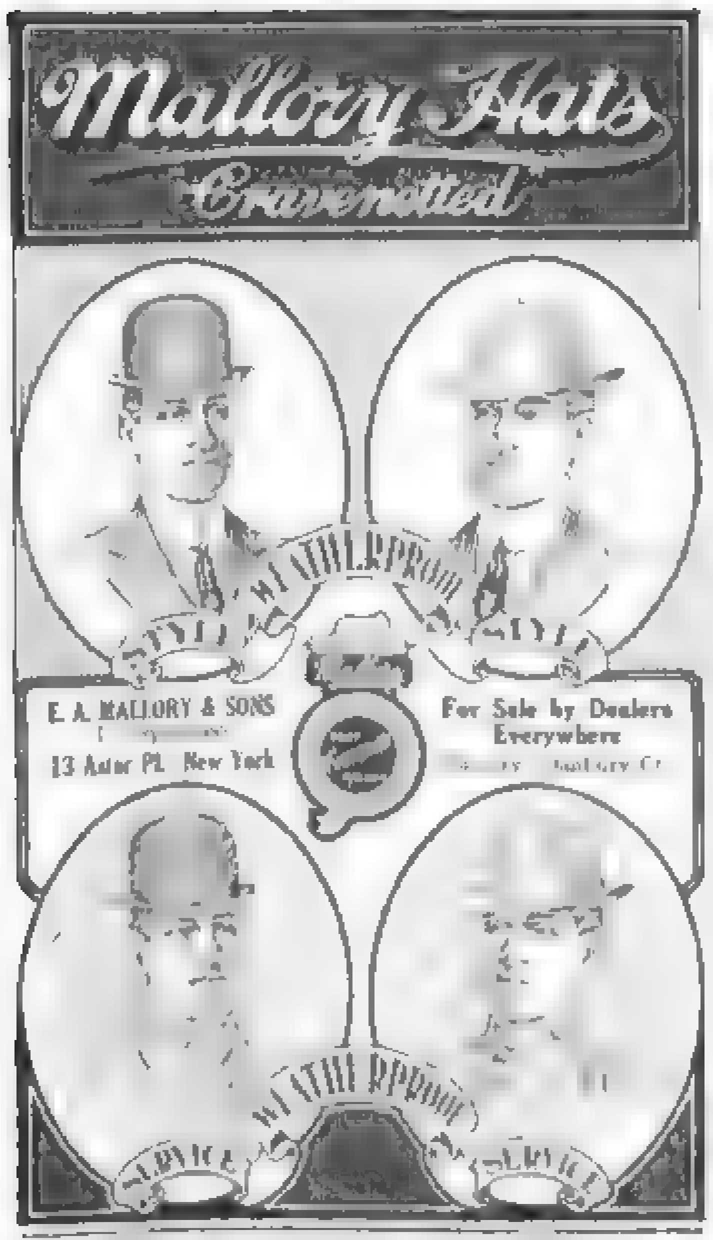
Hotel La Salle is one of the finest hotels in the world and excels all Chicago hotels in the elegance of its furnishings, the completeness of its comforts, the beauty of its decorations, the excellence of its cuisine and the thoroughness of its service.

Hotel La Salle is the center of the business, financial, theatre, and shopping districts, and there is no hotel in Chicago which is more easily or quickly reached from all railway terminals.

Hotel La Salle has 1048 guest rooms—single, en suite, with or without bath, all equipped with lavatories, telephones and individual regulation of heat and ventilation.

It costs no more to stop at the magnificent new Hotel La Salle than at other first-class Chicago Hotels.

Special Taxi-cab Service.



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For Sale by Dealers Everywhere
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Allen's Foot-Ease

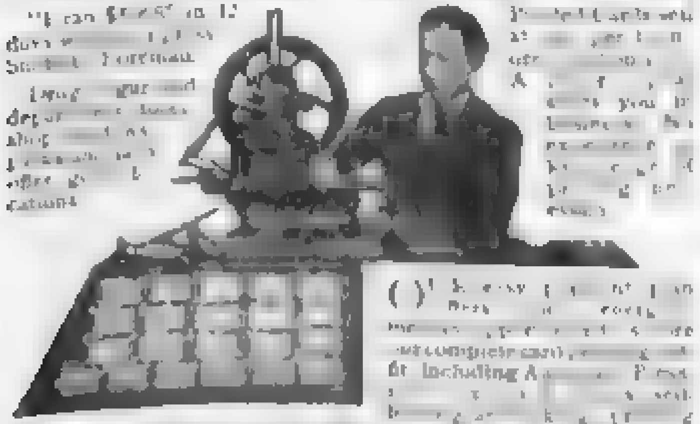
Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's [illegible], the antiseptic powder for the feet. [illegible] It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's [illegible] TRY IT TO-DAY. [illegible] Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail [illegible]

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

FREE Trial Package Sent by mail
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

Card Printing Pays Big Profits



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AUTOMATIC PRINTING PRESS COMPANY
[illegible] 171 Dearborn St., Chicago

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

In each town to ride and exhibit sample [illegible]
Finest Guaranteed 1910 Models $10 to $27
1908 & 1909 Models all of best makes $7 to $12
100 SECOND-HAND WHEELS [illegible] good as new $3 to $8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We SHIP ON APPROVAL [illegible] and allow
TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, [illegible] Do not buy [illegible]
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. F 55, Chicago

INVISIBLE INK
ALI-BABA POST-CARD SETS

Contain [illegible] Agents wanted [illegible]

ALI-BABA POST-CARD CO.
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MONEY IN POULTRY and SQUABS
Start small; Grow BIG
[illegible] World's largest pure-bred [illegible]
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Learn About Florida

Tampa Morning Tribune, $6.00 a year; Weekly Tribune, Growers' Edition, $1.00, will tell you everything. Largest papers in State.

EXTENDED
FOLDED

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co. Miamisburg, Ohio.

California Citrus Union, which now consists of three of the biggest non-coöperative buyers. The Citrus Union and other independent, non-coöperative buyers now handle from fifteen to twenty per cent of the crop.

There is another organization, The Citrus Protective League, which is independent of the exchange, yet warmly supported by it. The league represents eighty per cent of the citrus industry, concerning itself largely with freight rates, the tariff and like measures. While coöperating grain farmers are accumulating grave doubts about the highly protective tariff, coöperating orchardists seem to think very well of it as nearly sixty per cent of the lemons used in the United States still come from Italy, California furnishing only about forty per cent. The league was instrumental in securing the increased duty on lemons in the Payne bill, and is now very busy trying to keep the railroads from appropriating the larger part of the benefit by correspondingly advancing their freight rates. The league has in the past obtained some reductions in freight rates, both on oranges and lemons. Going before the railroads as the representative of eighty per cent of an industry that ships forty thousand cars a year, it receives respectful attention. It is pointed out that Mr. Harriman personally received the league's delegates and listened attentively to what they had to say, whereas an individual grower, or the representative of a few growers, probably couldn't have got beyond the private secretary's stenographer.

Not a Rich Man's Game

The California Fruit Growers' Exchange—the big exchange—is a really large and powerful concern. It sold last year, in round numbers, twenty-two and a half million dollars' worth of fruit and it is the dominant factor in the citrus market. Naturally, it has enemies and critics who charge it with being arbitrary and dictatorial, and especially with fighting other marketing agencies by underselling them, to the general detriment of fruit growers. I suppose it isn't perfect, for few human institutions are; but the weight of disinterested opinion seems very clearly to be on the side of the exchange and in favor of coöperative marketing.

Orange culture is sometimes referred to as a rich man's game. A good many men of ample means are engaged in it. Yet the great bulk of the fruit is produced in groves of ten to twenty acres by people who expect to make a living out of it—at least to make interest on their money. Indeed, the ten-acre grove seems more and more to become the standard unit. Such a grove in full bearing will represent an investment of about fifteen thousand dollars, and should make a very good living for a family. It may yield a carload of fruit to the acre—four hundred boxes of oranges or three hundred of lemons—or even more. But, taking the total acreage of bearing groves last year, the acreage yield was only a hundred and twenty boxes to the acre. The average price—a couple of thousand miles away from home—was about two dollars and a half a box. Freight and icing charges consumed ninety-five cents a box, packing and selling cost thirty-five or thirty-six cents more. Water, taxes, fertilization, picking and hauling the fruit and care of the grove cost, in certain cases, sixty-five or seventy dollars an acre.

Now, as to what the individual ten-acre grower will get out of it—that's a good deal like saying what the individual grocer will get out of his store. Even the assumed plant investment of fifteen thousand dollars doesn't uniformly apply. Groves have been sold at three thousand dollars an acre. Based on averages for the last ten years it has been figured out that the industry pays only four and a third per cent on the investment. No doubt the individual grower with a good grove properly cultivated may reasonably expect, one year with another, to net from ten to twelve per cent on the investment, and there are undoubtedly those who net more.

"Ten per cent on your money isn't really a bonanza," I objected.

"What!" said my informant, with a hurt expression. "Ten per cent on your money and this climate to live in!"

Thus a pleasant climate is a factor, although you can't really cash in on it.

Editor's Note – This is the third of Mr. Payne's articles on coöperation among producers. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Your responsibility for quality

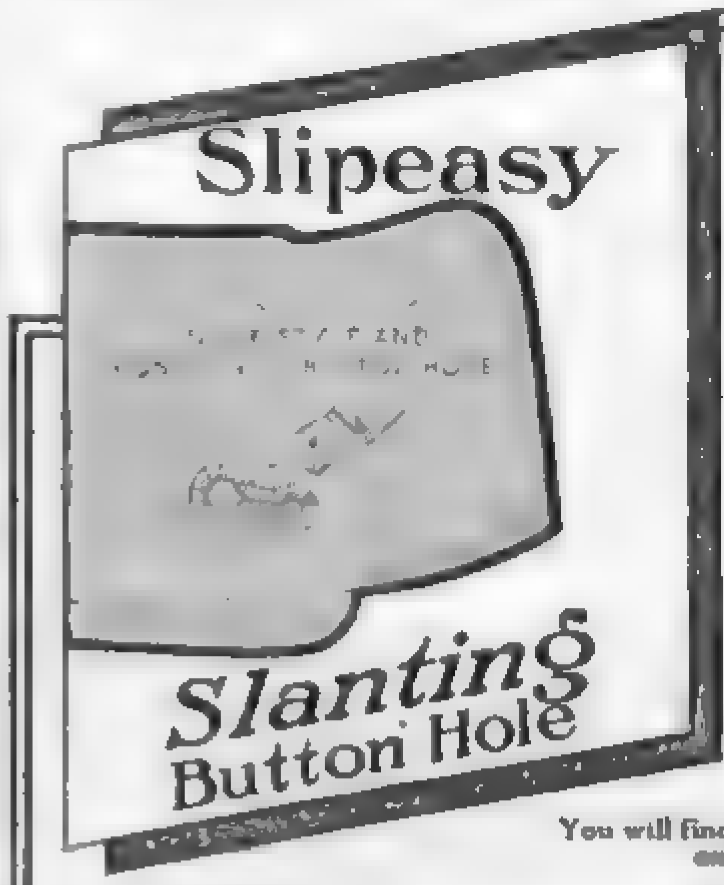
SOME men pay the price of all-wool clothes, and accept a cotton-mixture; their indolence as to quality is one of the reasons why cotton adulteration continues.

There are lots of men who have to wear cotton-mixed fabrics; they don't ask for poor stuff, but they demand a low price; the two go together.

But if you pay $20 or more for a suit and get a cotton-mixture, it's your fault; you ought to insist on all-wool, not merely because it's better for you to wear, but because it's better for everybody to have you insist on it.

Finding our name in a garment is one
sure way of knowing that it's all-wool.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers



The Slipeasy *Slanting* Button Hole

The only real and important feature in a collar since the introduction of Barco shrunk linen.

Most collars have but one claim for your patronage. Here are Barker Brand's 3 Claims

Slipeasy *Slanting* Button Hole

puts an end to mussing, tugging, fussing and [illegible] in buttoning the collar. The Slipeasy *Slanting* Button Hole opens wide for the head of the collar button and then closes *tight* with a snap. The shank of the button fits the *[illegible]* hole and *stays there*. The pull is downward, which brings the points of the collar together and *holds them there*. It means a snug-fitting collar that does not pull apart at the points.

You will find the Slipeasy *Slanting* Button Hole on Barker Brand Collars only

STYLE

In no other make of collars will you find as large a variety of new and becoming shapes and styles as you do in the Barker Brand. New spring and summer styles with the Slipeasy *Slanting* Button Hole are now on sale at the leading dealers. See them. Barker Brand Collars wear longer because they are linen

2 for 25c
¼ and ½ Sizes

QUALITY

Barker Brand Collars are linen and are so stamped. They look neater, wear longer and launder better than any other brand. Barco shrunk linen insures their perfect fitting always.

BARKER BRAND

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Collars
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Linen

WM. BARKER CO.
Makers Troy, N. Y.

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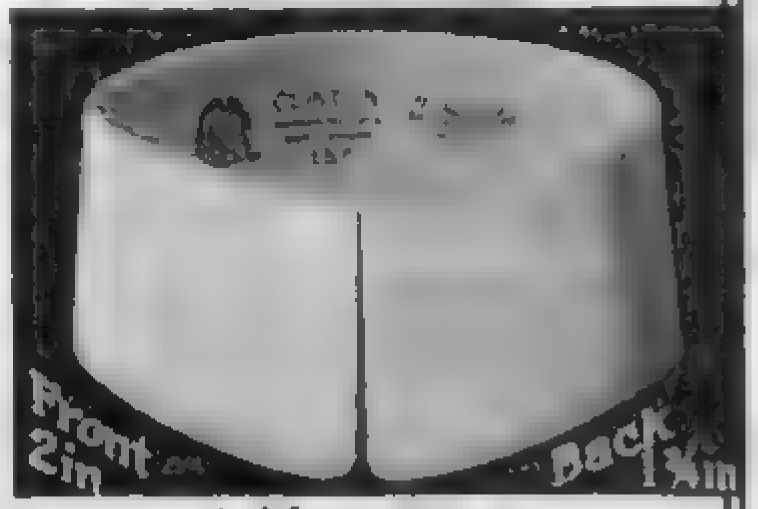
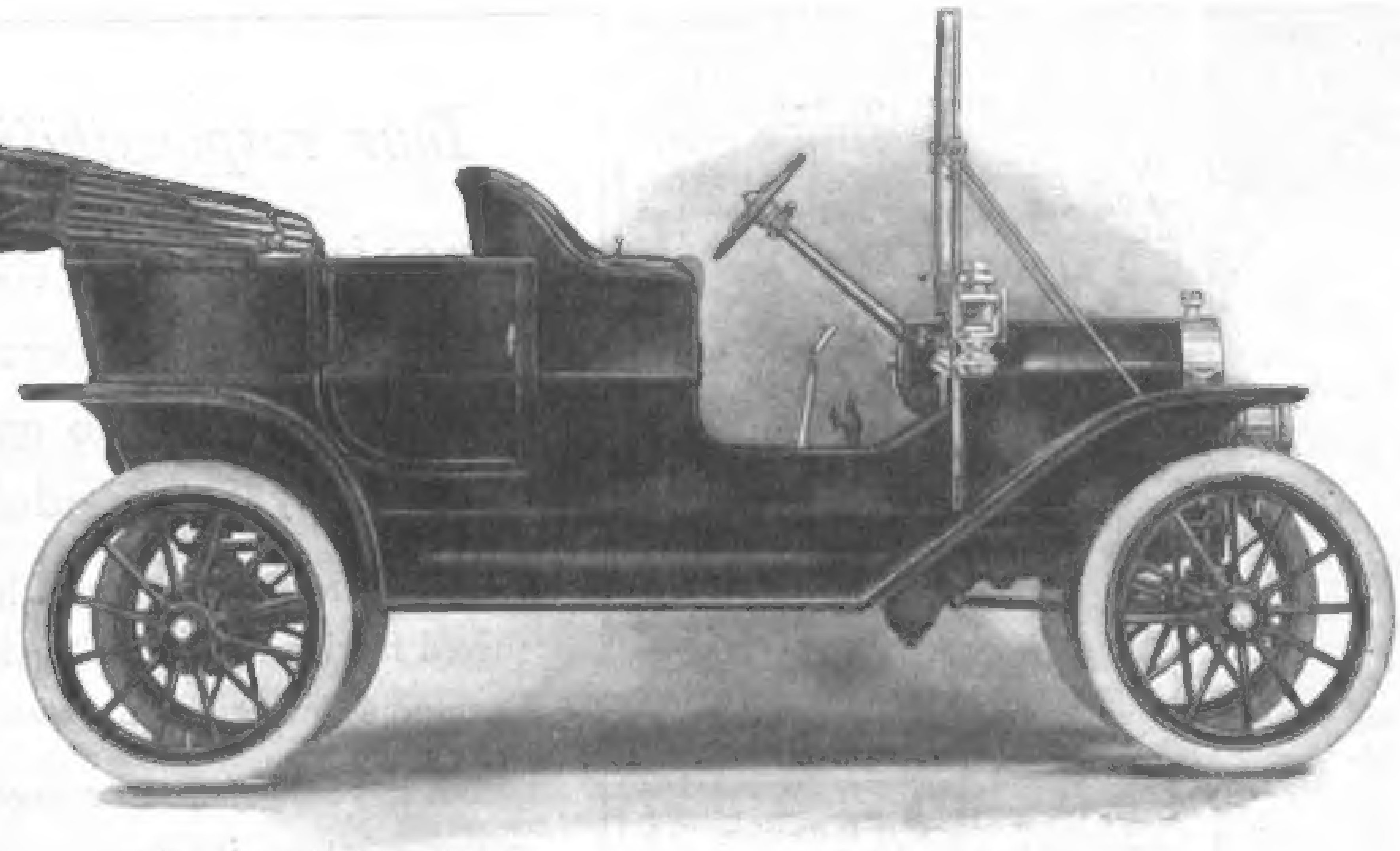


A New Style



Model "T" FORD—4 cylinder, 20 H. P. (1 H. P. for each 60 lbs.) 5-Passenger Touring Car, $950 f. o. b. Detroit. Magneto built in the engine—complete equipment included.

The Quality Car of Low Price

CAREFULLY scrutinize every minutest part of the Ford Model "T" Car, and you will appreciate why the imprint "Ford" on an automobile is as the mark "sterling" on silver,—a guarantee of quality.

Take the engine in this car. Admittedly the engine of any car is the heart, the head, the vital organ of that car,—its success or failure spells the make or ruin of the completed product. The engine of the Model "T" Ford hasn't a superior. It has been the sensation of America and Europe for the last two years. Take the time to examine this one vital feature of the Ford Car,—the engine,—and you will appreciate one of the reasons for the prestige of Ford.

And there's the Magneto, a built-in part of the engine; there's the oiling system; there's the Ford Patented Final Drive, right now infringed by a score of other manufacturers. There's the use of Vanadium Steel wherever strength is a requisite, and Aluminum where weight reduction is essential. These are quality features that indelibly mark the Ford Car as the leader of the entire industry.

Quality only, not price, has established the reputation this Ford Car has attained.

The price is just right. It was established after the car had been designed and built, and the exact cost computed on an immense output.

There's a Model "T" Ford Car for every requirement,—a three-passenger roadster for $900.00, a four-passenger tourabout for $950.00,—both of these having detachable and interchangeable rear seats, the touring car for $950.00 as illustrated; for $1050.00 an inside drive coupé for all sorts of use, especially in winter and in inclement weather, and the Town Car at $1200.00, which admirably serves all the purposes usually exacted of a limousine.

The Light Weight of the FORD makes the Upkeep Cost the Lowest

And because of it all, the substitution of quality for quantity, simplicity for complications, originality for imitation, brains for guesswork, this Ford Car is the lightest touring car built today, and will travel as many miles for a less cost per passenger mile than any.

On February 3rd, in an economy test on the sandy roads around Pensacola, Fla., one of these Ford Cars officially covered 28.7 miles on one gallon of gasolene, while the car that accompanied it as checker consumed nearly three gallons. A Model "T" Touring Car in the livery service in Rumford, Me., made 4100 miles between October 8th and November 27th, 1909, without a tire puncture, and with no repair bill.

Ford has saved thousands of dollars to automobile buyers thru his belief in the possibilities of low prices, and his ability to manufacture a car of such high quality as to create an enormous sale and so make possible a closer price.

266 Piquette Ave., Detroit, U. S. A.

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TEAR OFF ALONG THIS LINE AND MAIL TODAY

Ford Motor Company, Detroit

Please send Catalog B and name and address of nearest Branch or dealer.

Date

The Underwear Without a Grouch

THERE'S nothing that will develop a soul-stirring, all-embracing grouch in a man quicker than uncomfortable underwear.

Take a suit of two-piece underwear or an ordinary union suit that sags, puckers, "fits in bunches" and it's enough to spoil anyone's disposition.

Every wrinkle, every fold, the tightness here, the looseness there—all affect the sensitive skin and through it the nerves and temper.

If you meet an even-tempered man it's a pretty sure thing that he's wearing a union suit.

If he looks especially pleasant it's equally sure that he's wearing a Superior Union Suit—the ideal of underwear comfort.

Superior Union Suits for men are made by trained operators, in a mill especially equipped for the making of men's union suits.

They are worn by more men than any other union suit on the market.

They adjust themselves to every movement of the body, yet never wrinkle or pull up.

All the trouble-points in the ordinary union suit—the back-lap, the crotch, the shoulders—have been perfected in the Superior, and in it alone.

Superior Union Suits for spring and summer are all knit on the latest improved Spring-needle machines.

Elastic, absorbent, pleasant to the touch of the skin, this fabric is made up into the one absolutely perfect undergarment for men.

It is the Underwear of Health, too

The millions of pores in the skin every day throw off a pint and a half of water under normal conditions. Anything that restricts the free action of the pores is a menace to health.

Two-piece underwear puts a double thickness of cloth around the abdomen, which acts as a compress on the delicate pores.

The Superior Union Suit, with its automatic adjustment to your every movement, never binds, but leaves the pores free to perform their functions.

Unless you are wearing the Superior you have not known real underwear comfort; and a man who has once worn it will never be satisfied with anything else.

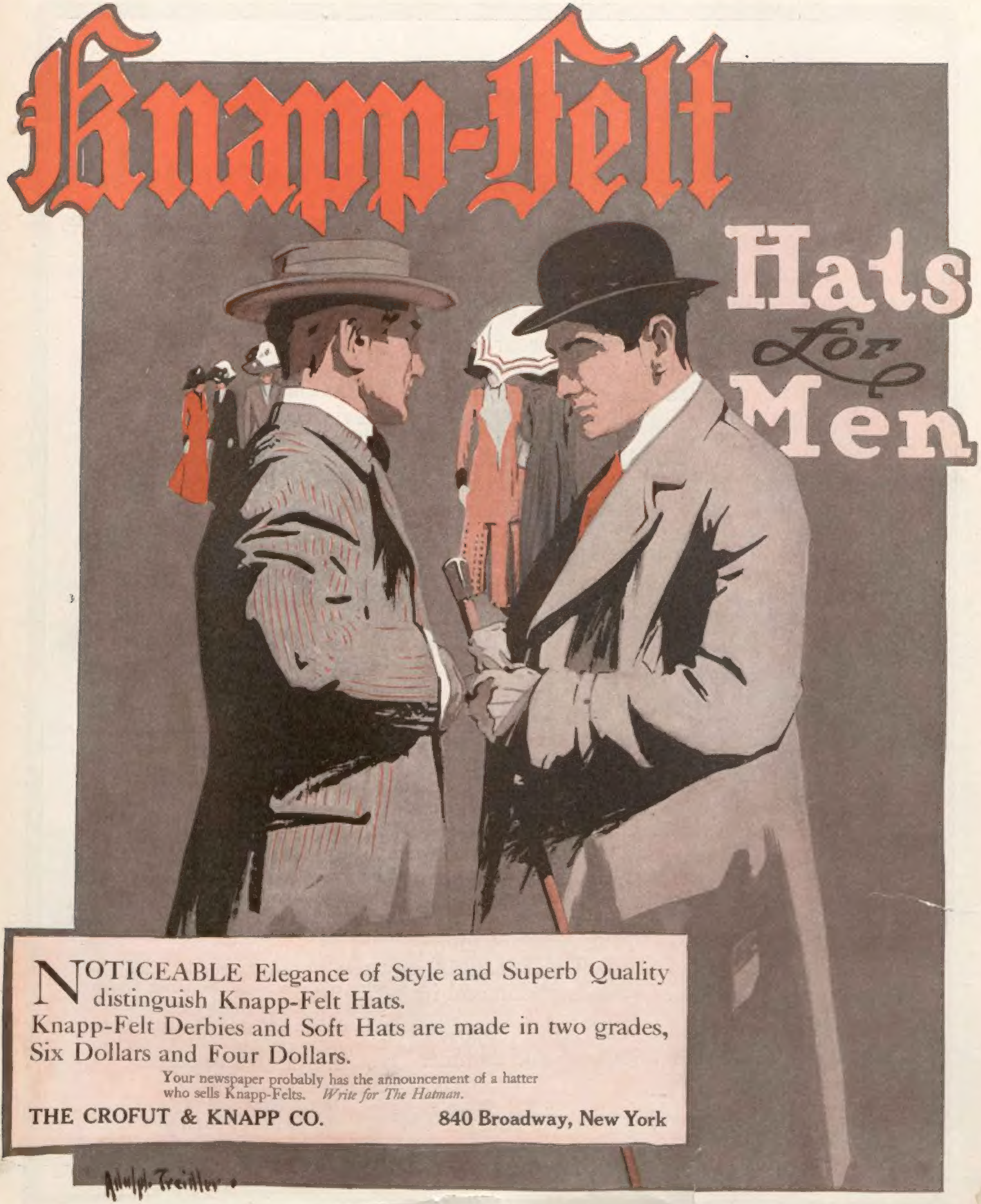
Superior Union Suits are made in all styles—full length, with long or quarter sleeves; three-quarter length, with quarter sleeves; or athletic; stouts or extra longs at the same price—in fabrics to suit any taste and at prices to fit any pocketbook.

There is a first-class dealer near you who can show you Superior Union Suits and let you prove for yourself all we have said. If you don't know him, write us for our handsome free booklet with samples of fabrics.

Superior
A PERFECT UNION SUIT

The Superior Underwear Company

110 River Street, Piqua, Ohio


Knapp-Felt
Hats
for
Men
Adolph Treidler

NOTICEABLE Elegance of Style and Superb Quality distinguish Knapp-Felt Hats.

Knapp-Felt Derbies and Soft Hats are made in two grades, Six Dollars and Four Dollars.

Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts. *Write for The Hatman.*

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO. **840 Broadway, New York**

and, therefore, unstealable, but at any rate it wasn't stolen, because stealing implies a taking and the taking in this instance was prevented by chain and cord, to say nothing of the proprietors. The court admitted that in his humble way the prisoner had done all the taking in his power, but circumstances had proved too much for him. He was, therefore, deprived of his well-earned rest-cure at the expense of the state and is presumably still pursuing his preoccupied way throughout the community. *Hæc fabula docet* that in some states even a determined man can't commit larceny without special permission from the Supreme Court.

Both of these California cases in their reasoning remind one strongly of the apocryphal "surprise story" attributed to W. F. Jacobs. According to this anecdote a prisoner stood in the dock, accused of stealing a purse from a room by inserting his arm through an open window. "I admit," his lawyer argued to the court, "the details of the occurrence as set forth by the prosecution are true, yet the crime was committed by the arm of the defendant, and it is not fair to hold the whole defendant responsible for the act of one guilty member." "I am much impressed by your argument," responded the court, "and I will sentence the prisoner's right arm to five years in the county jail. He may accompany the same arm or not, as he sees fit."

After the applause occasioned by this deliverance had died away the prisoner cheerfully removed his coat and, with the assistance of counsel, unscrewed his right arm and, leaving it in the dock, walked briskly out of the courtroom.

This story may be apocryphal, but it has all the earmarks of a California decision. One of the most spectacular of the recent decisions of the Supreme Court in that state was in connection with the revolt against the ring which had so long ruled San Francisco. Schmitz, the mayor, and Ruef, the boss, were both indicted for extorting money from certain dives, the so-called "French restaurants," under the threat of depriving them of their liquor licenses. On the trial Ruef broke down and confessed his guilt. Schmitz was convicted. The friends of clean municipal government were much encouraged. They had reckoned, however, without the Supreme Court. On appeal that organization held that, although Ruef had pleaded guilty, he was mistaken. No crime had been committed either by him or Schmitz, since there had been no invasion of property rights; the court holding that a liquor license, although indispensable in the dive business, was not tangible enough to be property. Moreover, on the trial Schmitz was not proved to be the Mayor of San Francisco, and the court held that it could not, therefore, assume that the Schmitz convicted was the same Schmitz described in the indictment as the Mayor of San Francisco.

He Was Walking Virtuously Along the Public Sidewalk

It was a rule at common law that a judge who freed a guilty man should suffer in his place. It is painful to contemplate what large gaps there would be in the ranks of the appellate judiciary in this country, especially in two states, if this rule were still enforced.

Why Law-Breaking is Safe and Profitable

ALTHOUGH the common or garden variety of criminals has ample reason to be grateful to the appellate courts, yet the best efforts of these courts are reserved for that spoiled darling of appealdom—the murderer. Given sufficient funds, under our present appellate procedure and precedent in the majority of our states, no murderer need fear the gallows or the electric chair. The reported decisions bear out this statement.

For example, in Alabama an indictment for murder was dismissed because a copying clerk left out the letter "l" in "malice." Another murderer was saved by this application of the letter of the law in North Carolina. He had shot a fellow-citizen through the breast, whereby the latter died. A friendly copying clerk spelled "breast" in the indictment as "brest." The indictment was dismissed. In Texas, last year, a convicted murderer escaped the penalty imposed because on the trial the prosecuting attorney first offered the evidence of the state and then read the indictment. The appellate court indicated in its opinion that if the district attorney had offered to take the evidence all over again this would have cured the error, although the opinion failed to explain how the defendant's rights were impaired in the first instance, or how they could be repaired in the last, by a repetition of the prosecution's evidence. In New York the Thaw and Patrick cases at once suggest themselves as recent illustrations of the fact that no man with money need fear the death penalty. Thaw shot down a man from behind. After two trials and the retention of an imposing multitude of counsel he is safe and unsound in an asylum.

In the Patrick case an attorney, by fraud, obtained large sums of money from a client, a sick old man, and prepared a forged will leaving the latter's large estate to himself. He then joined with the old man's valet in the murder of his client by poison. When indicted Patrick used the money he had obtained by fraud to escape the penalty for murder. Retaining able counsel he fought his case clear to the Court of Appeals—which sustained his conviction. Then, claiming that a constitutional question was involved, he applied for a writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States. There was no shadow of any such question involved, but, as a part of our system of protecting condemned criminals, such an application must be granted. That gained for Patrick a delay of many months, which he utilized in retaining new counsel, with his victim's money, who possessed great political influence. This attorney succeeded in obtaining, during the last days of a dying Governor's life, a commutation of the death penalty to life imprisonment. Patrick then took another appeal, claiming that his constitutional rights had been injured by the allowance of this commutation. The Court of Appeals did not regard his point as well taken and Patrick is still in prison—but he has escaped the penalty provided for his crime.

In fact, in many of our states the appellate courts have rendered the venerable anecdote of the judge and the bishop meaningless. It will be remembered that a bishop once argued with a judge that his authority was the more extensive.

"For," he said, "you can only say to a man 'you be hanged,' while I can say 'you be damned.'"

"True," observed the judge, "but when I say 'you be hanged' the man is hanged."

Nowadays, although a committing magistrate, a grand jury, a judge and a petit jury all may say that a man is to be hanged—he seldom is. In Philadelphia, for example, in 1906 there were fifty-seven indictments for murder and five convictions; in 1907 seventy-two indictments and six convictions; and in 1908 sixty-three indictments and nine convictions.

The fruits of this system of criminal safeguards are not pleasant harvesting. Last year in a number of our states there were more men lynched than were judicially executed. That means that throughout a large part of our country citizens have lost their respect for the courts. Even as this article is being written, Captain Shipp, a former Tennessee sheriff, and his deputies are being given an ovation on their release from a Federal prison, where they were confined by order of the Supreme Court for allowing a prisoner to be lynched after he had taken an appeal for delay only to that court. Other results are seen in the increase of crime and in the delay in the trial of criminal cases.

"Law-breaking in our great cities," said General Theodore A. Bingham, late Police Commissioner of New York, "is to an appalling extent a safe and profitable occupation." Our appellate courts are largely responsible for this. They have abolished certain punishment. Any criminal who can pay counsel to sow enough exceptions throughout his trial has a very fair chance, indeed, of finally reaping an acquittal.

"It is Not Fair to Hold the Whole Defendant Responsible for the Act of One Guilty Member"

"No one of us is so wise that he can try a long case without committing some error," testified Judge Scott, of the New York Supreme Court. In New York, and despite a statute to the contrary, this error is always assumed to be material, with the consequence that a new trial is granted. This system of the magnifying of minute technicalities reacts on the courts in delays.

In March, 1908, there were seven thousand untried indictments in the Court of Quarter Sessions, the criminal court of Philadelphia, although this condition has been greatly improved by the businesslike methods of the present district attorney in that city. In New York City the Court of Special Sessions, the most important court of that city for the trial of small criminal cases, was between five and six thousand cases behind, and on January 28, 1909, in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, in New York City, there were 5928 untried bail cases, and the Court of Special Sessions was about eleven months in arrears. As a result of this delay, when cases are finally reached in both cities, witnesses have disappeared and it is difficult to secure a conviction. In December, 1908, two hundred and fifty indictments were dismissed for that reason in Philadelphia, and in March, 1909, that was the fate of fully two-thirds of the cases called up in the Court of Quarter Sessions. A superintendent of railroad police is quoted as saying that it is impossible ever to convict a pickpocket in Philadelphia, as he can always obtain bail and delay his trial until the prosecuting witnesses have disappeared.

If He Has Money He Can Retain More Able and Adroit Counsel Than the Prosecution

The main lesson of the foregoing facts is apt to be overlooked. That these conditions are wrong is not half so important as the fact that they can be made right. What is needed now is not indignation, but thought and work.

The Relic of Barbarism

THE history of the beginnings of these artificial automatic safeguards makes it apparent that they are survivals of a darker age and are needed nowadays about as much as plate armor or chain mail. They originated as the logical accompaniment of a system of laws barbarous in their severity. The enforcement of technicalities in favor of a criminal was originally the revolt of merciful judges against merciless laws. For example, the extension of the doctrine that real property cannot be the subject of larceny, which has wrought such folly in some states as illustrated in the cases already cited, originated some centuries ago in an effort to do substantial justice in connection with the earliest recorded instance of the disastrous results of what would now be termed a "joy ride."

A young man in a country town in England had taken a horse by night from a neighbor's barn. On the trial it developed that he had only borrowed the horse for a ride on some skylarking expedition. Yet on the proved facts he was guilty of burglary, and burglary was punishable by death. The ingenious and merciful trial judge, however, charged the jury that any building such as a stable was real property. There could be no burglary in connection with real property. Anything attached to such a building was a fixture and, therefore, part of the realty, and that it was quite customary for a horse to be tied or attached to his stall. Therefore, if the jury by any chance should find the horse was tied to his stall they might conscientiously acquit the accused. This the relieved jury promptly did.

In 1800 there were in England 223 offenses punishable by death. If a man stole property from a house or store, valued at more than five shillings, or property valued at more than one shilling from the person, or anything at all from a bleaching-ground, he was hanged. If he falsely pretended to be a Greenwich pensioner, or injured a county bridge, or cut down a young tree, he was hanged. If convicted of any of the numerous acts construed as high treason he not only was hanged, but cut down alive and his bowels taken out and burned before his face. A woman guilty of high or even petit treason was burned alive, as was Catharine Hayes in 1726. In the trial of one accused of a crime the prosecuting attorney and the presiding judge were allowed to indulge in the most revolting abuse. Coke, the revered author of Coke upon Littleton, as prosecuting attorney at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, addressed him before the jury as: "Thou viper, thou thief, thou traitor! Thou art thyself a spider of hell!" Judge Jeffreys once told a jury that a woman on trial before them for larceny was guilty of the seven deadly sins. A bewildered prisoner was unable even to read his indictment, which was framed in barbarous law Latin and Norman French.

(Concluded on Page 58)